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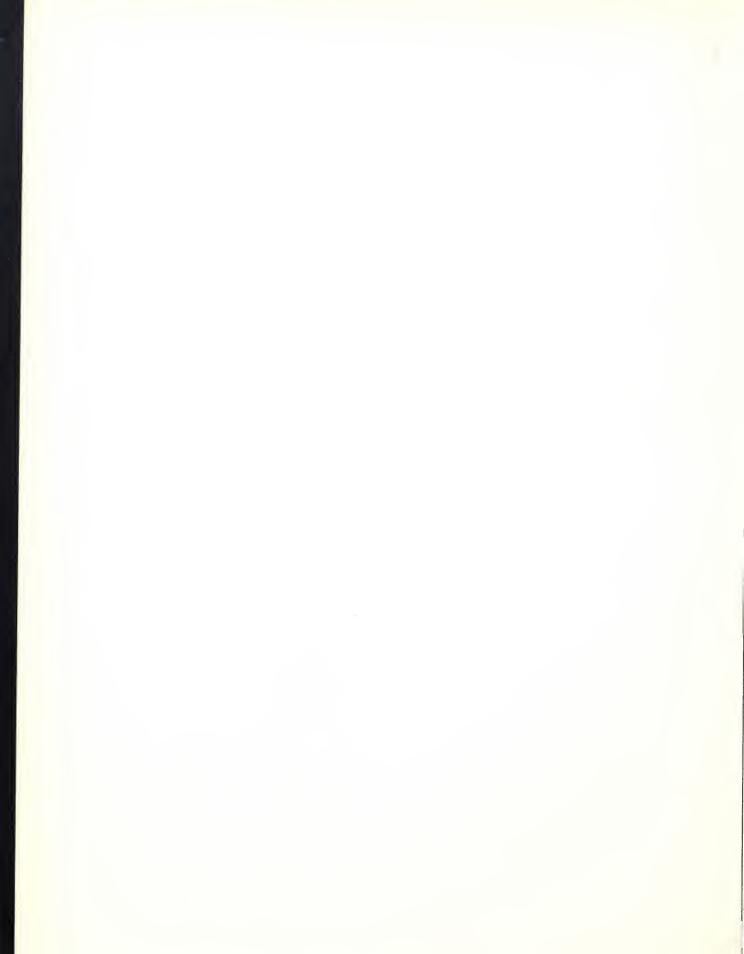


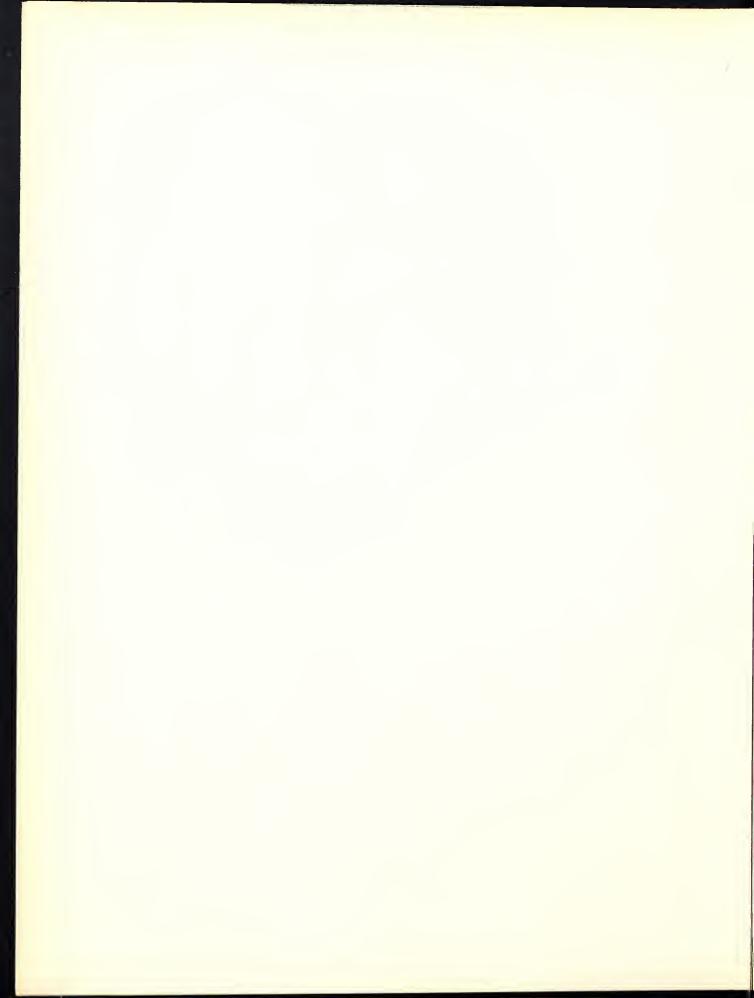


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# Lighted Pathway

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

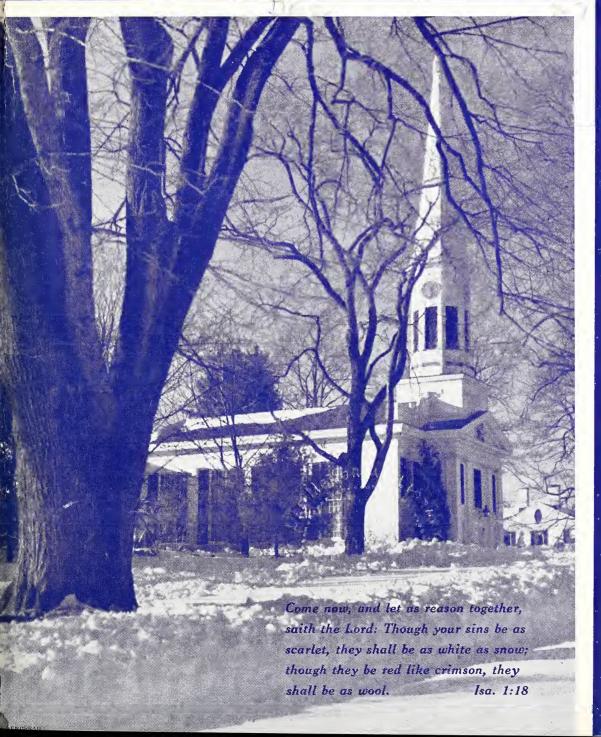


Vol. 17

JANUARY, 1946

No. 1





"Thy Word is Light Unto My Path"

Psalm 119:105

# EDITOR'S MESSAGE

# A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER

The portals of the New Year stand ajar, O God. and Thou biddest me to enter. Thy shining presence at the threshold inspires me with confidence and good cheer, for I know Thou wilt go with me all the



way. Every new experience will requite my soul with larger knowledge of Thee. If I commit the keeping of my life to Thee and follow Thy guidance, my path shall be as the dawning light that moves forward to the full-orbed noon.

What Thy gifts will be, O God, I cannot know. Storm and tempest may harass my path; sorrow and travail may lay me low; or it may please Thee to hedge me about with

troops of friends and messengers of joy and peace. For all of them, I will trust Thee; Thou, who art my defense, canst not do evil. Help me, O God, in this my resolves for my expectation is from Thee. Grant me grace to serve the future and to honor the past by being faithful to the present. I ask it in Jesus' name. Amen.

Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

The new year is almost here and we feel such a responsibility in sending out our message to you at this season of the year. It is the time of new resolutions and new efforts. However, each day of the year is just as important for we should begin each day with the thought, "Lord, make me a blessing today." Each day we should go forth with the thought that we find in one of our songs, "I want to live so the Lord can use me." But especially the new year brings many new thoughts and desires to our

hearts. I am sure that as you look out into another year with its untried way, the prayer of each honest heart is

"Jesus, Savior, pilot me Over life's tempestuous seas."

Of course, you want Him to pilot you. You would faint by the wayside right now if you were not trusting in Him to guide you through this new year. So we will talk with you about "Divine Guidance," I wonder if you ever stopped to think how many promises of guidance God's Word holds for us. Let me give you a few. Psa. 32:8, "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way that thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye," Prov. 3:6, "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." Isa, 58:11, "The Lord shall guide thee continually." John 8:12.



"I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

Dear ones, those of you who are most anxious to please the Lord and have His divine guidance this year, please read these passages of scripture and let them become a part of you, so that when you need help along the way you will not be disappointed. How much of our Christian lives, as we look back over the past year or years, have been a failure because we have persisted in initiating them for ourselves instead of waiting before the Lord to see what He wanted? We dream bright dreams of success. We call to our aid all kinds of expedients. At last we turn back disheartened and ashamed, like children who are torn and scratched by brambles and soiled by the quagmire. None of this would have come about had we trusted God for guidance.

We do not want you to misunderstand and think that you must sit down and wait for God to come every time and do some great miraculous thing for you, Many things, in fact most things, are settled by the written Word, and anything you are about to do that the Word does not back you up in, you should refrain from doing; but you do not have to wait for special guidance to go to see the sick,

for the Word tells us to visit the sick or those in prison. You do not need a special revelation to tell you to seek and obtain this wonderful baptism of the Holy Ghost; the Bible plainly tells us to do that, and along with a direct command to tarry until ye be endued with power from on high, He also tells us that "the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call," Acts 2:39. So you see we do not need to have a special revelation to make us to know that we should tarry for this power. We do not need to sit down and wait for God to tell us to be soul winners. He has told us to "go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." And He has said, "He that winneth

(Continued on page 17)

# OUR COVER PAGE

Doesn't our cover page look like winter? 1 imagine that some of you young people think first of a sled or getting out and snow-balling each other or making a snow man. Well, those are fine thoughts. We haven't forgotten our own childhood. But let us lay aside our childish thoughts for a moment and think on the beautiful scripture verse. Turn over and look at it again and again. Perhaps you are a boy who has just returned from Service or a girl who has not lived clean and beautiful. You are looking back over the year 1945 with regrets. This scripture is for you. I do not think I ever had a scripture stand out so beautifully as that about the prodigal son, as I read it last night—the sweet, tender voice of the father welcoming his son home. Read it in Luke 15: 11-32. Especially the last two verses were illuminated to me. How ready our heavenly Father is to meet us and cleanse us by His precious blood when we return to Him with penitent souls. May thousands of the boys and girls return to His open arms this new year.

# by Sidney Watson (Used by permission of Fleming H. Revell Company)

Revell Company)

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It was about the hour that Tom Hammond entered the hall to listen to the Major's second address. Cohen, the Jew, was in his workshop, his brain busy with many problems, while his hands wrought out that wondrous temple work.

The door opened quietly, and Zillah entered. She often came for a talk with him at this hour, as she was mostly sure of an uninterrupted conversation. Her sister, to a large extent, lived to eat, and always slept for a couple hours or more after her hearty two o'clock dinner.

The young Jew gave the beautiful girl a pleasant greeting. Then, after the exchange of a few very general words, the pair were silent. Zillah broke the silence at last.

"Abraham," she began, "I want to talk to you on-on-well-I've something important to say."

He eyed her curiously, a tender little smile moving about among the lines of his mouth. There was a new note in her voice, a new light in her eyes. He had caught glimpses of both when they had met at breakfast, and again at dinner, but both were more marked than ever now.

He had laid down his tool at her first word of address.

"You could not have been kinder, truer, Abraham, if you had been my own brother, after the flesh. I have looked upon you as a brother, as a friend, as a protector, and I have always felt that I could, and would make a confident of you, should the needs-be ever arise."

The gentle smile in his eyes as well as his mouth encouraged her, and she went on:

"A gentleman has asked me to marry him, Abraham-"

Cohen gave a quick little start, but in her eagerness she did not notice it. "I have promised," she continued, "for I love him, and he loves me as only-"

Who is he, Zillah?" "Mr. Hammond!"

His eyes flashed with the mildest surprise. But, to her astonishment, she noticed that he showed no anger.

In spite of all his usual gentleness she had half expected a little outburst, for to marry out of the Jewish faith was equal in shame almost to turning Meshummad, and usually brought down the curse of one's nearest and dearest.

"He is of the Gentile race, Zillah!" Cohen said quietly.

She noticed that he said race, and not faith, and she unconsciously took courage from the fact.

She was silent for a moment. Her lips moved slightly, but no sound came from her. Watching her, he wondered. She was praying!

Suddenly she lifted her head, proudly almost. She suffered her great lustrous eyes, liquid in their lovelight. to meet his, as she said, with a ringing frankness:

"Abraham! I have found the Messiah! He whom the Gentiles call the Christ; the man-God, Jesus, is the Messiah!"

His eyes dwelt fixedly upon her face. She wondered that there was neither anger nor indignation in them.

"May I tell you why I think, why I know He is the Messiah, Abraham?" she asked.

"Do. Zillah!"

He spoke very gently, and she wondered more and more. She made no remark, however, on his toleration, but began to pour out her soul in the words of the Old Testament scriptures, connecting them with their fulfillment in the New Testament.

Cohen, watching her, thought of Deborah, for all her beautiful form seemed suddenly ennobled under the power of the theme that fired her.

"Now I know, Abraham," she presently cried, "how it is that Jehovah is allowing our Rabbis-you told me, you know, the other day, of the one at Safed—to be led to dates that prove that Messiah is coming soon. Now I know why God has allowed our nation to be stirred up—the Zionist movement, the colonization of Jerusalem and its neighborhood, and all else of this like—yes, it is because the Christ is coming.

"Only, dear brother, it is not as the Messiah of the Jews that He comes soon—He came thus more than 1,900 years ago-this time, when He comes, He will come for His Church, His redeemed ones-Jew and Gentile alike who are washed in His blood that was shed on Calvary for all the human race. For He was surely God's Lamb, and was slain at the great, the last real Passover. Abraham, if only we all—our race—could see this. What the blood of that first passover lamb, in Egypt, was in type, to our people in their bondage and blood-deliverance, so Jesus was in reality."

Moses, of old, wist not how his face shone. And this lovely Jewish maiden, as she talked of her Lord, wist not how all her lovely face was transformed as she talked—glorified would not be too strong a description of the change her theme had wrought in her countenance.

"And now, Abraham," she went on, "that same Jesus has not only blotted out all my sin, for His name's sake, but He bids me look for Him to come again. When next He comes—it may be before even this day closes—"

Cohen shot a quick, puzzled glance at her. She did not notice it but went on:

"I have learned many things from the Scripture since I have been going to the little Room at Spitalfields. and from the Word of Jehovah Himself, I have learned that Jesus may now come at any moment.

"He will come in the air, and will catch away all His believing children. Then, as the teachers show from the Word of God, when the Church is gone, there shall arise a terrible power. a man who will be Satan's great agent to lead the whole world astray—anti-

(Continued on page 32)

# <u>\*</u> THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

Devoted to the general welfare and spiritual uplift of our young people everywhere

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Dear Children:

Last year we welcomed a large number into our Happy Home Circle. Well. we are very proud of all of you, for it is a wonderful thing to have happy homes. This new year, 1946, you are going to still work with daddy and mother to make happy homes, but you are going to enlarge your borders. We are going to transfer you from the Happy Home Circle right into the M. O. H. Circle. I hear you say, Sister Harrison, you are always doing something new. Now don't you think that is all right? We do want to do things differently. We do not want to get in a rut and just stay there and lose interest, do we? So now you find yourself right over here in this new circle. On this page is a poem that will explain to you. The first thing we want you to do is to memorize this poem and recite it at least once every day. The best time to do this is in the morning while your mind is fresh. We are also going to ask you to memorize this scripture, Eph. 4:32, which is to be your circle scripture.

Maybe your mother or some good friend would start a neighborhood M. O. H. Circle and get all the girls and boys together. Every member is suppose to memorize the poem and scripture. There are so many nice things that your leader can do for you to make it interesting for you. But remember that each morning when you rise from your bed you should kneel and ask God to help you live up to this scripture and poem.

The motto of the boy and girl scouts is, "Do a good turn daily." But let us have for our slogan, "Do all the good you can in every way you can." Now that takes in a little more, doesn't it? Don't you think it is a good one? Come on, children, and let us live for God and grow up to be useful men and women in the service of the Lord.

Write me what you think about our new circle.—Editor.

GIVE HIM A START

"Just step inside. It's cold to wait out here." The boy looked doubtfully at himself. He did not need to be told that the day was cold. His blue lips and the teeth that would chatter in spite of him, eloquently proclaimed the knowledge. The collar of his thin jacket was turned up to his red ears, and his bare, red hands were thrust into his pockets, leaving exposed several inches of wrist. Nevertheless he hesitated to accept the invitation.

"Guess I'd better stay where I am," he said, with an awkward effort at 

# MAKE OTHERS HAPPY

When rain beats down and all is drear. As often is the way, With happy smile I will recall What Grandma used to say: "Why, bless your heart, it doesn't help To let the tears drip, too; Just wipe your eyes and look around, For some good deed to do."

With glee three letters she'd repeat, Just M. O. H. were they: Yet what their meaning we knew not. For did we ask, she'd say: "Why, that's my motto and I've learned

The very wisest plan Is to find out what others need And help them if you can!"

With each success, as we would seek Some helpful act to do. We found that cheering others' lives Brightened our own lives too. I told her this one day, and pled: "M. O. H. please make clear." Then smiling sweetly, she replied, "Make Others Happy, dear.

"When stormy days give you the blues, Just help to set things right; Kind acts will fill the darkest day With sweetness and with light. Look up the real unfortunates, And cease their aches and pains; As you make others happy, dear, You just forget it rains.'

-Selected. \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* politeness. "You see I'm pretty drippy. Your rug would get all wet."

The girl still held the door open, and a grateful breath of warm air came out to him. She spoke with decision.

"It will take some time to get those things together. I don't want you to wait out there in the cold. You're of more consequence than the rug, you know. Come in."

The boy entered in a dazed fashion. There was a radiator in the hall and he held his chilled hands toward it. He looked down and saw that little muddy streams from his boots were trickling down upon the rug. What was it that this remarkable young lady had said? "You are of more consequence than the rug." Nobody would believe it if he told it. He would not believe it if he had not heard it himself. And yet she had really said it. "You are of more consequence than the rug."

The boy had heard a great many opinions expressed about himself. He was well aware than many of his neighbors were of the opinion that he was on the way to become a "tough." Probably the neighbors were right. He was both lawless and fearless. Somehow the words of the girl who had opened the door for him had struck a new chord. She had spoken as if he counted for something, as if he were of some importance in the world. The thought that stirred in the boy's heart was an awakening selfrespect, and with it came a yearning new to him—the desire that other people should think well of him.

The girl came back with the papers for which the boy had been sent. She also carried a pair of mended mittens. "I wonder if you could wear them? They were my brother's, I guess they'll be a little too big for you, but they'll keep your hands warm, anyhow."

The boy slipped his hands into the mittens, and the comforting warmth seemed to steal into his thinly clad

(Continued on page 29)

# HAPPY HOME CIRCLE

Dear Sister Harrison:

I just want to tell you what splendid meetings we have had the last two meetings of the Happy Home Circle. The attendance was better than it had ever been and the last meeting everyone said was the best we have had. God is good. At the next meeting we are going to discuss church behavior, which we sorely need.

I certainly want my name kept on the Happy Home Circle roll. It has been such a blessing to me.—Mrs. Robt. Adair.

# SUCH A MOTHER

After one of the hard-fought battles of the Civil War, a Confederate chaplain was called hastily to see a dying soldier. Taking his hand he said, "Well, my brother, what can I do for you?" He supposed that the young fellow would want to cry to God for help in his extremity, but it was not so. "Chaplain," he said, "I want you to cut a lock of hair for my mother; and then, Captain, I want you to kneel down and return thanks to God for me." "For what?" asked the chaplain. "For giving me such a mother. Oh, she was a good mother! Her teachings are my comfort now. And then, Captain, thank God that by His grace I am a Christian. What would I do if I were not a Christian? And thank Him for dying grace. He makes this hard bed feel as soft as downy pillows are. And oh, Chaplain, thank Him for the promised home in glory—I'll soon be there." "And so," said the chaplain, "I knelt by his bed with not a petition to utter—only praises and thanksgiving for a good mother, a Christian home, dying grace, and an eternal home in glory."

# WILL IT BE GOOD NIGHT OR GOOD-BYE?

Dr. Langdale, of New York, tells of a devoted Christian business man who was struck by an automobile and hurried to the hospital. He was informed that he had only about two hours in which to live. His faith was implicit in the goodness of God and in the future life. To him death was only a gateway leading to a higher world. He had his family called and thus addressed them:

"Wife, you have been to me the greatest woman in the world. Through sunshine and shadow we have walked together. You have been my inspiration in everything I have undertaken. Especially has this been true in reference to my religious life. Many times I have seen the Spirit of God shining in your face. I love you far more than I did the day you became my bride. Good-night, dear. I'll see you in the morning. Good-night."

"Mary, you are our first-born. What a joy you have been to your father. How glad I am that you have looked so much like your mother. In face and spirit you have always reminded me of her. I see in you the sweet, beautiful young woman who left her home to become the builder of mine. What a Christian you are! Mary, you will never forget how your father has loved you. Good-night, Mary, good-night."

He then turned to his eldest son. "Will, your coming into our home

# WHAT WOULD YOU TAKE?

What would you take for that soft little head Pressed close to your face at time for bed? For the white, dimpled hand in your awn held tight,

And the dear little eyelids kissed dawn far the night?

WHAT WOULD YOU TAKE?

What would you take for that smile in the marn,

Thase bright, dancing eyes and the face that they adarn?

Far the sweet little voice that you hear all day

Laughing and caaing—yet nathing to say? WHAT WOULD YOU TAKE?

What would you take for those pink little feet,

Thase chubby raund cheeks, and that mouth sa sweet?

Far the wee tiny fingers and little saft taes, The wrinkly little neck and that funny little

Now, WHAT WOULD YOU TAKE?

NOTE: Of course, you would not take all the millions of earth for that little darling. But what are you, father and mother, doing to make him happy later on? Think about it. Are you making a Christian home that will help him or her to be happy after awhile, and will it be prayer or praise, like the young soldier we read about on this page?

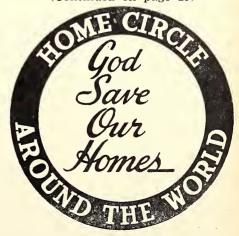
has been an unmixed blessing. You were a manly boy. You have become an exemplary man. You love God and His church. How proud I am of such a son! You will continue to grow in every Christian grace and virtue. You have your father's love and blessing. Good-night, Will, good-night."

Charlie was next. Charlie had fallen under evil influences and had grievously disappointed his father and mother. The dying man skipped him and spoke to the youngest child, a beautiful young girl. "Grace, your coming was like the breaking of a new day in our home. You have been a song of gladness, a ray of light. You have filled our hearts with music. When not long ago, you surrendered your life to Christ, your father's cup of happiness was full to overflowing. Good-night, little girl. Good-night."

He then called Charlie to his side. "Charlie, what a fine promising boy you were. Your father and mother believed you would develop into a great and noble man. We gave you all the opportunities that we gave to the other children. If there has been any difference, you yourself must admit that that difference has been in your favor. We have done the best we could do for you, Charlie. But you have disappointed us. You have followed the broad and downward way. You have not been guided by our advice. You have not heeded the warning of God's Holy Word. You have not harkened to the call of the Savior. But I have always loved you, Charlie, and I love you still. God only knows how much I love you. Good-bye, Charlie. Good-bye, good-bye!"

Charlie seized his father's hand and between his sobs cried out: "Father, why have you said 'Good-night' to the others, and 'Good-bye' to me?"

"For the simple reason, Charlie, that (Continued on page 29)



# HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED AND TRIED

# GOD'S EAGLES

"As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings; so the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange God with him," Deut.
32:11, 12.

Now we are going to talk about eagles—God's eagles. In the first place, how does God make His eagles? Moses says that God has several stages in the process of making a spiritual eagle. The first thing, He stirs up the nest. As an eagle stirs up her nest, so the Lord stirs up the nests of the people of whom He designs to make eagles.

The eagle builds a large nest on the mountain crag, or in the highest tree that it can find, a great nest of sticks, and then it lines that with wool, skins of the animals which it destroys—rabbit skins and goat skins and sheep skins—making it soft; and the young eagles get fat and lazy. So when the time comes for the young eagles to fly, they

are not disposed to get out of their nest, just like people exactly. So the mother bird with her bill picks out every soft thing in the nest and throws it outside and lets the eagle down on the sharp briars and thorns and sticks, and so the young bird is uneasy; it tries to find a soft spot and cannot find it. It gets on this side of the nest and there is a stick, and on that side there is another stick. It cannot sleep, and it gets so miserable and unhappy that finally it is willing to get out and go somewhere else.

This is God's method with those who are going to be His eagles. God stirs the nest of every true saint. It may be the home life that God stirs and takes away the soft lining, takes away the property, takes away the loved ones, the father, mothers, sisters, brothers, husbands, parents or children. He stirs the church nest, making things unpleasant and disagreeable, so that we find no peace or rest

in the home church. He stirs up the neighborhood and digs away the soft things and the pleasant things and the nice things and makes life miserable, so that we are perfectly willing to move out and go anywhere or any place, north or south, go to some other

When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.
For I,the Lord thy God, will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not I will help thee."

Isaich 43:2, 41:3

IN THE GRIP OF GOD

S.

# I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE

Isaiah 43:2

Mabel A. Wolfe

In the midst of toil and worry, Doubts and trials, bitter loss, And the heort is crushed ond bleeding, And you falter 'neoth your cross. When the night seems oh sa endless, Not o star or ray of light Comes across thy dark harizon, All seems lost in blackest night. When your friends, the deor and precious, Connot understand your woe, Strength is foiling, doubts assoiling, Fierce and fiercer strikes the foe, Then, deor child of God, remember, Through the fire, through the flood, He will never, never leave thee, Thou ort purchased by His bload. Though thy night be inky blackness, He has gone this woy before, If thy strength at lost hos foiled thee,

Through the darkness, storm, and triol,
'Tis His hand that leads the way,
And His smile of fond approval
Makes the shadows flee away.
Trust Him then in storm and sunshine,
Songs of proise in darkest night

Of His strength, He'll give thee more.

He will give His faithful children, Till we reach the realms of light. neighborhood, or some other surroundings. He stirs up our theology, our notions, our opinions, and our plans, and all kinds of crucifixion come.

All the apostles had their nests stirred, and all the patriarchs and all

the reforms, all the evangelists and all the pastors in some way or other have had their nests stirred—the social nest or the family nest, or the church nest. In some way or other God stirs the nest and lets us down on hard things that draw the blood, that make us ache, that make us suffer. And so, friends, this is the way that God works and is working. Go back twentyfive, thirty, or forty years and see how you were fixed; look at the change in your life from then to now; see how God has taken all props from under you-that church, that preacher, that Christian, that piece of property. God took away the props until you lay down on the hard rocks, thorns and briars. He tore up the nest. This is God's method.

God not only stirs the nest of the saints, but He fluttereth over them. When God allows trouble, sorrow, poverty, and desolation to come to us, and we are sad, and weep and cry and look down to find something to lean upon, then God flutters over us-the sound of wings. God does it to draw attention to Himself, to get us to look away to Him, to look away from the coffin and the grave, and the old house, and the deserted farm, and the departed friend, and when God can get our attention, then there comes a change. The mother might flutter all day long, but the birds would never look up while lying on a sheepskin or a rabbit skin. But when it is all thorns and briars and sticks, they look up.

The next thing God does is "spreadeth abroad His wing." He unfolds His magnitude, His attributes, His majesty, His might, His power, His glory. I shall never forget when we lost everything we had, after trying to

(Continued on page 31)



# A Year of Grace





UST AN HOUR ago the back log had been shooting off dozens of gay-colored sparks. Now it shed a sort of dull flame, and settled back among

the ashes with something like a sigh.
"The fire's like the year," poetic
Irene whispered dreamily. "It's dying."
"Yes," 'Miss Tennyson,' Rodney,
who was nothing if not practical,

chirped up, "dying, dying, dying. What
a cheerful thought!"

"We can always stir up the ashes and toss on a bit of wood and it's as good as ever," put in practical Mary Lou, suiting the deed to the words.

"Now," she cried, as the fire flared up again, "let's all make our wish for the new year. What do you wish it to bring you, Bill?"

Bill stirred a bit in his corner, his dark eyes on the flame as if he could see the coming months and their events in it.

"I wish it would bring me money," he said at last. "A lot of money. Nothing in the world takes the place of money. It does more than anything else."

"Now you, Rod."

"I want to win the Watson scholarship. That would bring me a year at Bainbridge and a year abroad. That's the best thing I'd wish for."

"Irene, what do you ask of the coming year? A library filled with poetry books?"

But, surprisingly, poetry books were not Irene's aim.

"I'd love to have a good time," she decided. "Lots of pretty clothes, a car of my own, parties, a summer at the beach, all those things."

"You mean you want what I asked for," Bill said. "Money would buy all your wishes; and Rod's too. Probably t would get yours, Mary Lou. But you haven't told yours yet."

"Mine isn't so much," Mary Lou reolied. "Maybe I should feel ashamed of not being more ambitious. But I hope the new year will be as much like the old as possible."

"You don't really!"

"Silly!"

"Why? It seems to me this has been a pretty stodgy old year."

"Darlings! Look back! It's been a wonderful year. We've had lovely weather, and we've all been well, we all get along nicely in school; we had a whole month at Star Lake, and Aunt Grace came to visit us—oh, we've had a marvelous time!"

And just as if it left on Mary Lou a blessed benediction, the old year quietly slipped away and the new one was greeted with great noise—ringing of bells and the shrieking of whistles, the tooting of horns and general hilarity.

"May you all get your wish!" That was the greeting exchanged by the quartet. Mary Lou went to the kitchen and brought in four steaming cups of chocolate.

"To a year of grace," she cried, raising her cup to her lips.

"A year of grace!" the others echoed. And so the new year began.

The young Federlys had little time to pay attention to it or to their wishes, which were soon forgotten in the maze of many happenings. During the rest of the holidays they were busy with coasting, skating, and long hikes, alone or with their friends. Then they were back at school. Bill was trying to make the basketball

# THE NEW YEAR

By ANITA SAMS

I do not ask, God, that you fill
The coming year with bliss

Without some struggle and some rain, A sun-drenched winter day like this Would seem less bright. I only ask

For strength and courage; power to give

Unstintingly of self; the will to work
With eager hands, to smile, to live
With those I love; content to know
The depth of quiet simplicity,

To greet the brand-new year with ioy, To walk its length accompanied by Thee! team, Irene was deep in dramatics, and Mary Lou practically busy and interested in the home economics course she loved. Rodney, of course, was plugging away at his lessons, as he put it. He had not forgotten his shining goal, the Bainbridge scholarship.

It was in March that Mr. Federly fell ill. Just a bad cold, it seemed at first, and then suddenly, quickly, terror was upon them. It was not just a bad cold. It was pneumonia. For days the house was very still. The crisis was upon them. None of the four young Federlys were ever to forget those terrible hours of waiting. At last there was an almost imperceptible change for the better. Then the long, slow recovery.

Early in April Graves called a family council.

"Your father must get away," he told them. "He needs to get where it is dry and warm—at once. If he doesn't go soon, I can't answer for the consequences."

"He'll go," Rodney promised, his lips set in a hard, white line.

"You must begin to get him ready, Mother," Bill said to his mother a few minutes later. "You'll go with him, of course."

Mrs. Federly's soft blue eyes filled with tears.

"Dear boys, how can we?" she asked.
"You know that we have so little money. Doctor bills and the payment for the nurse have taken practically every cent of it."

"You must get ready, Mother; Bill and I will attend to that," Rodney said.

He called his brother and they went out together into the raw spring air. Rain was falling, and the atmosphere was one of the depression.

The brothers walked along in silence.

"What'll we do, Bill?" Rodney asked.
"I'm trying to think." Rodney was silent at this reply. He tried to think too.

"No, boy. This is our fight. I think we can put it across."

(Continued on page 34)

# 

If Fancy could give the prow of my bark, 'Cross Dreamland's wide ocean to Beauty's fair park, Where flowers and birds and sunshine and song, All teem 'round the pathways in riotous throng; Where silvery brooklets rush murmuringly by. Or placidly pause to mirror blue sky; Where from leafy castle through windows of green, Where fall specks of gold, earth's carpets to sheen; Where colorful sunsets paint tints the whole day,— My heart would delight to travel that way.

 $\ldots \mathcal{B}_{\mathsf{V}} \ldots$ J. R. Swauger

But if when I entered some woodland elf bold Demanded my friends for the privilege he sold. I'll turn in alarm and hastily flee To some favored spot where friendship might be. For birds would be silent and gloom would pervade, The grasses would wither and flowers would fade; The skies would be cloudy, the sun would be dim, The trees would be skeletons, foreboding and grim; The air would be murky, the paths would be bare,— If friendship and friends could not enter there.

For friendship means sunshine and gladness and song, No matter where placed, to friends they belong. For flowers are fairer, and skies are more clear, And notes of the song-birds are sweeter to hear; Pathways are smoother, and sunshine more bright Where Beauty and Friendship are blended aright. But e'en fairer still is the path if we claim The friendship of Jesus and abide in His name: For friendships of earth more richly will blend If Jesus is present when friend walks with friend.

# MARIAM'S VICTORY By Grace Henry

"Mariam, how angry yon scowling Turk does look. Think you he hates one who has never lifted hand against him?"

"Alas! I know not, my brother, except that he hates all Christians, and that is quite enough."

Nathan sighed. He was a peaceloving youth and loved not to mingle with those who spent precious time in riotous living. He and Mariam still remained in the home of their parents, who had died and left them alone. The girl of twenty summers was brave and bright and good, and the boy, only two years younger, loved and cared for her with an unusual devotion.

Those were the restless days and many were concerned, for trouble loomed ahead for the people who had been tormented for generations by their stronger neighbors, the Turks. At last the news came like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. Nathan returned home with the news.

"Mariam, my dear, it has come at last, 'Tis dread news."

"O Nathan, tell me not. It fills my heart with sorrow." And Mariam looked anxiously out the window.

"Look, Nathan, here is Hazah, the Turk. See what a cruel smile he wears!"

"Aye, my dear one, he, too, has heard the news. He has been trained to hate the Christian. What more could we expect of him?"

Days and weeks wore on, and news of parties of Turks drawing near kept the peaceful people of the little town in constant dread. Calls for men to defend homes and dear ones came, and men went forth as they have ever done in the past and offered their all. The best and strongest went first.

Hazah, the Turk, had long since returned to his father, and his cruel face was no longer seen in their midst. The next call that came sent Nathan home with a sober face. He lingered near Mariam as long as possible. That day a neighbor had left wife and children. Fears that invading Turks would enter the city and begin to slaughter its inhabitants caused him to linger as near at all times as possible. But he could stay no longer.

He entered the door quietly and sat in his father's chair. "Father would want me to go," he kept saying over and over. Mariam entered the door and her quick eyes noted the change.

"What is it, my brother?" She knelt by his chair and lovingly drew away his hands with which he had covered his face.

"Mariam, I must go. I can linger

here no longer. I am ashamed in staying so long. I promised Father to protect you. Father, I know, would have me go and serve my country now.

"The good God will protect me in your absence, Nathan, Only remember me and come back to our home when all is over. I will meet you here if I am spared. If the home still stands we will wait one another here," and she looked sadly at the dear, familiar scene

"I will go tomorrow," he said sadly, "but you must permit me to take you to our uncle and put you under his care. You cannot remain here alone."

"It is well, my brother. Did I not know that you have put your trust in your father's God I could hardly bear to see you leave, but I know we shall meet again here or on another shore.

That evening a hurried departure was planned and all preparation was made before the morning. Once more they opened the Book which lay on a table in the best room, and read from its pages comforting and precious promises. They knelt together as in the years past and prayed to One who knows and cares for His dear ones.

(Continued on page 28)

# Treasured Gleanings T

God's Mercy

A beautiful ancient Jewish story tells that when God was about to create man He took into His counsel the angels that stood about His throne. "Create him not." said the Angel of Justice, "for if thou dost, he will commit all kinds of wickedness against his fellow men; he will be hard, and cruel, and dishonest, and unrighteous." "Create him not," said the Angel of Truth, "for he will be false and deceitful to his brother man, and even to thee." "Create him not." said the Angel of Holiness; "he will follow that which is impure in thy sight, and dishonor thee to thy face."

Then stepped forward the Angel of Mercy and said: "Create him, O our heavenly Father, for when he sins and turns from the path of right and truth and holiness, I will take him tenderly by the hand, and speak loving words to him, and then lead him back to thee." And God created man.—Tarbell's Teachers' Guide.

# **Sweet Humility**

A hundred years ago, Oberlin, the German philanthropist, was journeying through a snowstorm near Strasbourg and lost his way. He was rescued from death by a wagoner who came by after he had sunk in the drifts. The man refused any reward. "Tell me your name at least," said Oberlin. "Tell me," was the reply, "the name of the Good Samaritan." His name is not recorded," said Oberlin, wondering. "Then let me withhold mine," said the wagoner. Oberlin never forgot the incident. He had known so many givers who paraded their gifts that the Christian humility of this man impressed him deeply. Here was a true giver, who gave without desire for recognition, "I am willing to give something," said a man the other day to a visitor with a subscription list, "but I expect gratitude, and so few have it." What a contrast to the generous wagoner.—The Watchword.

A Dangerous Enemy

"I'm a good hater!" said a girl rather complacently. "I don't get over things and forget them easily. Once an enemy, always an enemy—that's my rule!" She prided herself

upon keeping bitterness and anger in her heart. But they are bad tenants. They pull down the house upon themselves. A happy heart does not shelter hate. It is not a question of the person who is hated. Hate may or may not be able to injure its object. But it always does injure its harborer. No girl would feel comfortable with a snake in her room. She would get rid of it as soon as she found it there. Hate is more cold and poisonous than any snake on the list. It will coil and sting whenever it gets the chance. It drives out all that is pleasant and noble. It is not safe to encourage and harbor grudges, for they grow and strengthen until the soul is helpless to control them. That is why Christ commands us to forgive our enemies for our own sakes as well as theirs.-Young People.

Couldn't Pack It Up

A young minister was leaving an English town and was bidding an old lady good-by.

"Well, sir," she said, "you'll be busy packing up your belongings, I expect?"

"Yes," he replied. "I have only a few things to get into the boxes now." "There's one thing you won't be able to pack up, sir," said the old lady. "You'll have to leave that behind."

"I didn't know; whatever is that?" questioned the minister.

"You can't pack your influence, sir," she answered quietly. That is true whether influence is good or bad. "The seeds of good we sow both in shade and shine will grow"—it is well to remember it; and it is just as true that "the evil that men do lives after them." What kind of influence will you leave behind when God's call comes?—Christian Herald.

Good character leaves a good influence.

Its Spirit

When Gypsy Smith was a lad, before he could read he would sometimes take the Bible his father had given him and hold it open—maybe wrong side up—and pray, "Lord Jesus, I cannot read this book, but I want its spirit in my heart." And he tells that that prayer was answered long before he could read a verse.—Youth's Evangelist.

### The Shadows

There are ferns in the garden of the soul, as well as flowers. The flowers grow best in the sunshine; the ferns grow best in the shade.

There is the fern of Patience and the fern of Long-suffering and the fern of Meekness. And the great Gardner of the soul delights in the ferns, and purposes to save them from destruction by the garish day.

And so He takes us into the shade—the shade of disappointment, or the shade of sorrow, or the shade of sickness and pain.

But it is a very blessed shadow, for it is the "shadow of the Almighty." And here the ferns flourish and the cloudy day makes the garden beautiful.—Dr. J. H. Jowett.

# Pray and Pass the Bucket

D. L. Moody was once crossing the Atlantic when a fire broke out in the hold of the ship. He had taken his place in line to help pass along buckets of water when a friend came to him and said, "Mr. Moody, let us go to the other end of the ship and pray."

"No, Sir," said the evangelist, "what we need to do is to stand right here and pass buckets and pray hard all the time!"

With fire in the hold of the world's ship today, we need to pray more earnestly than ever before. But let us not make the mistake of retiring to the other end of the ship. Rather let us take our places bravely with others who are trying to put out the fires of war, social unrest, and confusion, while they are still confined to the hold.

# The Price of Being a Traitor

Demis hath forsaken me, having loved this present world" (2 Tim. 4:10).

In the long line of portraits of the Doges in the palace at Venice, one space is empty, and the semblance of a black curtain remains as a melancholy record of glory forfeited. Found guilty of treason against the State, Marino Falieri was beheaded, and his image as far as possible blotted from remembrance. As we regarded the singular memorial, we thought of Judas and Demas, and then, as we hear in spirit the Master's warning word, "One of you shall betray me," we ask within our souls the solemn question, "Lord, is it I?"-C. H. Spurgeon.



# Hymn Stories



# THE STORY OF A SONG

By V. C. HOGREN

I'd rather have Jesus than silver or gold,

I'd rather be His than have riches untold;

I'd rather have Jesus than houses or lands.

I'd rather be led by His nail-pierced hand,

Than to be the king of a vast domain And be held in sin's dread sway; I'd rather have Jesus than anything This world affords today.

And the second verse begins, "I'd rather have Jesus than men's applause" and continues, "I'd rather have Jesus than world-wide fame" . . . sentences which struck the very heart of a young man as he sat at his piano, early one Sunday morning. His mother, a minister's wife, had placed the beautiful poem where her son would see it . . . and with the prayer that he, a Christian, would become wholly consecrated in His service. She knew of the offer he was pondering of a radio contract

which would have given him opportunity for fame and possible riches in exchange for his regular appearance on a secular program.

It was in the thirties, business curves were still heading downward there was rumor of a salary cut in the downtown New York insurance office where the 22-year-old singer worked as a clerk. "Radio" . . . a magic word, for had not obscure names become nationally known overnight as millions began to hear new voices and become acquainted with new personalities? Then, too, there was money to be made in radio. Beverly Shea thought on these things as he rehearsed a hymn he was to sing in church that morning.

# PUTTING THE SENTI-MENT INTO ACTION

His eyes again fell on the words of Mrs. Rhea Miller's

poem and he read, "I'd rather have Jesus than silver or gold." His fingers unconsciously fell to the keyboard and wrote out the melody which is today known to millions. Several days later the director who spoke to Mr. Shea in behalf of the radio network was amazed to receive a firm "no" in response to his offer. "No" was a strange word to the director's ears as thousands of singers would have leaped at such an opportunity as was proposed to the young bass-baritone.

From that time forward, there was never any doubt as to the course which Mr. Shea was to pursue in full-time Christian service and the words of the poem "I'd Rather Have Jesus" set to music became his testimony. Wherever he appeared, he was certain to sing his earlier decision and through the years which have followed, untold thousands have had their own lives transformed through the hearing of this simple, yet powerful, testimony.

Today Beverly Shea is realizing his ambition to sing the gospel on the

radio. A nationally known aluminum firm, headed by a Christian man, sponsors Shea's hymn program heard by thousands each day, and he is having the joy of singing his own and others' songs of testimony in the Saturday evening youth meetings of Chicago, New York, and other American and Canadian cities. Shea receives more invitations to sing in churches over the country than he possibly can accept, and gives everywhere the testimony that "God can guide young lives when we give the direction over to Him and 'no good thing will He withhold . . . . . The familiar verse Shea likes to attach to his signature is found in the Psalms (71:23), "My heart shall greatly rejoice when I sung unto thee and my soul which thou hast redeemed."

A lonely sailor wandered into a gaudy night club in Philadelphia . . . attracted by the crowd and its laughter. A radio blared and its sound was in keeping with the forced gayety beyond the open doors. The program stopped, the usual time signal was given, a spot announcement or two followed. Another program came on, to which no one in the club seemed to pay much attention. Then a deep melodious voice sang, "I'd rather have

. . .

Jesus than anything this world affords today."

Two weeks later, this same sailor walked down Philadelphia's Broad Street and with a smile stopped another bluejacket who carried a large Bible under his arm. The first sailor pulled a small New Testament from his pocket as he said, "Mine's not as big and I haven't had it long either. Just two weeks ago I was in a place where I shouldn't have been. There was a going and after radio awhile I heard a fellow singing a song I couldn't get away from. It was, 'I'd rather have Jesus than anything this world could offer.' When the song was over, a chap on the radio started telling about giving the heart to Jesus and forsaking a life of sin. I got out of that place and went around the corner to

the Christian Service Cen-(Continued on page 29)

# LITTLE KNOWN FACTS ABOUT YOUR FAVORITE HYMNS

By PHIL KERR

- TELL MOTHER I'LL BE THERE is linked with two presidents of the United States. When President McKinley was preparing to rush by special train to the bedside of his dying mother in 1896, he telegraphed her physician, "Tell mother I'll be there." The incident inspired an Indianapolis minister to write the words and music of the now-famous "rescue mission" song. His name is Charles Fillmore, a descendant of President Fillmore.
- WE'LL SAY GOODNIGHT HERE BUT GOODMORNING UP THERE was sung at the funerals of gangster John Dillinger and revivalist Billy Sunday.
- After Alfred Tennyson produced the immortal CROSSING THE BAR he remarked, "A good hymn is the most difficult thing in the world to write."
- Charles Wesley's JESUS LOVER OF MY SOUL was disapproved by John Wesley on the grounds that it was too sentimental. It was not included in any Methodist hymnal until after the author's death—nearly holf a century after the song was written.
- Three great Protestant hymns were written by Catholics— LEAD KINDLY LIGHT, FAITH OF OUR FATHERS, and CROWN HIM WITH MANY CROWNS.
- ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIER was never sung in D. L. Moody's services. Soid he, "We're not good enough soldiers to be bragging about it."
- JESUS LOVES ME, THIS I KNOW was originally written for a fictional character to sing in o novel, "Say and Seal," which was a best-seller during the Civil Wor.
- NEARER MY GOD TO THEE is universally sung to an originally secular melody, the Irish love-song, "Off in the Stilly Night."
- Malotte's THE LORD'S PRAYER was written by the same man who composed the once-popular "Ferdinand the Bull," Albert Hay Molotte, Hollywood organist-composer.
   From "Sunday."



# A Successful Career

"What shall I do for a living?" This question, which is being asked more or less definitely by young people everywhere, may be stated as follows, "How am I going to make money?"

The first point for consideration is the choice of vocation. A young man or young woman should have a realization of the variety and extent of occupations that exist. A writer on business administration says that there are three thousand kinds of jobs in which a young man may earn his living. According to the United States census women are in 537 occupations.

This richness of vocational opportunities may be surprising to those whose knowledge of occupations has been limited to the few vocations represented in their immediate community. One of the purposes of the vocational articles which have been appearing in FORWARD is to acquaint young people with a number of different kinds of lifework.

While making a survey of vocational opportunities, a young person should at the same time be learning some definite facts about his own tastes, aptitudes, and abilities, in order to discover his fitness for certain kinds of work. For example, a boy who is unable to pass his examinations in mathematics should not choose engineering as a lifework. In determining fitness for a particular vocation, it may be better to let an experienced counselor do the examining than to trust to introspection and self-examination.

In general, a choice of vocation should be made as early as possible. "The saddest spectacle that I know of anywhere," says a judge in a state in the Middle West, "is a young man who has been graduated from high school and is going to college, spending his father's money, without having se-

lected an occupation, under a false notion that he is receiving an education of culture and refinement without having a fixed destination in his mind toward which he is traveling."

After having made a choice of a profession, it is necessary to prepare for the vocation. "Without arguing the question, I state it as a fact from experience that the positions in life are many for those who qualify," this judge declares. "For those who have no qualifications there are no positions. The place that is crowded is around the foot of the ladder, but higher up . . . the places are not crowded."

After selecting, preparing for, and entering upon a lifework, we must make progress in it if we are to succeed. "While it is recognized that it is highly important that a young man make a wise selection of his vocation, it is even more important that he make a success of the vocation selected," says one man.

"There is no excellence without great labor" is an old proverb, but the truism deserves repeating. It is not

necessary to be perfectly adapted to a business in order to be successful in it. Intelligent, honest, and persistent effort will work wonders.

"How am I going to make money?" is a legitimate and essential question for a young person to ask. Yet service, not money, should be the primary interest of every young man or young woman in choosing a lifework. And that service should not be less than Christian service.

So many times have we read advice to the effect that hard work is necessary to success that perhaps a boy will get the idea that hard work is all that is needed to bring success. But there are plenty of men who have worked hard and really have not achieved much. Something more than hard work is needed.

"Every prudent man worketh with knowledge." Intelligent hard work is required. The trained worker is the one whose hard work brings results. Hard work plus the best training you can get is the formula for success which counts for most in life.—Selected.

# What Is Success? . . . By Berton Braley

It's doing your job the best you can And being just to your fellow man; It's making money—but holding friends, And staying true to your aims and ends; It's figuring how and learning why, And looking forward and thinking high, And dreaming little and doing much; It's keeping always in closest touch With what is finest in word and deed; It's being thorough, yet making speed; It's daring blithely the field of chance While making labor a brave romance; It's going onward despite defeat, And fighting staunchly, but keeping sweet; It's being clean and it's playing fair; It's laughing lightly at Dame Despair; It's looking up at the stars above, And drinking deeply of life and love; It's struggling on with the will to win, But taking loss with a cheerful grin; It's serving, striving, through strain and stress; It's doing your noblest—that's success!

# \* Bits of Information

PAULINE WEAVER HARDING

# Recipe For a Happy New Year

Take twelve, fine, full-grown months: see that these are thoroughly free from old memories of bitterness, rancor, hate, and jealousy. Cleanse them completely from every dinging spite; pick off all specks of pettiness and littleness; in short, see that these months are freed from all the past. Have them as fresh and clean as when they first came from the great storehouse of time.

Cut these months into thirty or thirty-one equal parts. This batch will keep for just one year. Do not attempt to make up the whole batch at one time (so many persons spoil the entire lot in this way), but prepare one day at a time, as follows:

Into each day put twelve parts of faith, eleven of patience, ten of courage, nine of work (some people omit this ingredient and so spoil the flavor of the rest), eight of hope, seven of fidelity, six of liberality, five of kindness, four of rest (leaving this out is like leaving the oil out of the salad don't do it), three of selected resolution. If you have no conscientious scruples, put in about a teaspoonful of good spirits, a dash of fun, a pinch of folly, a sprinkling of play, and a heaping cupful of good humor.

Pour into the whole love and mix with a vim. Cook thoroughly in a fervent heat; garnish with a few smiles and a sprig of joy, serve with quietness, unselfishness, and cheerfulness, and a happy new year is a certainty.—HMS.

# A PURPOSE TRUE

Lord, make me quick to see Each task awaiting me, And quick to do; Oh grant me strength, I pray, With lowly love each day, And purpose true.

To go as Jesus went, Spending and being spent, Myself forgot; Supplying human needs By loving words and deeds, Oh, happy lot!

-Robert M. Offord. So on I went.

### **SUCCESS**

He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it: who has looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory is a benediction.—Mrs. A. J. Stanley.

# WORTH

It is not what the world gives me In honor, praise or gold; It is what I do give the world. So others do unfold.

If by my work through life I can Another soul unfold. Then I have done what cannot be Made good, by praise or gold.

One tiny thought in tiny word May give a great one birth. And if that thought was caused by

I lived a life of worth.

-Richard F. Wolfe.

### REMEMBER:

The value of time. The success of perseverance. The pleasure of working. The dignity of simplicity. The worth of character. The power of kindness. The influence of example. The obligation of duty. The wisdom of economy. The virtue of patience. The improvement of talent. The joy of originating. -Bulletin.

# BECAUSE---

Because of your strong faith I kept the track

Whose sharp-set stones my strength had well nigh spent.

I could not meet your eyes if I turned back:

Because you would not yield belief in

The threatening crags that rose my way to bar

I conquered inch by crumbling inch to see

The goal afar.

And though I struggle toward it through hard years,

Or flinch, or falter blindly, yet within "You can!" unwavering my spirit hears And I shall win.

# THE NEW YEAR

At morn I awoke a new creature, Today a new life to begin.

If yesterday's efforts seemed futile, Today I will try it again.

I dare not, I will not look backward, Forgetting those things that are

If I turn and travel the yesterdays, I travel that way alone.

The promise I stand on is forward; Should I take one step backward I'd fall.

The trials and heartaches of yesterdav-

Forgiving, forgetting them all.

The pleasure and joys I'll remember. But on these I cannot dwell long. They helped yesterday, and sustained

Today I will need a new song.

me;

Forgetting those things that are backward.

I press toward the mark of my goal, Accepting and trusting the new year And saying good-bye to the old.

-Bessie Kindley Poole.

# RING, SWEET BELLS, RING!

Ring, sweet bells, ring—the old year goes.

Let not my soul be sighing For little things I've left undone, For lack of stimulating fun, For battles lost, I should have won. O Lord, forbid me crying.

Ring, sweet bells, ring! The new year comes.

Fill deep my heart with beauty; Give me the strength to work each

The moral courage to display Wisdom of age—the youth of play— And grace to meet each duty.

-A. W. Norton.

# Youth Personal Evangelistic Union

Dear Young People:

Here I come with another message over on the Y.P.E.U. page. I have been more than ever impressed this Sunday morning with the need of personal evangelism for any church which expects to build up its congregation and see souls saved. One of the most urgent commands of our Lord was, "Go into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."

This morning, while listening to a broadcast from a certain church of another denomination, I heard the minister announce their coming "Youth for Christ" revival. They also announced that twelve or fifteen hundred calls had been made in the interest of this revival.

I remember one time I moved into a new place and I hadn't been there but a short time when five women come together to call on me and invite me to their church. I'll tell you it made me feel happy to have folks take that interest in me, and it will make people happy to have you take that interest in them. A good evangelistic class, trained for this work, will mean everything to your church.

We wonder why our churches are not filled and running over. "That my house may be filled," Jesus said. The <mark>cry of churches</mark> today is, "We can't get the sinners to church to get them saved." We must go after them. That <mark>is His command. We are very gl</mark>ad that some folks are waking up to the need. One of our splendid Y.P.E. and Sunday School superintendents plans to make this a specialty this year, and has written for information. Watch his work make progress. Other individuals are writing for information. Interest in this great work would be a great New Year resolution.

Don't wait to have a great landslide of members. Organize if you only have a few. God will add to your number. A few trained for this work will mean everything for your church. Don't wait for your pastor to do this. Perhaps he hasn't time, with all his other duties. Surely somewhere you can find a leader for such a work as this. If not, then your church is in

WHERE ARE THE REAPERS

BERNICE CLINGAN

Oh, where are the reapers, my Father? And why are laborers few? The field is so white unto harvest! Oh, Father, there's so much to do!

The reapers are plenty, He answered;
I have called forth to harvest a host.
A few have responded; the others
Are sadly neglecting their post.

One lingers at home for a living, For fear that I would not supply; Another shrinks back with "I cannot," And refuses to try.

Another is lost in earth's pleasure, Forgetting the sorrow and pain Of sad multitudes dying; Another is bent on earth's gain.

I've called, but my call is unheeded.
Oh, awaken, ye slumberers I pray!
Awaken! God hasn't forgotten
The call that He gave you! Away!

Tear loose from your puny excuses, For the souls whom your efforts should save

Are daily and hourly sinking Down, down to a lost, hopeless grave.

Awaken, oh awaken, ye hopeless; God hasn't forgotten 'twas you That He called forth to work in His harvest,

Nor the task that He gave you to do.

Think you He'll accept your excuses
And give you a home with the blest?
Think you of this you are deserving?
'Tis the laborers who are worthy of

Must the Father remain disappointed In the work He expected of you? Must it ever be this, "I've called many, But those who will answer are few"?

a bad condition, and need not expect to prosper.

I remember one time, in a certain church, we were planning for a revival and I suggested having some cards or circulars made and send out workers to visit the homes and leave an invitation with a little personal message at each time. The pastor said,

"They just will not do that kind of work." What a sad condition!

If you need information, write us. We will send instructions. The book we are recommending is Wm. Evans' book on Personal Soul Winning, price \$1.25; also a small book, "Without Excuse," to carry in the pocket so as to study at odd moments as circumstances may permit, "in order to redeem the time." Price 35c. Order these from The Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tenn.

# THE UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENT

Rokes, the blacksmith, was a scoffing infidel. He was a well-read man, and master of all the ablest infidel writers. He possessed a ready wit, and when he could not talk his opponent down, he would laugh him down. The pastor had often approached him, and had as often been repulsed. As a last resort, he had requested his able and skillful neighbor, a lawyer of piety and talents, to visit Mr. Rokes, and endeavor to convince him. But it was like attempting to reason with a tempest or soothe the volcano.

The following was the manner of his conversion, as related by himself at a prayer meeting:

"I stand," said Mr. Rokes, "to tell you the story of my conversion." His lips trembled slightly as he spoke, and his bosom heaved with suppressed emotion. "I am as a brand plucked out of the burning. The change in me is an astonishment to myself; it was all brought about by the grace of God, and that unanswerable argument. It was a cold morning in January, and I had just begun my labor at the anvil in my shop, when I looked out and saw Mr. Brown approaching. He dismounted quickly and entered. As he drew near I saw he was agitated. His look was full of earnestness, his eyes were bedimmed with tears. He took me by the hand; his breast heaved with emotion, and with indescribable tenderness he said, 'Mr. Rokes, I am greatly concerned for your salvation greatly concerned for your salvation, and he burst into tears. He stood (Continued on page 30)

Motto: "He That Winneth Souls Is Wise," Prov. 11:35.

[Page 13]

# Poems for Men in Service

# My Son

Mrs. Sam W. Rayhill

I have a precious son, who is
Far across the sea,
And I'm trusting in the Lord
To bring him back to me.
I'd like to hear his voice again
And see his smiling face.
Although I have six more sons,
There's none can take his place.

His letters are so very dear,
More precious to me than gold;
His pictures are so much like him,
By our friends I am told.
But that isn't all I want, dear Lord,
I trust in you each day,
To bring him back to me again
Just like he went away.
If this is not your will, dear Lord,
And he has to give his all,
I pray his soul to be ready
To answer to your call.

# **Precious Memories**

My son, they say you're buried
Across the restless sea,
But waters cannot separate
The love we have for thee.

Before they brought the message grim,

We tried to drive back fears; We carried you to God in prayers, Prayers mingled with our tears.

But God in wisdom, looked ahead, Looked down the lane of time, And called you home to be with Him— What wondrous love divine.

No shallow grave on Attu's soil Can your brave spirit hold; We know in God's eternal love Now rests his stainless soul.

At night you come to us in dreams, We hold you in embrace; But after while, when Jesus comes, We'll see you face to face.

So rest in peace, our darling boy,
Enjoy the rest you've gained;
We'll meet you there, where dreams
come true,

When life at last has waned.

(Written by Rev. B. D. Smith, Auburn, Ala., in memory of our son, Pvt. B. D. Smith, Jr., who was killed on Attu Island, May 20, 1942.)

# Gold Star Mother

Roy Judson Wilkins

Gold Star Mother, with your head bowed in prayer,

Our hearts bow with you; we sorrow; we care;

We give thanks to God for that valiant son

Who gave up his life that the war might be won.

Gold Star Mother, on Memorial Day, Though the grave of your loved one is too far away

To decorate with flowers, as your heart longs to do,

'Tis seen by the Father who careth for you.

Gold Star Mother, with your head bowed in prayer,

Although it may seem that your lot is unfair,

Still you smile through your tears, go trustingly on—

Brave little mother of a brave soldier son!

# A Soldier's Prayer

Charles Newman Hodge

Dear Lord, I'm but a soldier boy,
I know not how to pray.
With contrite heart I come to thee,
I know not what to say.

O Christ, of dark Gethsemane, You were a soldier, too. You conquered death and hell for me, You pain and hardship knew.

Alone you trod the long, hard road That led to Calvary;

Alone you bore the thorn, the load—You did it all for me.

Forgive my wondering, erring ways,
I've grieved Thee, please forgive;
I've shunned Thy love, despised Thy
grace,

Lord, teach me how to live.

No matter whether flying plane
Or driving leaping jeep,
Or whether on the bounding main,
Dear Lord, this soldier keep.

I pray thou wilt deliver me Mid'st flying shot and shell; Let angels o'er me vigil keep And ever with me dwell. If I should die in conflict fierce
On battlefield alone,

May angels with their snowy wings
Bear my free spirit home.

Dear Lord, please hear my humble plea,

Thou art the soldier's friend.
I give my life, my all to Thee;
I'll trust Thee to the end.

# When War Is Through

Charles Newman Hodge

When soldiers all march home to stay,
They'll sing and dance and shout.
"When war is through"—oh happy
phrase

For man to think about!

When parents gladly greet their sons
Come back to never roam,
Then laughter will ring out again
In every happy home.

The sweethearts who have waited long,

And cried with aching heart,
Will welcome them with open arms—
God grant they'll never part.

When they come home, the world will laugh

And sing and dance and shout.
"When war is through" —oh happy
phrase

For man to think about!

# Stanza Found in a Slit Trench

(The author has never been identified.)

Stay with me, God, the night is dark, The night is cold; my little spark Of courage dies. The night is long, Be with me, God, and make me strong.

I love a game, I love a fight,
I hate the dark, I love the light.
I love my child, I love my wife,
I am no coward. I love life.

I'm but the son my mother bore, A simple man, and nothing more. But—God of strength and gentleness, Be pleased to make me nothing less.

Help me, O God, when death is near To mock the haggard face of fear, That when I fall—if fall I must— My soul may triumph in the dust.

-Sent in by Alda B. McLendon

# .. Problem Page ..

TO POPULATE POPULATE

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have just finished reading the November issue of the Lighted Pathway. I think it the best young people's paper in the world and have been reading it ever since it began to be published.

The problem page is a good addition, I think. I am sure there will be many boys and girls blessed through this page, as well as older folks too.

I have a problem myself, that to me is the most important of any problem I have been called upon to face. And I feel that not only is it so important to me, but to every one who is striving to be ready to go when the Lord comes. This is the problem: In the face

of the divine healing scriptures, is it right to trust in medical aid?

Judging from the articles in the Lighted Pathway, like the advice you gave Miss Boehm, and "The Anniversary of a Christian Business Man," you evidently think it all right to use medical aid.

My dear Sister Cooper:

James 5:13-15, "Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him."

We believe that healing through the prayer of faith is God's best for us, but every one does not have that faith; so God has given wisdom through medical science to help those who cannot reach God's best, and has taught them to accept from His bountiful hand His second best. It is wonderful to be able to accept and appropriate God's best, but we should be thankful also for His second best. Perhaps the person who is weak in faith for healing is strong in other ways, where the person who has faith for nealing is weak on some other line. Jesus said, "Judge not."

Divine healing for the body is not a test of fellowship in the Church of God.

The letter I wrote to Miss Boehm in the November issue did not mention taking medicine. I was advising her to finish her training as a nurse. I whink there is no calling greater than

a Christian nurse, because even those who trust God entirely get sick, and surely they need a nurse to make them comfortable until they are healed. And for those who are sick and are unsaved, it is a wonderful chance to win them for Christ.

One of the strongest advocates of divine healing is a nurse here in Cleveland who administers medicine where they do not accept healing by faith. I am acquainted with two young girls who believe in God's healing power, who are nurses. I still say it is a great calling.

Thank you, Sister Cooper, for this question. I'm glad to hear from one of my old Sunday School pupils. God bless you.

We have not reached God's best yet, spiritually speaking, for we are full of faults and make many mistakes in the flesh. The very best Christians I have ever known make mistakes, not intentionally, but we are yet in the flesh. The Spirit indeed is willing but the flesh is weak. Remember that when one takes the Lord as his physician one sometimes gets weak and fails. Don't be too critical of the failures of another. "God knoweth our frame and remembereth that we are dust." He is patient and longsuffering.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have a very serious problem. Our little girl is four and didn't remember ever going to a movie until last week. Her daddy took her and again tonight,



# THE YEAR BEFORE US

Standing at portal
Of the opening year,
Words of comfort meet us,
Hushing every fear:
"I, the Lord, am with thee,
Be thou not afraid!
I will keep and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed!"
Resting on His promise,
What have we to fear?
God is all-sufficient
For the coming year.

-Francis Ridley Havergal.



she wanted to go. He, of course, asked me tonight, did I care for her going and I hardly knew what to do. She wants to go and I'm afraid that if I forbid her to go, as soon as she can she will go anyhow. She has very definite ideas as to right and wrong, but, of course, this is a case of my trying to live right and my husband pulling the other way. I know that if he could understand what he is doing, he wouldn't for all the world. I won't expect a personal answer but will look to the Lighted Pathway. I really want to do the right thing and have prayed about it. I certainly want to know His will.

Once my daughter was going to wear lipstick and asked me if I cared. I told her to do what she thought best. She hadn't had it on two minutes until she got it off. She asked her daddy to leave the show before it was over, saying she was hungry, but I wonder if it wasn't conscience instead.

You have been such a blessing to me and I truly appreciate you and respect your opinion highly. Thank you again for your prayers and please keep praying. I know that you are very busy but your prayers and advice have meant so much to me.

My dear Sister:

This is a very important question and is truly a problem.

Your child is not all yours. Your husband must be considered, but your everyday influence over your child will have much to do with her attitude. Tell her all about the harm in the shows, how so many of them make children nervous and have bad dreams at night, and because of their bad influence Jesus does not want His children to go. Tell her that Daddy is not yet a Christian and doesn't understand and that Jesus expects Daddy's little girl to help make him a Christian so that he can go to heaven with her some day. When you are alone with your husband, tell him how you feel about it and perhaps you can influence him also.

My own experience has taught me that parents should not argue before children. Let your life lead the child to see which way is the right way. There might be some cases where the Christian parent should take a definite stand on where her child should go. Use wisdom.



PAULINE DAVENPORT Employed eight years.

Resolution:
Resolution:
I read in Prov. 3:6, "In all thy
ways acknowledge him, and he
shall direct thy paths." I should
like to live so that this proverb
could be fulfilled in my life during the coming year.—Pauline
Davenport.



DAISY DENSON Employed seventeen months.

Employed seventeen months.

Resolution:
Of course, we all make many resolutions each new year, but the resolution that is carried out is the one that is really worth while. I should like to read my Bible and pray more, and consecrate my life to Him who died on the cross of Calvary for the remission of our sins. Yes, always faithful, loving and true, for we know there is only one life and it will soon be past—only what's done for Christ will last.—Dalsy Denson. Denson.

# New Year Resolutions

By Publishing House Employees



CLETTA WALKER and LITTLE JERRY LYNN Employed fourteen years.

Resolution:
I resolve to try to be a better
Christian this coming year; to
try to live better in my home;
to wield an influence for good
wherever I may be, that souls
may see Jesus in me.—Cletta
Welker segretary.profreader Walker, secretary-proofreader.



JEANETTE LEDFORD

Resolution:
A resolution is a fixed determination. In my heart there is a desire to live a better life, spending more time with God in prayer and reading my Bible. This determination is my resolution for the coming year.—Jeanctte Ledford.



RUTH MUNCY Employed three months.

Resolution: Resolution:
In years that have passed I have made many resolutions. Some I have kept, others I have failed to keep, but in this new year I am resolving to put Christ before everything. My greatest ambition is to be more like Christ, and by the help of God this is one resolution that I shall strive to keep.—Ruth Muncy.



RUBY FITZGERALD Employed ten years.

Resolution:
Since I am a newly-wed, I resolve to be a good wife and a good homemaker. I also resolve to be a good Christlan and church member, not forgetting to read my Bible and to pray often, for it takes the help of the Lord to carry out our good resolutions.—Ruby (Wales) Fitzgerald.

Note: Ruby has been a faithful employee in the transcribers' office for about ten years. Recently Conrad Fitzgerald, of Covington, La., came to Cleveland and took her from us, but our loss is his galn. God bless you, Ruby and Conrad, and give you many happy years together.—Ed. Resolution:



IRENE WALES Employed eighteen years. Resolution:
Along with thousands of oth-Along with thousands of others, I make my resolution for the year 1946, realizing that only the resolutions that are kept are the ones that help us. I am resolved to try more than ever to please my Savior in the things I do and say, and to be a blessing to those with whom I come in contact. -Irene Wales.

# Resolutions (Cont.)



Employed two and one-half yrs Resolution: Resolution: Resolution: Resolution? Yes, a decision or a determination to achieve some aim. My aim for the new year is not spending time wishing the past had been different, trying to solve life's difficulties, or hoping the future will omit all disconforts but my aim is to be ing the future will omit all discomforts; but my aim is to be more like HIM—to be more like HIM who died on the cross; like HIM, loyal, loving, faithful and true. I resolve to be more like HIM.-Lydia Blazer.



BEULAH WHEELER Employed six years Resolution: I plan to start the new year with this resolution—to be a better Christian, and a soul-winner for Christ.-Beulah Mae Wheeler.

Since the world is so full of gloom, I resolve to be cheerful, ever turned toward the light so that all the shadows will fall bethat all the shadows will fall behind. Furthermore, by God's help, I resolve to do, to the best of my ability, without shirking or complaining, any task I may find to do. I resolve to laugh, to love, and to lift.—Dorothy Pullin.

# EDITOR'S MESSAGE

(Continued from page 2)

souls is wise." Many of our problems can be solved by the study of the Word of God, but there are times when we must listen carefully to the still small voice. In this how careful we must be, for the Word tells us that Satan comes many times as an angel of light. He does not always come with horns, and if we are not careful he will deceive us.

Friends, the secret of divine guidance is a wholly surrendered will. If we are holding on to our own way and will, God cannot guide us. We are not pliable in His hands. We want our way instead of His way. So He lets us have our way, like the children of Israel when they asked for a king, only to let us see later that our will was not best. There is a secret controversy between our will and God's and we shall never have perfect guidance until we have turned our will over to Him and let Him take and break and make that will according to His purpose for us.

God's impressions within and His Word without are always corroborated by His providence around and we should quietly wait until these three focus into one point. Sometimes it looks as if we are bound to act. Every one says we must do something. We are in a tight place. Behind are the Egyptians, before is the sea. It is not easy to stand still and see the salvation of the Lord. Here is where we fail God so many times. We get frightened at the Egyptians and plunge into the sea before the time. It's all right to plunge into the sea if it is God's time, for He will part the waters and we can go over on dry ground, but we should wait God's time. God may delay the revelation of His will for us until He has tested us. There was delay when Mary sent for Jesus when Lazarus was sick and all hope was gone. He had been dead and buried for three days when Jesus finally arrived. There was delay ere the angel sped to Peter's side on the night before his expected martyrdom. He waits long enough

to test our faith but not a moment behind the extreme hour of need.

A little girl was walking by her father's side and he held her hand as they passed along the crowded street of the city. Presently the enticing beauty of the store windows invited her to stop a moment and she sought to pull away from her father. He cautioned her, but so confident was she that he let go of her hand. In a few minutes she had so far forgotten him that she stopped by a window and was viewing its contents with childish delight. Her father was soon lost in the crowd and when she turned to go she began to realize that she was alone.

Not knowing which way to go, her eyes began to fill with tears and her quivering lips betrayed her perplexity. She was lost, alone, away from her father, but he did not forget his little one for he was watching her with intense interest and affection. As soon as he thought she had learned her lesson that Father knows best, he

(Continued on page 25)

# TEMPERANCE PAGE

# THREE MEN...

# By the Late George D. Repp



# I. A Bad Man

"There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death," Prov. 14:12.

John Bronson was reputed to be the worst drunkard in the town of Portsend. He had been brought up in a Christian home, but, like many another young man, who thought he knew more than his parents, and to whom moral and religious restraint had become exceedingly irksome, he began to associate with a fast set of young bloods of the town for the sole purpose of having a good time while he was young. He soon learned to drink like his companions, and indulge in other vices, and in course of time became a confirmed drunkard.

One day, at a Christian Endeavor convention, he met and fell in love with a charming young lady named Belle. Her sweet Christian influence over him made him resolve to give up his debaucheries before she found out about his drinking habits. To all outward appearances he was successful. He attended church with her, and accompanied her to the young people's Christian Endeavor meetings and socials, although he never made a public confession of faith at any of the meetings. His good resolution did not last long, however, and, unknown to his sweetheart, he secretly joined his cronies in their drinking. Such was the power of habit over him. And when rumors of his intemperance reached Belle's ears, she refused to believe them; and when she put the question squarely up to him, he stoutly denied that such was the case.

Eventually John and Belle were married, and for three or four years after all went well. By sheer force of will power he obtained a temporary mastery over his appetite. Their married life, during those years, was a genuinely happy one, and when a boy and girl came to bless their home, he solemnly vowed in his heart never to touch a drop of liquor again as long as he lived.

"Ye must be born again," said Jesus. Paul wrote later: "Therefore if any

man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new," 2 Cor. 5:17.

Alas, it was the same old story with John Bronson, as with thousands of others who seek to acquire respectability and strength of character by living a self-righteous life and overcome evil habits by one's own will power; habits which only the power of God, through Christ, can overcome. So one Saturday afternoon, on his way home from the office, he unexpectedly ran into several of his former pals who were on their way to their favorite saloon. He could not endure being called a "goody-goody," so in an unguarded moment his will power broke down and he accompanied them to take just one or two drinks for old time's sake.

Two o'clock on Sunday morning, his salary gone, he staggered home a miserable, dejected drunkard. When Belle opened the front door of their little house to let him in, after having suffered hours of anxiety because of his absence, she gazed in astonishment at her drunken husband and gasped, as her heart filled with evil forebodings, "My God!" Heartbroken, she helped him stagger over to the couch in the little parlor, where he lay in his drunken stupor until late morning.

Retiring with a heavy heart to her room, she knelt down by the side of her bed and poured out her heart to God in prayer for her fallen husband. At last she knew that the rumors she had heard before their marriage were true. Agony clutched her soul as she prayed, but she bravely committed herself and the children to God, her heavenly Father, whom, she knew, would never leave nor forsake her. She determined to pray harder than ever for her husband's salvation, for she realized that only God could save him and deliver him from his besetting sin.

The demon drink, to which he had so unexpectedly yielded, once more became his master. The prayers of his wife seemed unavailing. He went from bad to worse. One by one the things that had made their home so attractive were sold to satisfy his

bestial appetite. The children could not understand the change that had come over their once kind and good daddy, and sought the protection of their mother's arms whenever he came home under the influence of liquor.

At last the dreadful apparition, which Belle had been secretly fearing throughout their married life, had become a living reality. The rent had not been paid for three months, and one rainy morning their few remaining pieces of furniture were deposited on the sidewalk and carted off by an Italian drayman to a two-room garret in the poorest quarter of the town. Here their miserable existence was resumed amid squalid conditions, but Belle, who still loved her husband, continued hoping and praying. At last starvation stared her and the children in the face. Work was hard to find, and if it had not been for the kindness of friends who sympathized with her in her misfortune, she might have been driven to desperation.

One morning John asked Belle to give him what money she might have. He was still under the influence of the last night's debauch. When Belle told him she hadn't even a five-cent piece with which to buy a loaf of bread, he called her a liar and struck her a vicious blow in the face with his fist—a thing he had never done before—and with an oath staggered down the rickety stairs of the garret and out into the street. The blow sent Belle reeling backward, and falling across the bed, she lay moaning, her face buried in the pillow. There is a limit to human endurance, and the blow she received snapped the last thread that had held her and John together.

After she and the children had eaten the last remnants of bread and cheese left on the cupboard shelf, and drank the last weak coffee in the pot on the stove, Belle tore a blank page from an old book and with a stub of a lead pencil scribbled the following note and pinned it on the paper shade of the kerosene lamp:

DEAR JOHN:

DEAR JOHN:

I love you still, but your continual dissipation, and the hopelessness of your drunken condition, and now your uncalled for brutality in striking me this morning, is more than I can stand, so I am leaving you to your own wicked ways. I shall continue to pray for you, but you will never see me or the

children again. May God in His great mercy save you. Good-bye.

Calling at the home of a dear friend who on more than one occasion had befriended her and the children when the need was greatest, she received a hearty welcome when she told of her husband's brutal assault and her determination to escape from further abuse and neglect by leaving him to his own wicked devices.

After staying at her friend's house for a week or ten days, with gifts of clothing for herself and children, and a purse of money made up from among her former associates in the church before her unhappy marriage, Belle and the children took a train one morning for a distant city where she could get a new start in life and bring up her boy and girl in a happier atmosphere. Calling at the home of a godly Presbyterian minister, to whom she presented a letter of introduction from her friend, she soon got settled in the home of a Christian widow, where life began to take on a more cheerful aspect.

Not long after Belle secured a lucrative position as secretary to the president of a large hardware concern, and from that day life for her and the children became happy and carefree. But she could not dismiss her husband from her thoughts. Each morning, before she left for her work, she prayed that God would save him and make a new man of him.

Belle soon became an active and efficient worker in the Presbyterian church, especially in the Young People's Society. The minister recognized her ability as a leader, and everything she undertook to do, prospered. She eventually affiliated herself with a rescue mission on Main Street, and ere long became the pianist at the popular Saturday night meetings.

### II. A Sad Man

"For godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of," 2 Cor. 7:10.

When John ran bewildered from the garret, he hastened down to the saloon to drown his remorse in drink. He loved Belle, and in his sober moments would have cut off his right hand rather than inflict bodily injury upon her. Through his befogged brain seeped the consciousness of his brutality toward the woman whom he had promised to love, honor, and

cherish. He realized that he was a slave to drink, and that it was the demon in him that made him strike the cruel blow.

All day long he sat alone at a bare pine table, in the rear of the saloon, with his head buried in his arms, moaning and groaning incoherently. Having spent his last dime for a "shock," he sat at the table, dejected and smitten by a guilty conscience. Slowly he sobered up and at ten o'clock that night left the saloon and walked repentantly toward their miserable abode in the garret to beg Belle's forgiveness.

As he walked meditatively along, he began to ponder over what a wreck he had made of life, and the misery he had brought upon Belle and the children, and what a despicable husband and father he had been to them.

As he opened the door, he was surprised to find that the garret was dark. Thinking that Belle and the children were asleep, he tiptoed into the room and, striking a match, peered around but saw no one. "Belle," he called out, as a feeling of nervous apprehension came over him, but Belle did not answer. Yes, they were gone, but where? As he was lighting the lamp that stood in the middle of the table, he caught sight of the note Belle had pinned on the shade. With trembling hands he held it up to the dim light and read the farewell message she had written.

"My God!" he cried aloud, "what have I done?" Throwing himself across the bed, he began to sob as though his heart would break. But the Lord Jesus was right there beside him. Conviction seized him. He saw himself as God saw him, a miserable, hell-bound sinner.

Kneeling down on the bare floor, he began to pray, imploring God to forgive him and to cleanse his heart from all sin for Jesus' sake; and ere the townhall clock struck the midnight hour, he rose from his knees a saved man. Oh, how he wished Belle were there to see the change that had come over him and share his new-found joy.

As he sat on the edge of the bed, with his head bowed in his hands, he prayed anew for strength and guidance in the days to come. Although Belle and the children had left him, and that, justly, he knew, he prayed that God would somehow bring them together again. A deep peace filled his soul and a verse of Scripture which he

had long since forgotten, flashed through his mind: "Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more," John 8:11.

Not only was John Bronson conscious of being saved, but it seemed as if God had wrought a miracle, for he had lost all desire for the cursed liquor. He went to the hydrant and drank three glasses of water, a thing he had not done in many months. Oh, how refreshing it was. But the water of life of which he had drunk, and which was beginning to well up within him, was even more refreshing to his soul.

A feeling of sadness, however, came over him, because of Belle's and the children's disappearance. He resolved nevertheless to leave no stone unturned to find them and tell them the good news of his conversion. The next morning he started out to look for them. Making numerous inquiries at the homes of Belle's friends, he received only negative replies. Days, weeks, and months, and finally a year went by, but it seemed as though the earth had opened her mouth and swallowed them up alive. He was a saved, but a sad man. But his hope was in God.

### III. A Glad Man

"All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose," Rom. 8:28.

Having lived a sober and righteous life for more than a year, John secured a promising position as salesman for a large manufacturing concern. Unconscious of the fact that his steps were being "ordered by the Lord" (Psa. 37:23), his territory included the city where Belle had made her new home. He had yet to learn that

"God works in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

Little did he realize, when he accepted his new position, that God was working out His plan, not only for his (John's) own ultimate happiness, but also the happiness of Belle and the children. By the cords of His divine compassion and love God was drawing the little family together again as a magnet draws a piece of steel to itself.

Without suspecting what was in store for him there, John's itinerary led him to the city where Belle and the children were living in comparative

(Continued on page 26)

# National Y. P. E. and Sunday School News

# YOUTH COMMITTEE MEETS

Possibly you remember reading about this committee on our page in the October issue of the Lighted Pathway. It was appointed during the last Assembly by the State Overseer Appointing Board, and is comprised of Rev. E. L. Simmons, President of the Bible School and College, Sevierville, Tenn.; Rev. Ralph Williams, Cleveland, Tenn.: Rev. R. R. Walker, Greenwood, S. C.: Rev. Robert Johnson, Winterhaven, Fla., and Rev. Paul Stallings, Washington, D. C. Brother Simmons is the chairman of this body, which is called the "Youth Program Committee." Good suggestions are in order, and if you have one, you should make it to the Committee member nearest you.

This group was in session with the General and Assistant General Overseers November 26 and 27, 1945. Here is a little resume of its accomplishments:

First, the necessity of a survey of all our churches was agreed upon. This will be done that the committee, after receiving a reply from each local pastor, will know the status of each family in the Church of God, and how many of the younger members of those families are Christians and

# WHO'S WHO IN THE Y.P.E.

Below ore listed the notional leaders of the Y.P.E. for the month of October. We ore sure there are others, and will glodly report them if the state superintendents will send us information relative to them.

	Av.
Church	Attend.
Catlettsburg, Ky.	389
Henderson, N. C.	
N. Cleveland, Tenn.	273
Dillon, S. C.	
Johnson City, Tenn.	
WHO'S WHO in the	Ì

WHO'S WHO in the "Big Ten" Sunday Schools October	for
Greenville, S. C.	688
Konnopolis, N. C	681
Atlanta (Hemphill), Go	439
North Cleveland, Tenn.	
Lokeland, Flo	348
Conton, Ohio	342
Dillon, S. C	326
Cincinnoti, Ohio	312
McColl, S. C.	.301
Homilton, Ohio29	981/4

C. M. TRUESDELL

members of the Church in particular. A sufficient number of questionnaire blanks will be sent each pastor, that he may obtain each individual family's report separately. He will also receive a summary blank, upon which he will compile the figures from each questionnaire, and return to the Committee. From this summary report, the Committee will be able to get a fair census of the various age groups, and determine the spiritual condition of our church youth.

The Committee also decided on the time for the first National Youth Congress or convention. It will be held two days prior to our next Assembly, at the same place. The Committee chairman will also be the convention chairman, and different moderators chosen from the young people will officiate from time to time.

A tentative program for this Youth Congress has already been worked out, and is being studied by the members of the Committee. There will be some minor changes, of course, and final plans governing the program will be made as the group meets next spring,

# ABOUT KENTUCKY!

DID YOU KNOW . . .

- \* Thot Horlan, Kentucky, has been distributing 458 Lighted Pathways a month far three years?
- \* That Kentucky State has a drive an to get each member of the Church to bring the entire family, and to attend every Sundoy School and Y.P.E. service for one manth?
- \* That they are also driving to hove a record overage attendance of two hundred or more in several of the Sunday Schools in the Stote?
- \* That the Louisville Y.P.E. is giving fifty-one rolls af Lighted Pathways to hospitals and ather public places?
- \* That the Y.P.E. af the new church at Loyall, Ky., is buying a new piano to fit in with the madern building under construction there, and is giving eighty Lighted Pathways each manth to the Service men and women, besides selling ninety-six mare in their town?
- \* That the Somerset Y.P.E. several weeks ago had \$183.00 to apply on a new church building?
- \*That the number of definite experiences in the Richmand Y.P.E. for October was 26?

Thanks to Rev. E. T. Stacey, the state superintendent, far this information!

when the present term of our Bible School and College will be brought to a close at Sevierville. Outstanding youth leaders of the Church will be decided upon as speakers, music directors, teachers, etc.

The following appeal is made to state superintendents everywhere by Brother Simmons, National Y.P.E. Secretary: Please send him a complete report of the manner in which your youth work is being carried on in your state. It is imperative that this report be mailed in as early as possible. When all reports are in, they will be assembled, and a mimeographed copy of all the reports showing how the work is being conducted in each state will be mailed each superintendent. There should be an abundance of new ideas in these for you. Send this report in care of our Bible School, Sevierville, Tenn.

# State Superintendents:

Please read this announcement.

We have asked repeatedly that the state superintendents send a report of the Sunday Schools and Y.P.E.'s eligible for membership on the national roster. We have very little time to devote to this work, and can not spare the time to rummage through the General Secretary's files for the Sunday School reports each month. However, when we receive any report, we (Continued on page 25)

# NEW SUNDAY SCHOOLS

The Church of God Sunday School department is on the move this year. We would like for you to know just how many new Sunday Schools were organized during the month of October. Possibly we do not have a report of all, but, according to the reports, we have sixteen newly organized ones, and wish to welcome them into the Church of God. Here they are:

2		-
Ì	Alobama	2
ĺ	Arkonsos	2
ì	Missauri	2
3	Illinois	1
3	lowo	1
Į	Lauisiono	1
1	Mississippi	1
Ì	Ohia	1
1	Oklahamo	1
3	Sauth Dakoto	1
	Tennessee	1
Į	West Virginia	1
ļ	Wisconsin	1

# NEWS FROM BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL AND COLLEGE By ... Helen Smeltzer

# Department Heads Appointed

Rev. E. L. Simmons, President, has announced the appointments of Rev. D. C. Barnes, A. B., as head of the Christian Workers' Department, and Miss Dora P. Myers, A. B., as head of the College Department.

Since the school was growing very rapidly there was a great need for someone to carefully watch the expansion of the departments and make provisions for their needs. The students also needed someone to whom they could go for guidance and instruction.

Rev. D. C. Barnes, a most outstanding Bible instructor, has manifested a great interest in the Christian Workers' Department since he entered the school in 1942. He has devoted much of his time to the study of new courses, which he hopes to introduce as soon as possible.

Miss Dora P. Myers has taught in the College Department since it was organized in 1941. She has studied extensively in a number of outstanding colleges in the United States and Mexico, and is well qualified for the position. At present, the Junior College is not accredited, and Miss Myers plans to do her utmost in this direction. She has always shown a great interest in the college students, has guided many through their college days at B.T.S. and helped them select the most practical course of study.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Harrison, A. B., M. A., has served as principal of the High School for the past two years. During her first year of office, the High School became accredited, and a number of improvements have been made since that time.

All departments have made rapid advancement, and under the capable supervision of the department heads, unprecedented progress is in store for the Bible Training School and College.

### Notice To Students' Parents

In a few more days the Christmas holidays begin, and we are sure that you are anxious to see your son or daughter. Sometimes the students become overanxious and ask for special permission to leave a few days early. This, of course, cannot be granted, and we shall appreciate your wholehearted cooperation.

# NEW PRESIDENT TAKES OFFICE



To most readers of the Lighted Pathway, Rev. E. L. Simmons needs no introduction. His early years were laboriously spent in blazing the trail for the now firmly established Church of God. Success has marked his pathway while serving as evangelist, pastor, missionary, state overseer, secretary of Mission Board, Editor and Publisher, and Assistant General Overseer. He has given his full support to the Youth Movement, and is now serving as chairman of the National Committee on Youth Programs.

We welcome him as our president and pledge our loyalty and support. We trust him because we know he has our interests at heart. We worship, work, play, and solve our problems together. He has learned well the lesson which Jesus taught: Matthew 20:26b, "But whosoever will be great among you, let him be your servant."

The students will be allowed to leave after classes on December 19; they will be expected to return in time for classes January 3. We recommend that all students be on the campus by January 2.

Thank you very much for your cooperation. We are confident that you will not ask special permission for your child to leave early and that you will discourage his doing so.

# RETURNED MISSIONARY SPEAKS

Rev. W. W. Simpson, seventy-sixyear-old returned missionary from China, recently delivered two most interesting and informative addresses to the student body and faculty.

The theme of his messaegs was perfection in Christ. All hearts were stirred as he told of miracles he had witnessed in China: lepers being healed, the blind receiving sight, and the dead being raised. He vividly pictured all phases of Chinese life and showed clearly their spiritual and

physical needs.

Rev. Simpson spent fifty-three years of his life of service in southwestern China. Although his homestead is in Arkansas, he feels that home is China, and is now making preparations to return to his beloved people.

Rev. Simpson's messages were especially appreciated by the students preparing for mission work in China. His interviews with this group were very encouraging, and he inspired them to work hard and prepare for the field, which was already white unto harvest.

Appreciation Expressed

The students of the Bible Training School and College wish to express their sincere appreciation to the supporters of the Student Loan Fund, and to Sister Harrison, their beloved editor, in particular. They are also grateful to each one who makes the Loan Fund Pledge, and also to those responsible for the Student Loan Fund Contest.

(Continued on page 25)

# BIBLE LESSONS...

### A NEW YEAR'S SERVICE

By THE EDITOR

Here are suggestions for this service. You may vary it to suit your Y.P.E. The meeting starts out with the platform arranged to represent a sitting room with light upon the table, etc. Someone representing the Y.P.E. is sitting in the rocking chair. This person might have a ribbon about her, labeled "Young People's Endeavor" in large letters so that every one may read.

In totters Old Year dressed in a long robe and with a long, white beard upon his face to represent Father Time. He has a cane in his hand.

Y.P.E. speaks—"Good evening, Father Time, I wonder what I have accomplished during the past year? There seems to be so much to be done and I have done so little. I wonder if I really have done anything worth while?"

Old Year speaks—"Indeed you have. I must call in your servants and let them speak and you will see that your life has not been spent in vain."

He then calls in the president who will make a talk on the work of the past year. He will give a report of the work as a whole. Then the chairman of the Good Cheer Committee, the Friendly Committee, and the Social Committee are each called to represent their part of the work. This should, of course, be done in as interesting a way as possible, and should give information that will indicate that something worth while has been accomplished. Of course, if very little has been done, the confession of failure may be valuable to make those present resolve to do more in the coming year.

After all reports have been made, Old Year goes tottering out and then in comes New Year. He has on a long white robe. He should be someone with rosy cheeks and very spirited. Along with him he brings the following characters dressed in appropriate costumes: Spirit of Missions (dressed in some foreign costume), Spirituality (dressed in white), Loyalty (dressed in blue), Co-operation (dressed in pink). Y.P.E. greets New Year—"Good

morning, New Year. We welcome you." New Year then makes a little speech in a very spirited way, somewhat as follows:

"In the past was toil and pain,
We wish not to return again;
On through the past Time us has led,
We cannot turn, the past is dead.
And there is hope of greater things
Than looking back now ever brings.
Therefore in time that is before,
Strive on and on—look back no
more:

Achieve above things that were last, Let NOW excel the fading past."

"How are you to make this year better than the past one has been? We can make the next year better by all doing our bit-putting our shoulders to the wheel-concentrating our energies on the worth-while things. When Christian, in Pilgrim's Progress, started on the road toward heaven, he took a friend with him, and he would have taken all his family along but they would not go. We must try to take our fellow pilgrims on the way with us to the celestial city. We must get all the young people in this neighborhood interested in the Y.P.E. I want to introduce to you some of my friends whom I have brought along with me, and I hope that you will keep them with you all the year. If you do, our year will be crowned with success."

The New Year introduces each of his accompanying friends in turn. The Spirit of Missions will make a little talk on the worth-whileness of missions, and tell what she will accomplish for the Y.P.E. if she is permitted to abide in their midst. The others all speak, each in turn, and tell how their presence in the Y.P.E. will promote its welfare.

New Year speaks again—"I hope my coming to you has not frightened you. Many are frightened by the new, the uncertain, the unknown and the unseen. Our God has said all through His Word, 'Fear not.' He is still saying it today. If we will get in tune with His gentle voice we will hear it just now. Fear not the universe, for God is over all. Fear not hardship, no better way has been found to separate the gold from the dross. Fear not

Sorrow, trouble, disease or death, our Master conquered them and He gives power to meet them bravely. Fear not the burden that awaits your shoulders, lift it, carry it, trust God for strength. Fear not trials that others may build the highway. God's grace is sufficient for the new year." (Here New Year conducts a testimony meeting.)

New Year speaks again—"We are wondering if each one of you would not like to give us a new year thought or tell us what your resolution is for the New Year." (Some time is then given for others to speak.)

NOTE: Soul winning is our aim for this New Year and many interesting articles in this issue of the Lighted Pathway will be good for your meeting. If this is a watch night service you will need plenty to keep you going till you see the old year out. Have plenty of special music, and you might have short talks on subjects like these:

Making, Breaking, and Keeping Resolutions.

The Value of Defeats.
The Danger of Success.
Looking Backward.
Looking Forward.

I Press Toward the Mark.

Mix into your meeting plenty of prayer and special songs and spend the last thirty minutes in a consecration service at the altar of prayer. Let God find you on your knees when the bells ring the New Year in. Have an intermission about 9:30 or 10:00 o'clock and spend this time in friendly Now I do not mean for Nellie Jones and Sadie Smith or some certain cliques to get off and spend their time in idle, selfish conversation, but spend it speaking to strangers and making them feel that you are their friend. Introduce strangers to your friends. This will end the old year right and bring new members into your Y.P.E. the coming year.

# HOW HONEST ARE WE AS INDIVIDUALS AND GROUPS?

Scripture lesson: Acts 4:32; 5:1-5. Suggested songs: "Living for Jesus," "I Will Be True," and others appropriate as you may select.

# HONEST TONGUES

What is honesty in speech? What can you say about the standard of honesty of those who condone little "white lies"? Should we always, under all circumstances, tell the truth? Is a lie ever justifiable? What risk do we take when we permit our-

selves to be dishonest in speech, even in small matters?

Should all vows and promises be kept? Give reasons for your answers. Martin Luther, the great reformer, when he became a monk took a vow not to marry. Later he came to the conclusion that his solemn promise was not binding, because God had said that it is not good for man to be alone; that he should have a "help meet," Gen. 2:18. At length Luther married. Did he do right in breaking his word? Who sets the standards for honesty, man or God?

Under what circumstances should a promise be kept? George III, of England, said, "I can give up my crown and retire from power; I can quit my palace and live in a cottage; I can lay my head on a block and lose my life; but I cannot break my oath." Why should we admire such a statement?

What is extravagant speech? What forms does it take? Is exaggeration always dishonest? not that there are times when it is clear that we are "stretching things" not to deceive but merely for effect. Do you think that boasting is dishonest? Why?

Turn to 1 Kings 20:11 and note that a person can speak more truthfully about his abilities after he has put himself to the test than he can before he has gone through a trying experience.

### MONEY MATTERS

A man once rode on a streetcar without paying his fare. Far from having any qualms of conscience, he even gloated over the fact that he had beaten the company. This failure to pay did not seem dishonest to him; yet he would not cheat in a business deal. What was wrong with his standard of honesty? Some people feel under no obligation to pay their doctor's bills, but they settle promptly with the coal dealer. Their sense of responsibility in money matters is in need of enlargement after a searching analysis.

Let someone report on Sir Walter Scott's effort to pay a debt. The great novelist, whose death occurred a hundred years ago this year, had such a sense of obligation that he made tremendous sacrifices of time and energy.

# HONEST BUSINESS

Stealing is a crime that is known variously as thievery, petit and grand larceny, embezzlement, and forgery. Back of all these forms of crime is

the desire to get something without giving an equivalent return. Is gambling dishonest? Why? Why must a business man always be on his guard against committing the sin of dishonesty? What measures should he take to keep his financial dealings always above board?

There are people honest as the day is long in their business dealings, who are thieves and robbers. Read Mal. 3:8. What obligations have we to the church? How long would you wish to live in your town or community if the church, together with all the high moral and spiritual values which it fosters, should become extinct? How honest are we if we accept these benefits and fail to give a portion of our income to the support of the church and its interests?

### INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP INTEGRITY

Do you believe with Alexander Pope that "an honest man's the noblest work of God"? Why? Do you think that the poet meant a man of integrity? Look up the word "integrity" in a good dictionary and see what ideas are included in it. Note that originally it meant undivided or unbroken. The man of integrity is whole and complete. You are assured that if you see good in him at one angle of vision. you will find him sound when you look at him from a different angle. Are observers impressed with our integrity when they view us as individuals? What do they think of the group to which we belong after they have looked with critical attention from all points?

Do you ever promise a leader to take part in meeting and then disappoint him at the last minute?

### HONEST SELVES

How free are we from sham and pretense? Do we call ourselves Christians individually and then in large areas of conduct act contrary to the principles of Jesus? What must we do if we are honest with ourselves and God? What must be the effect on conscience if we keep on trying to deceive? How can we cultivate "a conscience void of offence toward God and men"?

SCRIPTURES FOR YOUR TALKS
Determined Honesty—Job 27:1-6.
The Man God Loves—Psa. 15:1-5
Too Honest To Need Bolstering—
Matt. 5:33-37.

Practical Honesty—Luke 3:12-14. An Honest Official—1 Sam. .12:1-5. A Grafter—2 Kings 5:20-27.

### A PRAYER

O God, make clean our hearts within us. Take away everything in us that keeps men from seeing thy likeness. Enable us to conquer every temptation to deceive. We ask it for Christ's sake. Amen.

# WHY DO WE NEED AN EXPERI-ENCE WITH GOD?

MISS HOPE GOODMAN

Leader's Thoughts

For tonight I think a good subject for us to study would be just why we need an experience with God. There are various reasons why, but we will only take up a few that we feel are more important.

Song: "I Need Jesus"

### WHAT IS SIN

All unrighteousness is sin. If we fail to keep any part of God's commandments, we sin. Anything that is not of faith such as evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornicators, thefts, false witness, blasphemies, pride, foolishness, or coveteousness is sin. When Adam and Eve partook of the forbidden fruit, sin first entered into the world. Therefore, the whole human race was brought under the bondage of sin.

Song of your own choice.
WE ALL HAVE SINNED

"If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us," 1 John 1:8. As a natural being we cannot receive the things of God. Our thoughts and ways are not as God's thoughts and ways. Therefore it is our iniquities that separate us from God, and a change will have to be made in our hearts and lives before we can have an experience with God and live a life pleasing to Him.

Song of your own choice.

# RESULTS OF SIN Ezek. 18:4

The way of the trangressor is hard. "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him," John 3:36. A sinful life is an unhappy life. This has been proved over and over. How many times have we read about a murderer or thief who was so miserable because of their wrongdoings until they finally surrendered to the officials and confessed their crime. We see the poor old drunkard who drinks in order to forget his transgressions for a short while. Then there are poor sinsick, brokenhearted sinners who have taken their own lives in order to end their troubles, only to rush out

into eternity unprepared to meet their Maker.

In observing the life of an ordinary good, moral person, we find they are constantly seeking something to satisfy their want. They are not contented. When they are quiet and everything about them is still, way down deep within is a dreaded fear. Something is lacking.

We are all going to have to give an account of our lives to God. "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment," Heb. 9:27. You must be born again. Sin leaves a sting in death. And not only is a sinner discontented in his life, but he will also face eternal destruction.

With the use of your commentary enlarge on these topics. Choose appropriate songs to emphasize the subject. Call on your young people to pray. You might ask for sentence prayers by your teen-age young people.

NOTE: Sister Hope has sent us a series of four lessons. The next one we will use in February, "How We Can Have an Experience with God."

# CHRISTIAN LOVE

Scripture: John 13:34-35; 1 Cor. 13:1-13.

### Leader's Thoughts

This subject is one of great importance. If nothing is said on the subject in our meeting, the scripture is enough to stir our hearts and cause us to fall on our faces before the Lord and plead with Him to help us. The world is dying for a little bit of love.

# 2 Tim. 3:1-5

"This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, trucebreakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, highminded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereform such turn away."

Tell something about what you see around you. We are living in this time, and if we are to win this world for Christ we must have this love or our lives will be a failure.

A certain person said recently, "It is difficult to know who is your friend these days. I would like to go sometimes with my problems to some one, but whom can I trust?" Is this true

in your church or among your associates?

This scripture says, "Lovers of their ownselves . . . without natural affection . . . traitors." What can you and I do about it? We can see that, regardless of what others do, we can be true, we can be trustworthy, and have that love that never fails.

# LOVE YOUR ENEMIES

### Matt. 5:44

Jesus' enemies were breathing out hatred, but He was breathing out love. The last week of Jesus' life had about run its course, when He gave His disciples a new commandment about love.

### QUESTIONS

How do we know whether we have Christian love? Paul gives us some tests in 1 Cor. 13:4-7. Let us draw some questions from these tests.

Can you continue to be kind when you have been ill-treated and abused?

Can you rejoice in the good fortune or the superior work of others without feeling a tinge of envy?

Do you regard your own achievements modestly without being led to feel a bit superior to others?

Do you seek always to believe the best concerning others, and hear of their failings always with sorrow or regret, never with secret pleasure?

Briefly, are you self-forgetful or self-seeking?

The closing impression may well be upon the need to give our Christian love a chance to grow by using it. Instead of being critical, show an interest in those members of your church who rarely attend. Become so interested in others that you forget yourself. Give love a chance to grow in little things, and it will reach out to greater deeds.

The Lesson Challenge. Love is the foundation of the Christian church. It can be cultivated and developed. Lead your group in an appreciation of its redeeming power and help them to find ways of giving it expression.

NOTE: This is a wonderful subject for both old and young. Do not pass it by lightly. Appoint a good leader who will not only lead the meeting, but who will take an interest in the preparation of the program. Help those who are new in taking part on the program. It is a very old subject and you may feel that it doesn't need much preparation or prayer. There are so many beautiful thoughts brought out in illustrations and otherwise. Look them up. Let your songs

fit in with your subject. "More Love to Thee, O Christ," sung as a prayer with eyes closed. "My Jesus, I Love Thee," and many others you may feel would be a blessing. Some have said, "Our meetings are dry." Moisten them with this love we are studying about.

Mr. Spurgeon was once riding in the country, and on a barn he saw a weather vane, on the arrow of which were inscribed these words: "God is love." He turned in at the gate and asked the farmer, "What do you mean by that? Do you think God's love is changeable; that it veers about as the arrow turns in the winds?" "Oh, no!" cried the farmer. "I mean that whichever way the wind blows God still is love."

Let our love be true and unchangeable, not true one day and false another.

SCRIPTURES FOR DISCUSSION God's love in our hearts—Rom. 5:5. Love of God be with you—2 Cor. 13:

Hearts directed to love of God—2 Thess. 3:5.

Love of God perfected—1 John 2:5; 3:16.

Keep yourselves in love—Jude 21.

# October Honor Roll

Gladys Warden, Canton, Ohio. Rev. R. E. Lovelle, Louisville, Ky. Lionel Morgan, Greenville, S. C. Margaret Varner, Baltimore, Md. J. L. Barfield, Greenwood, S. C. Rev. E. E. Winters, Flint, Mich.

October Prize Winner

Leonard Price, Kannapolis, N. C., is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5 for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.

### HAPPY HOME CIRCLE

Here is a member for the Happy Home Circle but we do not have her address. Mrs. Lethelea Langdale, will you kindly send us your address?

# MOODS

Today the world looks grand to me And I'm as happy as I can be—
And though perhaps the sky is grey Well, I like it anyway.
And though I've many tasks to do, I love to work an hour or two—
I've many friends that I adore;
Today I may be making more.
Who knows what next week will be?
But this is now—and life for me.
—Vera Kendal.

# Maryland, Delaware, Eastern Virginia, and Washington, D. C., Launch a Great Youth for Christ Congress, July 23-26

In the ministers' meeting held in Baltimore for Maryland, Delaware, Eastern Virginia, and Washington, D. C., it was unanimously agreed that a special program be outlined for the young people. A Committee of Action was appointed, consisting of Rev. W. P. Stallings, J. A. Rafferty, and F. B. Marine, who are to draft the program and serve as a Ways and Means Committee for this congress.

The congress is to be held at the Church of God campground on the Maryland Peninsula between Hurlock and Cambridge. This camp has adequate facilities for the housing of a fine group of young people, and it is expected that that group will consist of no less than 150 or 200.

The program is yet to be outlined but will cover the spiritual, social, and educational aspects. The morning sessions will undoubtedly be devoted to Bible training. The group will be broken up into classes which will be opened by capable instructors. The afternoon sessions will be opened with a hymn-singing hour, music, choir directing, etc., followed by two hours of recreation. The night services will be strictly evangelistic. It is our hope that many will pray through in these night services.

We extend a cordial invitation to all our neighboring states to be with us in this Youth for Christ Congress. The cost will be small. Watch the Evangel and the Lighted Pathway for further announcements relative to this effort.

PAUL H. WALKER.

# APPRECIATION EXPRESSED

(Continued from page 21)

The prospective students on the field are going to have some keen competition from a number of B.T.S. students. Many of them have already started to work, and, incidentally, they all plan to win first place in the contest.

They are confident that \$100,000 can be raised for the Student Loan

Fund and are willing to do more than their share.

# NOTICE

A certain lady sent the Editor \$5.00 for "Silver Lining" poem books, and unfortunately she has misplaced the name and address. Will you please send your name and address again so that we can mail the books to you?

# QUESTIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR

READ THIS AND THINK

Does my life please God? Do I enjoy being a Christian? Do I cherish in my heart a feeling of dislike or hatred for anyone? Am I studying my Bible daily? How much time do I spend in secret prayer? Have I ever won a soul to Christ? Have I ever had a direct answer to prayer? Do I estimate the things of time and eternity at their true value? Am I praying and working for anyone's salvation? Is there anything I cannot give up for Christ? How does my life look to those who are not Chirstians? Where am I making my greatest mistake? Do I place anything before my religious duties? Am I honest with the Lord's money? Have I neglected any known duty? Is the world better or worse for my living in it? Am I doing anything that I would condemn in others? Do I have a clear conception of my place in the Lord's work? What am I doing to hasten the coming of Jesus? • Am I doing as Christ would do in my place? Do I really have a vision for bringing souls to Jesus? Have I sufficient zeal to keep me on the firing line for God?

# STATE SUPERINTENDENTS

(Continued on page 20)

can, with very little loss of time, check it with the local report found in his files, to determine whether it is accurate. There are no files of local Y.P.E. reports, and our information on these reports cannot be checked. Each state superintendent should send us a monthly report, or appoint a reporter to do so in his state. Some do not seem to understand this, although last year we had splendid cooperation along this line. It is optional with you as to whether you send us a monthly report, but there should be no complaint if your Sunday Schools or Y.P.E.'s eligible for a place on the "Big Ten" or national Y.P.E. leaders are overlooked. If you will send in your reports, we will classify them as they come in, and do our very best to give credit where it is due. Since we cannot gather our information from files for but little of this work, we are dependent on you, and must have your attention and cooperation to make the page a success.

# EDITOR'S MESSAGE

(Continued from page 17)

came so she could see him and as he spoke her name she quickly turned and in a moment was by his side clinging firmly to his hand.

Have you, O child of God, been attracted by the glitter of earth? Have you let go of your Father's hand and are you charmed by the tinsel along the way in your self-confidence? Have you forgotten that you need a guiding hand to keep you on your journey through the land of destruction, that you may reach your home in safety? As you turn to go forward, do you feel confident not knowing which way to go? And as you begin to realize that you are alone, does despair take possession of your soul, as the tempter whispers to your confused and frightened senses, "You are lost"?

Let this thought quiet your troubled hearts: Your heavenly Father has not forgotten you, and if you turn with all your soul to seek Him, He will again reveal His smiling face. He has not forgotten you, but longs once more, according to His blessed promise, to hold your hand. Delay no longer, but turn, oh, turn before the night falls and you find Him not!

No one gets less pleasure out of life than those who live for pleasure.

# LITTLE ADVENTURES IN THE LAND OF QUIZ

By C. M. TRUESDELL

Question No. 1—In New Testament times, why did the Jews call some of the inhabitants of Greek countries Grecians, and others, Greeks?

ANSWER—When the Jews said "Grecians," they always meant other Jews who spoke the Greek language. Aramaic was the common language during the New Testament period for the Palestinian Jews, but those from Greece or Greek provinces, etc., spoke the Greek tongue. The word "Greek" referred technically to any member of the Greek race, whether or not he was a native of Greece; but the term was generally applied to any Gentile, as the Greek was supposed to be the highest type of Gentile.



Question No. 2—Which of the two cared for the other the longer period, Jacob or his son Joseph?

ANSWER—It was a tie. Jacob cared for Joseph the seventeen years of his childhood, before the other sons sold Joseph into slavery. Read Genesis 37:2, 13, 18, 27. Joseph cared for Jacob the last seventeen years of his life, Genesis 47:12, 28.



Question No. 3—Why did Solomon's son, Rehoboam, go to Shechem to be crowned?

ANSWER—Although Jerusalem was the proper place for the coronation. the northern tribes, who termed themselves "Israel," had become embittered toward Solomon because of his forced labor policy, and when death ended his reign, they demanded that his son and successor, Rehoboam, come to Shechem in the hill country of Ephraim, the leading tribe of Israel, for the coronation service. They strengthened this demand by going en masse to Shechem instead of Jerusalem, which was principally located in the territory of Judah. This was very embarrassing to Rehoboam, and partly accounts for his haughty and uncompromising attitude toward the request of these northern tribes, 1 Kings 12:1-18.

Question No. 4—What did the prophet Zechariah and the priest Zacharias have in common?

ANSWER—First, they had the same name. Zacharias is the Greek form of the Hebrew word "Zechariah," meaning "God remembers," and you will note that the New Testament was written in Greek. They also shared this coincidence: Zechariah was the last Old Testament person to converse with angels, and Zacharias is the first one recorded in the New Testament to have done so, the intermission between the two incidents being about 500 years. See Luke 1:5-25.

### QUESTIONS FOR NEXT MONTH

- 1. What mistake did Samuel witness Eli make that he himself later made?
- 2. What garment caused Joseph most of his troubles temporarily, but was responsible for his eventual success?
- 3. How did Jacob's association affect Laban financially?
- 4. Why did Jews have no desire to see God in person?

# THREE MEN

(Continued from page 19)

ease and happiness. After a successful week of getting orders, which put him in a cheerful frame of mind, he ate his supper, one Saturday night, in the restaurant of the hotel where he was stopping. After he had finished his meal, he strolled into the lobby and inquired of the clerk at the hotel desk where the nearest rescue mission was located. The clerk responded by saying he knew nothing of such places, as he never went to church; but a young negro bellhop, who was standing at the desk, overhearing John's question, spoke up and said: "I knows where dere is a rescue mission, suh; I goes dere myself whenevah I gits de chance."

"Then you must be a Christian," suggested John, smiling affably at the 'hop.

"Yas suh, boss, I is. I'se saved an' happy in de Lawd."

"Good," said John, heartily, as he slipped a quarter into the bellhop's palm. "Now tell me how I can get to the mission."

The Saturday night meeting was the most popular of the week, because more down-and-outers, who were given coffee and sandwiches at the close of the meeting, and more visitors from the different churches came to the meeting, because it was an off night for most people.

When John entered the mission hall they were singing "Rescue the Perishing." The song struck a responsive chord in his heart as he made his way to an end seat half-way down the middle aisle. The skill with which the pianist played the hymn made him think of Belle's playing as he used to hear it, but he could not see the player because of a thick, square post between him and the piano.

According to the Saturday night custom at the mission, a twenty-minute testimony period preceded the gospel message. After a number of redeemed men had given their testimony, and several gospel choruses had been sung in between, John rose to his feet and in a calm, clear voice began to speak. The last vestige of his former dissipations had disappeared Well-dressed and from his face. clean-shaven, he made a fine, manly appearance. To look at him no one would have suspected that only a little more than a year ago he had been a dissolute drunkard.

Belle, who was sitting at the piano, ready to strike up an appropriate chorus, caught the sound of his voice as he began to speak. A startled look came into her face. Sitting rigidly upright on the piano stool, she listened with bated breath, her hand pressed against her heart, as John told the audience of his past life and how God had saved him the night Belle had left him, and that he was now a new creation in Christ Jesus. For fully ten minutes he spoke, and just before he sat down, he asked the Christian people in the mission to pray that God would restore him to his family, that he might be a worthy husband and father to them.

While he was making this request, Belle turned sharply around on the stool and peered from behind the post that had hid her from the speaker's view. Her suspicions were verified With a loud cry, "John! John!" she sprang from the platform and rar down the aisle and the next moment husband and wife were clasped in each other's arms.

# . Wission Page . .

# THE YOUNG PEOPLE VISIT OUR "MIRACLE MISSION" IN HAITI

By James Willis Archer

(Continued from last issue)

First and last call to breakfast! The sun is just peeking over mountain tops and birds are singing! There are cool breezes off the higher mountains calling us, for today we are to go way up among those clouds to Fort Jacques church. The French colonists once built a fort at the top of that mountain to throw cannon balls far out into the bay, at any British or Spanish ships that dared round yon island with anything but peaceful intentions.

"All out!" Brother Kluzit says, "here's where we park the car. Everybody out." Whew! feel that cold mountain air! Can this be the tropics! Everybody fill your lungs. This is real air. Malaria germs can't live in high altitudes. But no one wants them to live—so, up here we're happier without them. In the winter the wind blows terrifically up here, and it gets plenty cold.

These are the brethren waiting with the horses and mules. They have been waiting since six o'clock this morning, and here it is eight. I guess they are like a Mexican I saw, who could go on indefinitely without sleep, or sleep on indefinitely, whichever the case demands-or affords. Better wait a minute there, George, you are supposed to mount a horse on, or rather from, the left side of a horse looking north. Besides, you are pretty much of a "gordito" (fat little fellow, we'd say in Spanish), and these saddles are not built like those in the States, to stay on whether or no. These have poor cinches, and will turn on you. Here let me hold the other side. Note also the breast and tail straps. That is to hold the saddle from slipping in our steep "ups and downs" on the mountain trails.

There now! We are all mounted. But before we start, let's have a little safety lecture, or "briefing." See the trail winding way up yonder along that steep, narrow, rock-covered ridge? Well, that's where we go. Now these horses and mules could teach a mountain goat how to pick its way over those rocks, so just let them do it! Don't try to guide them—they will all

"follow the leader." Don't you try to pick their way for them, either—if you do, you may cause a misstep, and we'll pick up your scattered pieces several hundred yards further down the mountainside.

Look at those neat rows of rock terraces, all over the slopes! Why, they're placed way down into the canyons and up over the ridges. Say, that's really a fine job. These people have learned from our farmers in the States something about terracing for farm erosion. Yes, that is something, too! Did you folks behind hear that? There's another reason why these poor people know something about terracing. If they didn't terrace, they would be planting their corn seeds way up here and the more well-to-do farmers far down yonder in the valley would be reaping their harvest down there a few months later. But God always gives a compensation. Up here it is much healthier, and look around you at the fine peas, carrots, sweet potatoes, etc. This is the only place in all Haiti where you can get a good supply of vegetables all year round. They can't raise any of these down below in the tropical heat, and so they command a good price from the city dwellers.

Look at what's ahead of us! Do you see those two old French forts? Ancient looking, aren't they? Huge, bulging fortresses that look as if they would date back to the Fifteenth Century. Each one sits on the point

of a mountain top overlooking the harbor, valley, and city of Port-au-Prince, far below. Some of their ancient, rusty cannons are still in their emplacements. Our mission church is called after the name of the bigger fort-Fort Jacques-and is located right between the two forts. We are almost there now. Listen, you can hear them singing! Well, what do you think of that! They are singing, "Hold the fort for I am coming . . .!" Yes, praise God, this church is really the fort that guards the lives of all these precious people in Jesus. Come on, folks, let's answer back! That's it, everyone, now real loud, "Wave the answer back to heaven, by Thy grace WE WILL," Hallelujah! Soldiers of the Cross holding up the blood-stained Banner of our Lord until the re-enforcements come, when the King of kings and all His holy angels shall appear.

So you enjoyed the services, did you, girls? There wasn't much French in the preaching—they speak Creole, and to think, we wouldn't have known the difference! And the singing! How they put their whole hearts into And the praying! They have learned that the secret of a victorious Christian life is to talk with Jesus, and often! Let's get some pictures of this fine crowd of Fort Jacques members. They have come in from all over the near and distant mountains. having been notified that we were coming. Some have come up from the plains, too. And here are some that are so tickled because we recognize them-they were at the Port-

(Continued on page 30)



Brother Kluzit baptizing twenty-three at Thomazean.

# MARIAM'S VICTORY

(Continued from page 8)

As the sun arose above the horizon they wakened from a night of restlessness and troubled dreams and made ready for the journey to the next village, the home of their father's brother. That morning they spent together, but Nathan was eager to be gone. Finally the time arrived and they stood ready to go. In after years Mariam recalled the scene as he stood in their midst so noble and fair. He bowed his head for the blessing of his father's brother, bade them a last good-bye, returned once more to whisper words of encouragement to Mariam, and he was out in the street.

He had scarcely closed the great door and moved forward when a loud trampling of horses' hoofs was heard coming up the street. Mariam and her uncle's family looked from behind the heavy draperies to behold a number of Turks galloping past. As they gazed, fascinated by the fierce aspect of the swarthy horsemen, a young man in their midst suddenly took aim and fired. As the girl looked down she saw his face.

"It is Hazah, the Turk," she cried, and stumbling blindly, she hurried down the stairs. All fear for self was lost in her anxiety for her dear one. The men galloped past, but not before Hazah turned to smile that malicious smile. It did not hurt Mariam. The dread work was done, and oh, too soon. A marvel indeed that their own lives were spared.

They found Nathan where he fell, not killed in battle, but shot down in the street like a dog. It was not unusual, but that night as Mariam knelt to pray she found it hard to say, "As I forgive those who trespass against me." Long she knelt by the bedside to pray for grace in this time of need.

Tenderly they laid him away, thankful to have the privilege of looking on his face once more. When it was all over Mariam went to her uncle.

"I only am left and I would give my life in service in Nathan's place."

"Alas, you are but a maid, my child, you cannot go."

"I should offer myself at the places for nursing. I am strong and quite able to stand hardship. I pray you, dear sir, permit me to be taken where I may serve my people."

The next day she was permitted to leave, and the daughter of her uncle accompanied her. There was blood-

shed and slaughter all about them, but they stayed where there was need and nursed the wounded back to health. Calls came in for those who would go to the scene of battle and save life by giving first aid.

"Good Sir, allow me to go, I pray." Mariam was earnest and the man yielded as had her uncle. She went among the wounded carrying the precious life-giving water and binding up their wounds. They blessed her, one and all, for her ministrations. Her life was spent from day to day in loving service for others.

Often she sighed for the days when Nathan lived, and thought of the future after their dread war would cease, and how she would miss his companionship. A hurried call came for the first aid nurses that morning. Men were dead, dying, wounded, and helpless on the field. She came upon the scene. It was awful to look upon. She shuddered, but went quickly about her work of mercy.

She bent to hear the dying message that an Armenian man sent home to loved ones, and heard a moan nearby. Everywhere men were moaning and calling for water, crying and begging like children in their dreadful thirst. She turned, approaching the place, and stopped to glance at the suffering soldier. He was a Turk. But he was young, and his life was precious. She knelt to gaze at the painstricken face. Hazah! Hazah, the Turk! So it had come to this. He was to give his life while so young for that life so cruelly taken. Let him lie there and thirst! He who was ever cruel, let him lie there and die!

She closed her eyes to shut out the sight of his suffering, and another face arose before her mental vision. A face fair and young and gentle. There was no hatred, no revenge there.

The man stirred and moaned. Mariam slipped her hand under his head and carried the refreshing water to his parched lips, bound up his wounds, and passed on to the next sufferer. They were brought in later, and many only partly conscious. Mariam went to her superior in the work and said:

"Give me, I pray you, the Turk in yon corner to my care."

"Does the enemy need such special attention that you take charge of him?"

"It is my desire to take the case," answered the girl gently.

Days and weeks went by and

Mariam showed no partiality between her charges. She dressed their wounds and cared for them in every way. There came a day when Hazah lay upon his bed and looked around the room and watched the quiet girl, as she went from bed to bed.

There was something familiar about her and he wondered why. She came nearer. It was Mariam, the dead Armenian's sister. What strange fate had put him in her power? Did she remember him? She came nearer and tendered the same care to him that she did to the others. She spoke to him gently and passed on. He knew that she knew him. He lay quiet for a long time. A puzzled look passed over his face.

Days went by quickly, and soon the men were leaving every day. Hazah recovered rapidly and expected to leave soon. He looked at Mariam and said, "Why have you ministered so faithfully to an enemy? You saw me take the life of your brother. I hated him because he was a Christian dog. I held his life cheap. I have been in your hands and at your mercy for weeks. Why have you spared my life?"

Mariam came closer and sat down on the stool beside the bed.

"I should never have spared your life," she said honestly, "for there was nothing about you that called for mercy. You took from me that which was most dear in life and left me alone in the world. No, I am quite sure I should have left you to die on the field had it not been for the vision that came to me there."

"Did you find me there first?"

"Yes, when water and bandages were the means of saving your life. If I had left you then you would have died."

The man looked amazed, but Mariam went on with her story.

"I had no choice. I could not leave you there uncared for and needing the help I could give. I saw Nathan's face rise before me. It was sweet and gentle and forgiving. I knew my savior would have me forgive."

"I do not understand. It is strange indeed."

"Then I must tell you. God sent His Son to live among men and to die that He might give His life a ransom for sinful man. If we repent He freely forgives our sins and remembers them no more. We who love Him obey His command to do good to them that hate us and to pray for them that despitefully use us. Any Christian

would have done as much for you as I have done."

"Why do you love Him so? Would you obey His every wish?"

"We love Him because He first loved us. I wish to obey His slightest wish."

"We hate our enemies and count it a privilege to kill them. Since I have lain here I have for the first time in my life been almost sorry that I killed your brother," he said.

"You will remain with us yet a few days and I will tell you more about my Savior, He who taught us to forgive."

"Did you forgive me?"

Mariam's clear, bright eyes looked frankly into his. "Yes, I forgave you there on the field."

A change came over the face of Hazah, a change swift and vital. "I came here," he said, "an enemy; I leave, a friend. I came here a heathen in darkness of sin; I hope to leave a Christian. I shall, when this slaughter is over, go to those who serve Christ and offer myself. I know what real forgiveness is for the first time in my life. This is the first time that a good, noble thing has ever come into my life. It has come through a Christian. I have seen life from a different viewpoint since coming here. I would serve your God and love your Christ because you could forgive and serve."

He passed out of her life in a few days. Mariam had won her first soul for Jesus, and she knew that she could continue in this work so long as God gave her strength. She had lost a dear one and won a soul for God.

"Suppose I had failed to forgive? I would have lost my own peace and the precious soul of another."

She turned again to her work, and her soul was flooded with the sunshine of His love.— Young People's Friend.

# WILL IT BE GOOD NIGHT OR GOOD-BYE?

(Continued from page 5)

I will meet the other members of the family 'in the morning,' but by all the promises that assure us of a reunion and give me hope of having them with me again, by those statements of God's Word I can have no hope of seeing you 'over there.' It's good-bye, Charlie, good-bye." Charlie fell on his knees by his dying father's bed and cried out in the agony of his soul, praying God to forgive his sins

and allow him the hope of meeting his father again.

"Do you mean it, Charlie? Are you in earnest?"

"God knows I am," said the heartbroken young man.

"Then God will hear you and save you, Charlie, and it is not 'good-bye,' but 'good night.' Good night. I am so grateful to God that it is not 'good-bye,' but only 'good night.' Good night, my boy." And he was gone.

Charlie is now a minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ and is looking forward to the time when he will hear his sainted father exclaim, "Good morning, Charlie. I'm so glad the night is done and the day has come. Is it not a glad, great hour? Good morning, Charlie, good morning."

O members of the same home circles: husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, loved ones, you who are bound not only by ties of blood but the stronger cords of a love that is sweeter than life: the day is ending; the morning is coming. They are making for you a little bed yonder in God's acre. When the shadows fall and you go to sleep to those who love you, will it be "goodbye" or a short "good night"?—Sel. Tract.

# **BOOKS FOR YOUR CIRCLE**

"Mother's Golden Now," David C. Cook, Elgin, Ill., comes quarterly for 25c per year.

"The Christian Home," Standard Publishing Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, comes quarterly for 50c per year.

"The Parents Magazine," 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y., \$2.00 per year.

Order these for your children:

"Those First Sex Questions," "In Training," "The Age of Romance," "The Story of Life," "How Life Goes On and On." Price 25c each in lots of five for \$1.00. Order from American Medical Association, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

# GIVE HIM A START

(Continued from page 4)

body and penetrate to his heart. He did not know how to say thank you, but his eyes were grateful in a dumb fashion, and the girl smiled at him.

"That's better," she said. "You can just as well wait till you are warm."

He went out into the storm, looking, except for the new mittens on his hands, the selfsame bedraggled boy who had entered. But those simple

words of kindness, costing so little, but so pathetically new in his experience, had altered his outlook on life, and implanted in his heart inspirations he had never known before. And the girl who wiped up the drippings on the rug never guessed that her cordial interest had started a friendless boy on a long, uphill climb to manliness.—Richard Miller, in Christian Witness.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a girl eleven years old. I love to read the Lighted Pathway very much. I go to church and Sunday School at the Cane Creek Church of God. My mother and father are members of the Church of God. Pray that the Lord will have His way in my life.

Please add my name to the Happy Home Circle.—Elnora Barnett, Batesville, Ark., Gen. Del.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a little girl of twelve years old and in the sixth grade. I enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway. I would like to join your Happy Home Circle. Please mark my name on your list.

My father and mother are members of the Church of God at Mt. Pleasant, Tennessee. I have one brother and two sisters. Pray for us all.

May God bless you and your good work.—Mary Lou Cummins, 509 First Avenue, Mt. Pleasant, Tennessee.

# THE STORY OF A SONG

(Continued from page 10) ter. There they gave me this Testament and led me to Christ."

It was Beverly Shea's voice the sailor heard that night.

ROYALTY BLESSED BY THIS SONG

During their trip to the United States, the King and Queen of England were spending an evening with President and Mrs. Roosevelt. Chief Whitefeather, grandson of Sitting Bull, was asked to entertain. One of his songs was, "I'd Rather Have Jesus." When he finished, King George is reported to have said, "That's my testimony, too."

A thousand grim marines sat on a South Pacific isle listening to a gospel message punctuated with gunfire in the distance. When the chaplain sat down, a marine stood to his feet to sing the closing hymn. As the shell-scarred palms swayed near by, more than half of that company of battle-grimed veterans came forward to take

the Lord Jesus as Savior. The marine, a former opera singer, had just concluded singing "I'd rather have Jesus and let Him lead . . ."

An actress on Broadway chanced to tune in the Saturday night radio program of Jack Wyrtzen. Her letter follows:

"While backstage in my dressing room in a theatre off Broadway, I happened to have turned on the radio and recognized your opening hymn, 'Wonderful Words of Life.' It was a great inspiration to me. A year and a half ago, I thought I was the happiest person in the universe, when I was offered a position on the stage. My mother, being saved, objected to this, but having a stubborn streak in me, I signed a contract with the agent and on the stage I went. As I said before, I thought I was the happiest person since I had everything my heart desired—money, clothes, the socalled good times, etc. Everything went fine for a half year, but within the past year I've been living in misery. I thought I'd escape this by going to Hollywood, but my greatest misery took place there, so I returned to New York. If you were to ask me what I remembered on your broadcast, I would have to say nothing, except the following words, 'Choose you this day whom you will serve.' Just before curtain time these words were ringing in my ears. When I was told to be ready to go on in three minutes, a fear came over me. Out of all the lines I had memorized, I could think of none but 'Choose you this day, whom you will serve.' That night, instead of going out with the rest of the actors and actresses, I went home, wanting to get away from it all. I didn't mean to trouble you with my troubles, but I wish you would pray for me. I would appreciate if you would sing a song I've heard but once -'I'd Rather Have Jesus.' I'm thanking you and looking forward to this Saturday night."

Shortly after the Normandy invasion a chaplain's assistant sat at the organ console in one of France's famous cathedrals. The strains of "I'd Rather Have Jesus" drifted through the windowless edifice to reach the ears—and hearts—of jeepriding GI's and the French peasants as they stopped to listen. Another organ—this time at Bauxweiller, France, and one used by the famous physician and concert organist, Albert Schweitzer—played by the same chap-

lain's assistant, also responded to the simple strains of "I'd Rather Have Jesus." In a letter to Beverly Shea, this soldier closed with, "I wanted you to know how wonderful I think your song is and to let you know that churches in France and Germany have heard it re-echo through their sacred halls."

The power of this song, which is literally sweeping America and beyond, can never be estimated. The incidents reported and the many others not recorded in this story indicate the power of a testimony which only eternity can evaluate ... since that Sunday morning when a young man's life was fully surrendered as he wrote the music for a poem which was destined to touch the lives of the weak and the strong; the poor and those more fortunate; the weary and the glad . . . on far-flung battlefronts, in the face of death, in the White House, in happy homes and broken ones, in shattered cathedrals and on coral strands, in tempest and in calm.

"I'd rather have Jesus than men's applause,

I'd rather be faithful to His dear cause, I'd rather have Jesus than worldwide fame,

I'd rather be true to His holy name."

--From The Wesleyan Methodist.

# THE UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENT

(Continued from page 13) with my hand grasped in his. He struggled to gain self-possession. He often attempted to speak, but not a word could he utter; and finding that he could say no more, he turned, went out of the shop, got on his horse, and soon disappeared down the road.

"'Greatly concerned for my salvation!' said I, aloud, and I stood and forgot to bring my hammer down. There I stood with it upraised—'greatly concerned for my salvation.'

"I went to the house. My poor, pious wife, whom I had always ridiculed for her religion, exclaimed, 'Why, Mr. Rokes, what is the matter with you?' 'Matter enough,' said I, filled with agony and overwhelmed with a sense of sin. 'Old Mr. Brown has ridden two miles this cold morning to tell me he was greatly concerned for my salvation. What shall I do; what shall I do?'

"'I do not know what you can do,' said my astonished wife; 'I do not

know what better you can do, than to get on your horse and go and see him. He can give you better counsel than I, and tell you what you must do to be saved.' I mounted my horse and went after him. I found him in that same little room where he had spent the night in prayer for my poor soul, where he had shed many tears over such a reprobate as I, and had besought God to have mercy on me.

"'I am come,' said I to him, 'to tell you that I am greatly concerned for my own salvation.'

"'God be praised!' said the aged man. 'It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, even the chief,' and he began at that same scripture and preached to me Jesus. We knelt on the floor and prayed together, and did not separate that day till God spoke peace to my soul. I have often been requested to look at the evidence of the truth of religion, but blessed be God, I have the evidence of its truth here (laying his hand upon his heart). which nothing can gainsay or resist. I have often been led to look at this and that argument for the truth of Christianity; but I could overturn, and, as I thought, completely demolish and annihilate them all. But I stand here tonight, thankful to acknowledge that God sent an argument to my conscience and heart which could not be answered or resisted, when a weeping Christian came to tell me how greatly concerned he was for my salvation. God taught him that argument when he spent the night before Him in prayer for my soul."—American Messenger.

# THE YOUNG PEOPLE VISIT OUR "MIRACLE MISSION" IN HAIT!

(Continued from page 27)

au-Prince church last night and came all the way up here during the night on foot just to be with us at this morning service. Now, I call that faithfulness. Some of these people have been as much as eight hours afoot getting here. And so it is all over Haiti, the same picture of faithfulness with each of these mountain missions. It reminds one of Ezekiel 34:6, "My sheep wandered through all the mountains, and upon every high hill."

Agnes, you are a schoolteacher! Brother Kluzit wants you to meet this twenty-year-old school teacher. She has a day school here in the church,

of eighty children varying in ages from six years to nineteen! Yes, all by herself. And she receives six dollars a month! She left her home in Port-au-Prince to do this work for the Lord with a real missionary spirit. Then besides this, almost every afternoon she has a class of about thirtyfive men and women who gather to learn Creole in a phonetic way-so that they can read and write the language which they speak among themselves. Didn't I hear you say the other day, Agnes, that your class in the States was too hard and that you were going to ask for more money? How would you like her job at her salary! But then, they divide them all into two groups-I suppose the dumb and the dumbest! But now, that really isn't true. These people are actually very intelligent, and learn quickly. They just haven't had the opportunity. Some of these mountain people learn to read Creole in two months. This is the type of school we have in over forty of our seventyeight churches throughout Haiti. The

school program consists mainly in get-

ting them through the elements of

reading and writing and a little arith-

metic. And do they learn their Bible?

Each child memorizes a number of

verses each week, but in French. Of

course, not all of our mission schools

in Haiti are overcrowded like this one.

There are a few that have more, but

with more teachers. Each school has

from twenty children to one hundred

twenty-five. Didn't I tell you this is our miracle mission! This not only gives our children Christian training, but gives us great prestige with the Government. Most Latin countries are under military rulership or a kind of martial law, and strong Catholic influence. They can, and do, close churches at will, so it is a good thing to have the Government recognize us as a public utility. Besides these schools, we have several Bible schools where our native workers come for Bible training and new workers are being constantly prepared to preach and care for the work of a mission. Classes are continued by rotation throughout the year, so that at the end of the year, the first group is in for another three months of study. They all look forward to their turn to go back to attend Bible School. This keeps a spirit of revival going in the churches, and constantly calls out new workers to the field.

(To be continued)

### GOD'S EAGLES

(Continued from page 6)

save a little for twenty-odd years. everything was swept away and we were two thousand dollars in debt, without a dollar to pay it. Then God began to reveal Himself to us, and my wife said one day, "I believe God is a living God." We all say that we believe that, but I never knew what it meant until He began to spread abroad His wings. When God shows you the amplitude of His providence, the unspeakableness, the greatness, the vastness of His resources, it is a revelation to your soul. You have read it and believed it all your life with the intellect, but that doesn't count like it does when God shows you the magnitude of His grace.

The eagle spreads abroad her wings, and then the young bird sees that the mother is larger than the nest. When God shows us the resources that He has, and that these resources are larger than all our needs for body and soul and spirit, for time and eternity: when God shows us that more than we need is, in God, provided for us, what a sense of assurance comes into our souls! When I had not a dollar on earth—only fifteen cents—and a family to support, I felt just as safe and safer than I do now. I felt that Almighty God was just as able and willing to help me as though I had a million dollars. The nest was gone, everything was gone; but God showed me His long wings, "He spreadeth abroad His wings." Are you an orphan? Is your husband dead? Is your wife Is your mother or father dead? dead? Are you poor? Are you hated? Are you cast out? Are you ostracized and minimized and undersized? Are you perplexed? If you will get your eyes on God and God alone, you will not have a care, you will not have an anxiety. All we need is to see God. "Spreadeth abroad her wings." When God comes to a soul and begins to unfurl His attributes, unfurl His inexhaustibleness, and draw the vision of the soul away from the briars and thorns and rocks and distress and sin and everything on earth or in hell, and you begin to see God and let God unfold Himself to your soul, oh, what a wonderful epoch that is!

The next step: "She taketh them and beareth them on her wings." The first is, stirs the nest, tears it all to pieces. That is what God did to the Christian church in Jerusalem. He

stirred their nest, and they went out everywhere preaching the gospel. They never would have gone fifty miles if God had not stirred their nest in Jerusalem. He stirred the nests of Luther and Wesley and Whitefield, and my nest. What for? To make us go. The mother bird will spread out her wings from tip to tip and lay them right flat down, and the young eagle will step from the briars and thorns and sharp sticks, and climb upon the mother's wings. It is only a step from the sharp sticks to mother's soft wings, and it will step out and put its claws in her wings and hold on to her feathers, and when she begins to shake her wings, it takes a stronger hold. The little bird can look back and see the tree and the nest, but around and around the mother goes in the clear blue sky, and after she has soared one thousand, two thousand, three, four, five thousand feet, she will give a sudden lurch, and off falls the little bird, and oh, how it tumbles and rolls, and puts out its wings and beats the air. mother bird watches, and when the young bird is about half way down to the earth, she shoots with the accuracy of a bullet and gets the bird, and around and up she goes, and that thing is repeated until the little bird knows how to fly.

So God stirs our nest, and we weep and sob and cry-money gone, friends gone, church gone, nobody loves me; then Jesus Christ stretches out one great wing, and we begin to take hold of Him, and then He moves out and up and away. My! my! it is a regular holiness camp meeting. When the Lord has taken us about five thousand feet high, He gives a lurch. "My! Oh! what shall I do? I thought I was sanctified; I thought I was going to heaven, and now it seems to me that my religion is gone. Down, down, down; the devil will get me." God is watching from the skies, and when we get almost down, He shoots under us and bears us around and around, higher and higher, until we get to where we have learned the lesson. "Why, Lord, forgive me. I was leaning on my sanctification; I was leaning on the camp meeting; I was leaning on what You had done for me. Now I see, Lord, I dare not lean on anything in this world, not on my feelings and shouts and blessings; not on what You have done in the past, but I must trust You and live by faith." When we get there we learn to fly." Lean on

the Lord and Him alone. That is God's way to make us eagles.

Then God can turn us loose in a thunder storm or at midnight, or on a cold winter day, with the wind blowing forty miles an hour, to set our face right in the face of the blinding storm and beat our way like a sailing ship right against the storm. God teaches us how to fly, and how to go through storms and keep alive, pressing on, willing to live by faith, to trust God for soul and body, to trust Him for all things.

God stirs the nest and makes you fly, Then you begin to weep and cry; His hand has failed and down you go, With naught in sight but rocks below.

A dreadful sight and fast the fears Take place as all hope disappears; Oh, how you miss the downy nest, But God has stirred it for the best.

He knows your lack of faith and trust, He knows how for vain things you'd lust.

He knows you'd lean on men and creeds,

And would not to His Word give heed.

So from your nest He picked the down, Left naught but thorns and briars around;

Then gladly you stepped upon His wings,

And to this thought you'd always cling.

But still on this you could not grow,
The ways of God to fully know;
'Tis time to exercise your wings,
And get the faith that launching
brings.

So quick He lurches, down you go, And help you cannot see nor know; Then to your wings you swiftly take, While fears increase your heart to break.

Far down, down, down, you swiftly go Until you're near the rocks below; Then quick beneath your trembling frame

He darts: you're safe from care and pain.

This lesson He repeats quite oft, Until you learn to soar aloft Above all troubles, trials and waves, Until you learn Christ always saves.

-L. Y. Janes.

# (Continued from page 3)

christ, the Word of God calls him. Then, during a period, probably about seven years altogether, there shall be an ever growing persecution of those who shall witness boldly for Jesus, and."

"Who will they be, Zillah," he interrupted, "if all 'the Church,' as you say, will be taken out of the world at the coming of Christ?"

"One of the teachers, the other night, Abraham," she replied, "said that 'the natural consequence of the sudden taking away of the believers from this earth would probably be, at first, a mighty revival, a turning to God. If this be so, then these converts will be the witnesses to Jesus during the awful seven years, which the Word of God calls the Great Tribulation."

"Then, too, one of the teachers at the Room said, 'It is possible that not all Christians will be caught up in the air at the coming again of Jesus, but only those faithful ones who are found watching, expecting His coming. If that be so—and no one dare dogmatize about so sacred and solemn a thing—then there will be thousands of Christians left behind who will have to pass through the awful time of antichrist's tribulation.'"

Her face glowed with holy light, as inspired by the thought in her soul, she went on:

"At first, Abraham, our own race will return to Jerusalem, and to all the land of our fathers, still believing in the coming of the Messiah. The temple—that wondrous temple for which you are working-will be reared to Jehovah. The morning and evening sacrifices will be resumed. Then presently the antichrist will make our people believe that he is the Messiah. Pretending to be Israel's friend and protector, he will deceive them at first, but by and by, he will try to force idolatry upon them; he will want to set up in our glorious temple (which will have been reared to Jehovah) an idol, an abomination.

"The teacher whom I have heard, Abraham, and many of them are of our own race, sees from Scripture that the great mass of our people, in the land of our fathers, will blindly accept this hideous idol worship.

"But Jehovah will not let antichrist have all his own way. Jesus, with all those who were caught up with Him in the air, will come to the deliverance of our people. He will come, this time, to the earth. He will fight against antichrist, will overcome him, His feet shall stand on the Mount of Olives.

"Our poor deluded, suffering people will see Him, as our own prophets have said: 'I will pour out upon the house of David and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplication, and they shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him, as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for him, as one that is in bitterness for his first born."

She paused abruptly, struck by Cohen's quietude of manner, where she had expected a storm. Gazing up wonderingly into his face she cried:

"Abraham, why are you thus quiet? Why have you not cursed me for a Meshummad? Can it be that you, too, know aught of these glorious truths?"

There was sadness and kindness in his eyes as he returned her pleading glance, but there was no trace of anger.

"I wonder why, little sister," he began, "I am not angry, as the men of Israel's faith usually are with a Meshummad, even though the defaulter should be as beautiful as Zillah Robart?"

His glance grew kinder, as he went on: "I began to wonder where my little sister went, twice a week, in the evenings, and, anxious about her lest she, in her innocence of heart and ignorance of life, should get into trouble, I followed her one night and saw that she entered a hall which I knew to be a preaching-place for Jews."

Zillah's eyes were very wide with wonder, but she did not interrupt him.

"I did not enter the place myself," he went on, "but that very first night, while waiting about for a few minutes, I met an old friend, a Jew like myself, by race, but a Christian by faith. He talked with me, pointed to our scriptures, quoted from the Gentile New Testament, showed from them how, in every detail, the birth, the life, the death of Jesus, the Nazarene, fulfilled the prophecies of our fathers, and—"

"And you, Abraham—" Zillah laid her hand on the Jew's wrist, in a swift gesture of excitement, "you," she cried, "see that Jesus was the Messiah?"

Slowly, almost sorrowfully it seemed to the eager girl, he shook his head.

"I cannot say all that, Zillah," he went on, "I sat in a seat, last night, in that hall, where I could see you and Hammond, where I could hear all that was said upon the platform, but where I knew that neither you nor Hammond would be able to see me. All that I heard, last night, has more than half convinced me, but—well, I cannot rush through this matter, I have to remember that it has to do with the life beyond, as well as this life."

He sighed a little wearily.

"I saw the meeting between Hammond and you, Zillah," he went on. "I had before begun to scent something of Hammond's probable feeling for you, and I had seen you look at him in a way that, though you did not yourself probably realize it, meant, I knew, a growing feeling for him warmer than our maidens usually bestow on a Gentile. I saw you enter the cab together, and drive off, and—"

"Perhaps I shall see with you, Zillah, soon. Meanwhile—"

He lifted his hands, let them rest upon her head, and softly, reverently, cried:

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

The sweet old Nazarite blessing never fell more tenderly upon human ears than it did upon Zillah Robart's. Jehovah had been very gracious to her. She had feared anger, indignation from her brother-in-law, she received blessing instead.

"May that blessing fall back upon your own head, upon your heart, your life, Abraham!" she cried.

An eager light filled all her face, as she added:

"It wants but a few days to passover.

I shall pray God that He will reveal

Jesus fully to you before that!"

She made for the door. "I hear the children from school," she cried. Then she was gone.

Cohen did not turn to his work, but taking a New Testament from his pocket, began to study anew the passion of Jesus, as recorded in the Gospels.

\* \* \*

Riding back to his office from that meeting, Tom Hammond asked himself, "Ought I to begin to make this near return of our Lord for His Church, the subject of my 'Prophet's Column' for tomorrow's issue?"

"I must seek special guidance about this." he presently decided.

The cab was nearing the office when he suddenly murmured, "He might come today!"

Even as he murmured the words his eyes seemed to see a striking way of exhibiting his new-found faith in the return of his Lord, and he came to a rapid decision.

Lifting the flap in the roof of the cab, he told the driver to go on to a certain sign and ticket writer's. Arriving at the place, he explained to the writer that he wanted a card three feet six inches long, proportionate in width, very boldly, handsomely written with just the two words upon it, in the order of his sketch.

He had taken an odd piece of card from the man's scrap heap, and with his pencil he drew out his idea, thus:

# TODAY? PERHAPS!

"How soon can I have it?" he asked.
"In a couple of hours, sir!"

"Pack it carefully and I will send a messenger for it!" Hammond was turning from the counter, when the man said:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but if it is not too bold a question, may I ask what the two words mean?"

"They mean," smiled Tom Hammond, "that Jesus Christ, God's Son, may come suddenly today, before even you have time to finish the work upon my order!"

The man's face wore a puzzled look. Then suddenly it brightened a little, as he said:

"Ah! I sees, it's something religious. That ain't in my line, not a bit, sir. I ain't built that way. Now, my missis is! She's the best wife a man ever had, I can't find a speck of fault wi' her, but, there it is, yer know, she's gone, fair gone, sir, on religious things!"

"Do you love her? Would you like to lose her?" asked Hammond.

"Like to lose her, sir? why, no, sir! I believes I should—I should—well, I don't know what I should do, if she wur took!"

There was a note of deep gravity in Tom Hammond's voice, as he said:

"Then let that motto warn you, as you prepare to write it, that even be-

fore you can finish it, the Christ who is to come again, who will surely come now very soon, may come. Then, when you go to look for your wife, when you are perhaps expecting her to call you to your tea, she will be missing. You will call her, search for her, yet never find her. Because, if she is a true child of God, she, with all *true* Christians, will have been snatched away unseen from the world, caught up to meet their Lord in the air."

"Good gracious, sir! yer give me the creeps!" gasped the man.

"'Seek ye the Lord'—your good wife's Lord—'while he may be found,' my friend." With this parting word Tom Hammond left the shop.

Two hours and a half later the splendid bit of sign writing hung upon the wall of Hammond's room.

It was a most striking placard, the first letter of each word nearly eight inches in length, and in brilliant crimson, the other letters six inches long in deep purple black.

As he sat back and regarded it where it hung, Tom Hammond mused on all that he had heard that afternoon, of the effects upon the lives of those who possessed a real heart apprehension of the truth of the near return of the Lord.

"One can scarcely conceive," he murmured, "what London, what all the civilized and so-called Christian world would be like, if every man and woman who professes to be a Christian, lived in the light of the truth that the Lord's return was near, was imminent. 'Every man' (he was recalling the truth quoted that afternoon, 'who hath this hope in him, purifieth himself even as he (Jesus) is pure.'"

The rest of the day was a busy one. Many callers came in. Everyone noticed the strange placard. Some asked what it meant. Modestly, but with strong purpose, and with perfect frankness, Hammond told each and all who enquired, of his change of heart, and how possessed with the fact that Christ's return was imminent, he had had the placard done for his own, and for others, quickening and reminder.

People smiled indulgently, but entered into no argument with him. He was too important a man for that, and, equally, they dared not pooh-pooh his testimony, wild as it appeared to most, if not all of them.

(To be continued)

### A YEAR OF GRACE

(Continued from page 7)

"I'll tell you, Bill. Let's borrow the money! Maybe Mr. Henderson would lend it to us."

"And have Dad come back saddled with debt?"

"No. I didn't mean that. Borrow it and then we'll pay it back. Get jobs, you know."

"I don't believe Mr. Henderson would let us have it. You have to give security for a loan, and what have we?"

"Our sterling characters, my boy."
"We'll try it. I'm desperate, Rod."

They tried it. In Mr. Henderson's tiny private office they told their story, haltingly enough, but gravely. Mr. Henderson read more in those white, lined faces than he liked to tell. He had the reputation of being a crusty old miser and hard to deal with, but the two Federly boys found him surprisingly gentle.

"I'll give you five hundred dollars," he said at last. "You can pay me back when you see fit." And he named a rate of interest that was surprisingly low.

"Going to work, are you?" he asked, as the grateful boys stammered their thanks. "What are you going to do?" "We'll take what we can get."

"That's the spirit. One of you go to Waite and Thompson's. I hear they want a young man. The other try Frederickson's Realty. They want somebody to answer phones and keep prospects busy."

As soon as the door closed behind the boys, crusty Mr. Henderson took down his telephone and talked so persuasively that the boys obtained their positions with what seemed to them almost magical ease.

The next few days were busy ones. Their mother and father left for California, protesting at the children leaving school. Mrs. Federly almost wept at the thought of the scholarship. She had been so sure Rodney would win it!

But that was over—at least for the time being. Rodney and Bill left the house early in the morning for their jobs, and returned tired and hungry at night. Irene and Mary Lou kept on at school.

It was a dreamy Irene who surprised them all. One Saturday night, at the dinner table, she tossed a fivedollar bill to Bill, who was "cashier," as he called it, for the family.

"Add that to your board," she cried.

"Where did you get it?" the others chorused.

Irene explained. She had organized a class among the children of the neighborhood. They studied dramatic reading and were to work on a little program they were to put on out-of-doors later in the season.

"That's marvelous," exulted Mary Lou. "You're all doing something but me. I feel like a slacker."

"Slacker!" the others exclaimed indignantly. "Why, Mary Lou, you keep the house going! You cook, make beds, and everything!"

But Mary Lou wasn't satisfied with that. She knew she could do nothing more for the time being, for every hour was occupied with school work and her duties at home. Her mind was set ahead to the days when school would be out, and she planned for them.

She made the boys spade up a great bed in the backyard.

"Going to raise flowers?" they asked.
"Not flowers," she grinned. "If I can't make money, maybe I can save some."
And she planted neat rows of lettuce, radishes, peas, beans, and other vegetables that were to add interest to the family meal as well as to cut down the food bills.

When school was over there was no talk of vacation or beach. Irene was busy with her class, giving private lessons and caring for young children during many of the afternoons. And Mary Lou had her own private enterprise. She was earning money at last!

Her brothers and sister teased her about her income, but they admitted it was a good one. Mary Lou was boarding the husbands who had to remain in the neighborhood while their families sought the cooler air at mountain or seaside. The men were delighted to have the filling, delicious meals in the familiar Federly home.

The year slipped away. In the autumn encouraging reports came from California. The debt was all paid, and the boys were sending money regularly to their parents.

"I had a raise today," Rodney sang out one evening as he skipped up the steps. "And I feel as good about it—as if I'd won a scholarship."

The months passed quickly. In spite of the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Federly could not be with them, Christmas was not an unhappy day. There was the cheerful word that Mr. Federly was much better, that he had a part

time position, that he would probably be able to come home with the milder weather in the spring. Irene had several of her pupils in for a jolly Christmas frolic, and the day passed quickly and happily. And then New Year's Eve! Again they sat around the snapping applewood fire, conversing lazily.

"Nice to sit up late," said Bill. "I'm going to sleep until eight in the morning, girls. Don't wake me."

"As if we would! We mean to sleep ourselves."

"Great way to start the new year!"
"Good new year! Wonder what it
will bring?"

"Dad and mother! Isn't that enough?"

"The last year has been a busy one. But not too bad."

"Not too bad." All were agreed on that.

"Quite different than we had hoped," Irene recalled. "You wanted money, Bill; Rodney wanted the scholarship; I wanted a good time; and Mary Lou—what did you want, Mary Lou?"

"She wanted—I remember," Rod broke in. "She got her wish. A year of grace."

Mary Lou smiled.

"It has been a year of grace," she said. "We have kept together, and have been busy and useful. No one can ask much more than that. Please God we'll have many more such years of grace."

And the others echoed her plea.— Lutheran Young Folks.

# IN SERVICE, ETC.

Amount sent from each state to the Publicity Fund and to the fund for sending Lighted Pathways to men in Service for October 10 to Nov. 20, 1945:

Illinois	
Missouri	
Texas	9.40
Kentucky	8.00
Georgia	7.50
Florida	7.00
Michigan	6.10
Ohio	
Louisiana	4.00
West Virginia	3.10
California	. 3.03
Pennsylvania	. 1.35
Alabama	
North Carolina	. 1.00
Tennessee	.70
Maryland	2

\$80.91



### RULES FOR STUDENTS' LOAN FUND CONTEST

The young man or woman who desires to enter the contest must first raise \$150 for the Loan Fund. This is to show that they are in earnest

They must send in a good written recommendation from their pastor as to their character and standing in their home church and this must be endorsed by the President of the school. And it will be necessary to carry this with you as you solicit contributions.

FIRST PRIZE—A scholarship consisting of board, room and tuition for nine months school.

SECOND PRIZE—Board and room for nine months.

THIRD PRIZE—Entrance fee and tuition for nine months.

To those who are not in the contest we are combinities this place and for your way in condition in the contest we are continued.

To those who are not in the contest we are submitting this pledge card for your use in sending in contributions.

### TO THE SUPERINTENDENT, BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL AND COLLEGE, SEVIERVILLE, TENN.

Dear Sir:

I desire to contribute to the Student Loan Fund which your Church has instituted, and which was passed by your General Assembly and incorporated in your Church book of Minutes. I think it is a worthy project, and hereby affix my name and agreement in the space below:

NAME

ADDRESS

I agree to contribute \$ to the Bible Training School Loan Fund in the following manner: \* | cash; | in monthly payments of \$ \_\_\_\_; | in quarterly , until the full amount has been paid. payments of \$

\* Insert X in boxed space best suited to your convenience in remitting.

### CHRISTIAN COOPERATION

John L. Pelham, in Gospel Herald, says: "Great failure comes from the lack of cooperation in Christian work. There is too much pulling and hauling in different directions. One wants things done this way, and another that way; or else some take the lead because there is nothing done, and others refuse to work unless they can be the recognized leaders. Some souls, who have a vision of the needs and an earnest purpose to work for the advancement of the kingdom of God, seek to improve the opportunities; and those who are not deeply interested John L. Pelham, in Gospel Herald, says: dom of God, seek to improve the opportunities; and those who are not deeply interested in any forward movement that means soulstirring or real evangelism, show their indifference of opposition according to their temperamental make-up.

want to quote from Brother Roy Houser's letter on our Loan Fund page in the December issue: "I have often thought what a lot

ber issue: "I have often thought what a lot of good we could do if each of us could put our gifts together."

If each one could put his shoulder to the wheel and all pull at the same time, this Loan Fund would soon go over the top and we could do something else worth while for the upbuilding of the Church and Chirst's kingdom

for the upbuilding of the Church and Christ's kingdom.

I am sure many of you expect to do something for this great cause, the education of our youth for Christ. If you can do it now it will be a great encouragement to us and it will inspire others to give. Ask God what He would have you to do. Let us go over the top at once with our Loan Fund. As the mother of Jesus said in a recent Sunday School lesson, "Whatsoever he saith unto you do it."

Dear Sister Harrison:

I was just sitting here reading the November issue of the Lighted Pathway, and I felt impressed to write you and express my appreciation. My heart is blessed to over-

flowing as I read it. I don't have a dollar to send you just now, but as soon as my husband gets paid, I am planning on sending you an offering for the Loan Fund. I have had the baptism of the Holy Ghost for four years and felt the call to God's work and wanted to go to Bible School, but because of finance I couldn't go. I am willing to do all I can for those students who want to go and do not have the finance. I am married now and have a home and

I am married now and have a home and a baby boy just seven months old. So it is impossible for me to think about going now. We are not so well-off, but I am willing to sacrifice and send you a donation. May God richly bless you, is my prayer.—Mrs. Clyde Davis, Rt. 1, MacDonald, Tenn.

NOTE: Thank you, Sister Davis. You have a fine spirit. Sorry you didn't get to go to school, but you have a big job and a great calling, that of being a homemaker and a mother. There are plenty of married couples to the school today. Davit he discouraged. in school today. Don't be discouraged.-Editor.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have just received word that my subscription to the Lighted Pathway has expired and that I must renew same immediately in order to continue getting the paper. I am

herewith enclosing ten dollars for a two-year subscription. The balance may be used to help carry on the work of God in any way you deem best, which I am sure will be according to the will of God and for His

I have received the Lighted Pathway since I have been overseas. From the isles of the Southwest Pacific to the shores of Japan, the Southwest Pacific to the shores of Japan, it has found its way, bringing glad tidings and comfort in the hour of need. Sometimes it is just a little late in getting here, but it is always welcome. Truly, the paper has been a light unto my path, and helped me to take courage and press on out of my darkest temptation into the glorious light. I thank God for the Lighted Pathway and for all those who have worked and prayed so hard to make such papers possible. You can rest assured that it is appreciated by all who read it, too. Keep the good work up, sister, and I am sure your reward will be great in heaven.—Pfc. James B. Atkins.

NOTE: This young man sent ten dollars;

NOTE: This young man sent ten dollars; two dollars was to pay for a subscription and eight dollars was to be used as we chose. We are putting the amount in the Loan Fund to help worthy students. Thanks for the offerings, James.—Editor.

Dear Sister Harrison:

You will find one dollar enclosed to pay on the Students' Loan Fund. I will send more, if I can, some other time. I want to put more than one dollar in such a good cause, if at all possible.

I am a widow of eleven years and I am seventy-one years old, but I am able to milk one cow, do all my housework and quilt for people. I do love to help in a good cause.

I read your paper, the Lighted Pathway, every month, and I am surely thankful that it has been enlarged. I never get tired of reading.—Mrs. Moody, Pikeville,



# The New Year



"O happy New Year, grant that I
May cause no tear in any eye.
When this New Year in time shall end
Let it be said, 'I've played the friend,
Have lived and loved and labored here,
And made of it a happy year.'"



You and I are standing upon the verge of the unknown. Before us lies the New Year and we must go forth to possess it. "We do not know what new opportunities, new experiences, and new activities shall arise, but we know that 'behind the dim unknown standeth God within the shadow keeping watch above His own."

It may be true that the past year has shaken us somewhat, but we have just as much to live for as we have ever had—in most cases we have more. The real values of life are unshaken and solid. A financial or emotional crisis may rob us of what we have and throw us into a tailspin, but it cannot affect what we are.

We do not know all that loss, sorrow and trial are doing to us, but we need to trust Christ only. The Father comes near to take our hand and lead us on our way today. With our hand in His, it shall be a good, a blessed New Year.

# Youth's Answer

Kathryn Blackburn Peck

Time leaned on his scythe and pondered long,
As he scanned the passing human throng;
Then chose from the crowd a stalwart youth,
And bade him answer in simple truth
The question put—'twas a simple thing—
"Pray, what would you have the New Year
bring?"

The young man paused in his hurried stride, Then with thoughtful countenance replied, "O Time, I would that the year might hold Something more precious than fame or gold. I would it might bring the troubled mind Calm and assurance; that men might find Means to accomplish a world-wide peace; That hatred and greed and wars might cease. I would it might bring to child and man, A joy that was not since time began; That nations turn to the living Lord, And honor His name and Holy Word."

Time answered, "Son, you have spoken well,
Yet what shall be, I cannot now tell,
But I would that men should lift their eyes,
And look to the glowing eastern skies;
And oh, I would that men should pray!"
And Time shouldered his scythe and went his
way.

—Young People's Journal.

# Lighted Pathway

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

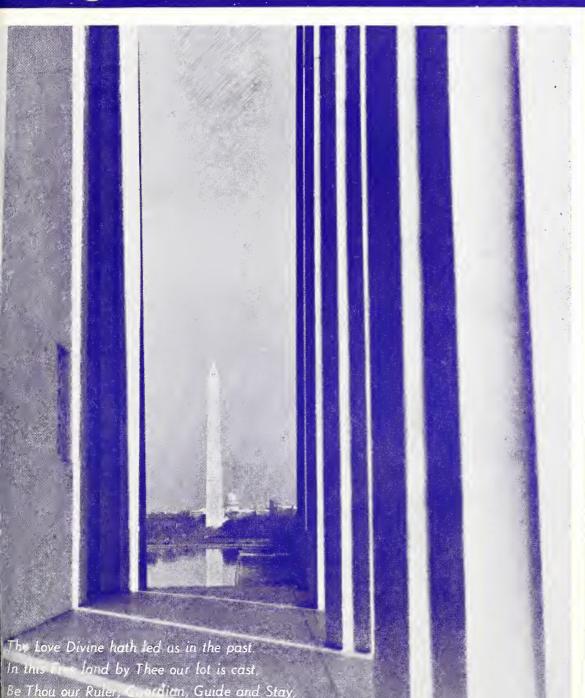


Thy word our law. Thy paths on

Vol. 17

FEBRUARY, 1946

No. 2



"Thy Word is Light Unto My Path"

Psalm 119:105

# EDITOR'S MESSAGE

### A PRAYER



For thy many and great promises, O God, made known to us in Thy Word, we thank Thee. They are our solace and inspiration. We lay hold of them, for they never fail us. They give us confidence to go on and assure us of Thy presence and compassion. We appropriate them. When Thou sayest to us, "I will go with thee," help us to face, if need be, flood, fire, and flame with steady eyes and stout hearts. When Thou dost promise to lead us in a way we

know not, help us to take the next step. When, like a mother, Thou drawest us to Thyself, saying, "I will comfort you," grant that we may feel the angel of Thy presence and be at peace. Help us not to glory in riches, might, and wisdom, but in Thee who art our hope and the fulfillment of our desire. We ask it in the name of Him whose cross is the measure of Thy love. Amen.

Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

When you receive this message you will have gone only a few weeks into the new year. We hope the thoughts we are bringing you will help you to carry out the good resolutions you have made. Your life is in your hands. God will not compel you to surrender it to Him. He pleads with you to do so, but He will not compel you against your will. God has entrusted you with just one life. How quickly the years fly away and it is gone. Here is a little story that we hope will bring my thought to you.

A little boy was in a candy store. He wandered from case to case with the utmost gravity, studying each assortment with deep seriousness.

His mother, tired of waiting, called to him, "Hurry up, son, spend your money. We must be going."

To this he replied, "But, mamma, I've only one penny to spend, and I've got to spend it carefully."

The little lad had learned a great lesson of life. If he had had a pocket full of pennies he could have afforded to be careless in the spending of one—but he had only one. That made the problem serious. I wonder if he will spend his life as carefully.

If I had ten lives to invest, I could afford to spend one of them perhaps in merely having a good time; or in only making money. But I have only one. I must make it count for the most. I cannot afford to invest my one life in every passing whim and fancy. I must learn to see the difference between the good and the necessary. My time, my energy, my strength, and my talents are too sacred to be thrown carelessly about. I have but one life to invest. I must consider it carefully.

Did you ever read the story about the chain that an old blacksmith made? He lived in

### Dear Friends:

Just a few words to thank you for the many beautiful Christmas greetings and love offerings I have received at this Christmas time. We especially thank you for the words so often added, "We are praying for you." Surely I have needed your prayers at this time. I have been very ill and in bed for three weeks, Christmos Eve night having a fever of 105. I have written this message in bed. I still need your prayers. I am asking God to lay my case before some of you humble saints of God away off somewhere unnoticed by the world, but called of God to be intercessors—one of the greatest callings that ever came to man. We also covet the prayers of our friends everywhere. God bless you.

### MEMORY GEMS

Did you know that you cannot sprinkle the perfume of happiness on others without spilling a few drops on yourself?

the heart of a great city, and all day long the people could hear the clanging of his hammer upon the anvil, and they knew that he was forging a chain.

amminimum managament

Now and then idlers dropped in to watch his work, and as they saw how faithful and patient he was, and how he would never pass over a link until it was absolutely perfect, they laughed at him and told him he would get ever so much more accomplished if he did not take so much pains. But the old smith only shook his head and quoted the Word of God, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." And he kept on doing his best, making every link as strong as if the whole chain depended on it. At last he died, and was laid away in the church yard, and the great chain which lay in the corner of his shop was put on board a ship. It was coiled up out of the way, and for a long time no one noticed it.

But there came a fierce, wild wind in the winter, when the wind blew a gale, the rain dashed down in torrents and vivid flashes of lightning darted through the sky. The ship toiled through the waves, and strained and groaned as she obeyed her helm. It took three men at the helm to guide her. They let go her anchor, and the great chain went rattling over the side of the deck into the gloomy waves. At last the anchor touched the bottom. And the chain, made by the old blacksmith, grew as taut and stiff as a bar of iron. Would it hold? That was the question every one asked as the gale increased. If one link, just one link, were imperfect and weak, they were lost; but the faithful old smith had done his best in each link. Each had been perfect, and this night his work defied the tempest, and when at length the waves were stilled and the sun arose, the vessel, with all her precious lives, was safe.

Boys and girls, did you know that the greatest thing that anyone can do is to make the chain of life so that it will hold in time of storm and tempest? How the enemy of your souls would like for you to make one weak link.

We are thinking of the thousands of boys and girls who are being sent to school by fond parents. They are paying out their money in order that you may make your lives count for God and His Church. They lay awake nights praying for you that God may lead you and guide you along life's way. Because they have already passed over the way, they understand your need. They understand the storms that you must pass through and how every link must be strong that it may hold when those storms come. How strong is your link of testi-

(Continued on page 17)

# \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* In the Twinkling of an Eye

By Sidney Watson

(Used by permission of Fleming H. Revell Company)

\* (Continued from last issue)

Madge, a wife of barely eighteen hours, found her husband's church packed in every nook and corner when she entered it on the Sunday morning.

The news of her sudden return, and equally sudden marriage, had helped to fill the church, though the knowledge that the Rev. Doig was to preach would, in itself, have been sufficient to have gathered an unusually large congregation.

During the pastor's sickness the pulpit had been supplied by various good men, secured by the deacons from all over the county. Doig had preached twice before, and was already a great favorite with the people.

The pastor had not been well enough to be present at any service for many weeks, and as he entered the church this morning, leaning heavily upon his wife's arm, he received quite an ovation from the people.

In spite of the curiosity and excitement over Madge's appearance, the congregation speedily settled down to quiet worship. There was something subduing, quieting in the preacher's manner. Just before the address, the people sang:

"Lo! God is here! let us adore.

And own how dreadful is this place! Let all within us feel His power,

And silent bow before His face; Who know His power, His grace who prove.

Serve Him with awe, with reverence, love."

With the singing of this hymn a deep, deep solemnity came down upon the assembly. It deepened as the preacher unfolded the wonders of the Bible revelation relating to the Lord's second coming.

Madge forgot her husband, as, absorbed by the wonder of the revelation, she drank in the glorious truth. Had she been more alert in watching the pastor, she would have seen how restless he grew! How angrily his eyes flashed! How scowling his beetling to confer together over the situation, brows became

Some of the people noticed their pastor's evident displeasure, and so did one or two of the deacons. But no one dreamed that he would dare to utter any dissent to the service.

Was he mad? Perhaps he was, for the time, as many men and women become, who nurse a groundless, senseless anger and jealousy! He was jealous of this man's hold upon the people. He had not dreamed that any man could hold his congregation, as this man was holding them. He was angry, too, at the doctrine preached.

With a startling suddenness he leaped to his feet, forgetting his weakness, as he cried:

"I will not have that lying, senseless nonsense—worse than nonsense preached in my church, Mr. Doig. You will either announce another text, and take a different subject, sir, or you must cease to preach!"

A slight flush rose into the cheeks of the preacher, as he half turned to the pastor, and in low, but firm voice, heard everywhere amid the sudden strained silence, he said:

"Dear Pastor, if you insist, (you have the legal right to do so, as pastor of this church, I suppose) I will desist. But I cannot, if I preach on, do other than declare all that God would have me do. Why, even as we are here, our loving Lord may come, and if I faltered in my testimony I should have to meet Him ashamedly-and-"

"Rot!" muttered the pastor. The word was heard by everyone, and a murmur of strong dissent ran through the place.

With a white, angry face, and flashing savage eyes, the pastor walked to the table, and leant upon it heavily in his weakness, as he cried hoarsely, "This service is now concluded. While I hold the pastorate, no such sentimental rubbish as Mr. Doig seems bent upon giving us, shall be voiced from this platform."

One of the deacons protested. The pastor was firm. Passion had rendered him temporarily irresponsible. Another of the deacons, who had been conferring with Doig-who had whispered the facts of the pastor's evident temporary irresponsibility—now urged the people to disperse quietly.

Doig walked down to his host, and whispered, "If I go at once, it will help matters." The pair then left the church. The congregation followed quickly. The deacons remained behind which was of a hitherto unheard of character.

The pastor had left by the side door, and leaning more heavily than ever upon Madge, they made their way to the house of Thaddeus Finisterre, Madge's father. They were staying there. They took a private way, by which they were spared the unpleasantness of meeting any of the congregation.

Four minutes took them to the house. Neither of them spoke during the brief journey. For the first time in her life Madge knew what it was to feel the touch of fear. She had married the man by her side knowing comparatively little of his real character and temperament.

"There may be insanity in his family," she mused, as she walked by his side. She had already told herself that nothing but a temporary touch of madness could have led to his outburst in the church.

Arrived at the house, the pastor went straight to his room; this gave Madge an opportunity to confer with her father and mother a moment.

"His long, anxious illness has unsettled his brain a little!" the mother said. "The best thing will be to take no notice, let us all be as cheerful, as much like our ordinary selves, as we can. Then, if we can persuade him to go away tomorrow, I guess the best thing for you to do, Madge, will be to get a good doctor to examine him, and to prescribe for him."

(Continued on page 30)

### <del>\*</del>\*\*\*\*\*\*\* THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

Devoted to the general welfare and spiritual uplift of our young people everywhere

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### MAKE OTHERS HAPPY CLUB

Last month we called it "Make Others Happy Circle." Well, we decided boys and girls like to be different and nearly all of them like the name club better. Let us see what "club" means in the dictionary. First, it is a heavy stick. Well, we do not wish to beat anyone, do we? Then, it is a playing card, one of the kind people gamble with. Sure, we want to stay away from them. Next, it says, a number of persons united for a common purpose or mutual benefit. I think that sounds like our good Christian boys and girls, don't you? So you are going to be an M. O. H. Club. That means that you will try to make mother, daddy, sisters, and brothers, as well as everybody you meet, happy. Our story today shows how a boy or girl can make other boys and girls feel at home at Sunday School and church, and help them to find Jesus. We hope you like your new club. On this page is your club poem and memory verse.

### MAKE OTHERS HAPPY

When rain beats down and all is drear, As often is the way,
With happy smile I will recall
What Grandma used to say:
"Why, bless your heart, it doesn't help
To let the tears drip, too;
Just wipe your eyes and look around,
For some good deed to do."

With glee three letters she'd repeat,
Just M. O. H. were they;
Yet what their meaning we knew not,
For did we ask, she'd say:
"Why, that's my motto and I've learned
The very wisest plan
Is to find out what others need
And help them if you can!"

With each success, as we would seek Some helpful act to do, . . We found that cheering others' lives Brightened our own lives too. I told her this one day, and pled: "M. O. H. please make clear." Then smiling sweetly, she replied, "Make Others Happy, dear.

"When stormy days give you the blues,
Just help to set things right;
Kind acts will fill the darkest day
With sweetness and with light.
Look up the real unfortunates,
And cease their aches and pains;
As you make others happy, dear,
You just forget it rains."

-Selected.

"And be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you," Eph. 4:32.

### Introducing the M. O. H. Club

Listen, the telephone is ringing, Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling.

Hello, Mary. Hello!

We are having an M. O. H. Club meeting at my house tonight and I want you to come. I am inviting all the girls and boys our age. Some of the mothers will be here to help us to have a good meeting.

Mary—Wait a minute, what is this club? Mother always has to know where I am going and what I am going to do.

Ruth—Mine does too, and this is the kind of boys and girls we want for our club, and we plan to be so kind and do so many good deeds to make others happy that we'll win others for Christ.

Mary—Oh, I know my mother will want me to come. Good-bye.

Girls and boys, you can write in some of the good deeds you have done each month, if you like.

### A NEW SCHOLAR

"This is rather short notice," the superintendent said, "but I want to see how much good my school is at an emergency call."

Chris Kirby inquired of his sister afterward what that long word meant —Laura knew most long words.

"Why, it means," hesitated Laura, "when you have to do something in a hurry about things you didn't know beforehand would happen."

Chris squinted his blue eyes.

"Don't you see?" said Laura. "It was a surprise when Mr. Mackay asked each scholar to bring a new one next Sunday. That's an emergency. And we've got to be quick, or we'll not be any good at it."

Chris meant to be good at it; he meant to be very quick; but croup and cold in the head were quicker.

When Sunday came he not only had no new scholar to take, but he could not go himself.

### MY WORK

As I went up the hill my daddy said, "Son, you'll have to clean the window sills."

And when I got through I wanted to study,

But my pop said, "We must put in some putty."

When I got through and was looking at a card,

My pop came and said, "Let's clean the yard."

And when I got through, I was going in swimming,

But my dad said to me, "The milk needs skimming."

And when I got through I wanted to

But my dad said, "There's some groceries we need."

So when I got through with all my work,

I called myself a big old shirk.

—Jimmie Baldree, eleven years old.

"And the emergency is finished," he said, mournfully.

"But when you can't," Laura comforted him, "it doesn't count. It is different then."

Chris did not speak. He did not want to be a crybaby.

Laura felt sorry for him. She would have hated to stay at home today; it is always so interesting to see how things turn out.

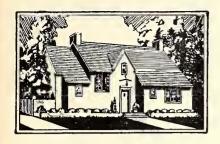
"Maybe, Chris," she said, with a sudden thought, "your emergency is your cold! You didn't expect it. Mother says you have been remarkably patient. So you are good at it."

Chris' face grew so many shades brighter that Laura went off much pleased, like the nice little older sister she was.

On the next Sunday afternoon at Sunday School time Jimmy Borden stood at the church gates, and could not make up his mind whether to go in or to go home.

(Continued on page 32)

# HAPPY HOME (IRCLE)



### THE LITTLE GRAY HOUSE

The little gray house, in the rain, looked old And somewhat shabby, that day As I knocked—but the door swung back Revealing a scene so gay.

The hearthfire glowed, and its ruddy cheer Sent a warmth through my chilling veins; And children played in its flickering light— Forgetful of autumn rains.

It looked so cozy and homelike to me, That I'd like to go back again Where the hearthfire burns, and children play In that little gray house in the rain.

Dear Sister Harrison:

While reading the Happy Home Circle page in the December issue of the Lighted Pathway, I was reminded of your asking each of the Happy Home Circle members to write you, if they wanted their names retained on your roll. I don't know if I ever was enrolled on your book or not, but if I didn't ever send my husband's name and my name in. I intended to do so. My husband and I wish to become members of the Happy Home Circle. We are ordering the books named in the Lighted Pathway and are reading and studying to make a real happy home.

Sister Harrison, I, too, am burdened for the youth of our land, and I want to, by the help of the Lord, be a blessing to those in need. The ladies at this place seem to be interested in the Happy Home Circle, I have talked a great deal to them about the circle work lately. There are so many young mothers, and older ones as well, who need help that the study of the circle would give. If the dear Lord is willing, in the near future we hope to have a Home Circle going in this community.

Pray much for the success of the Circle and for me.—Mrs. Otis Baker.

Dear Sister Harrison:

While I am renewing my subscription to the Lighted Pathway I would like to have you add my name to the Happy Home Circle. Although I read everything in the paper about the H. H. C., maybe I don't clearly understand just all I should do to be a loyal member. We have no class meeting and are not even organized here. I have two small boys and I have always tried to teach them and lead them right, but I'm afraid I haven't been much help to anyone else. There are several young people just beginning the task of rearing families, and we do not even have a Sunday School class for such. I have felt like God is directing in starting an H. H. C. class by having a special class at Sunday School for young married people. Pray especially for me because I know I can't do anything within myself, but I can see the need and I want to be a help. So few seem to be interested. By having a class in Sunday School, perhaps they soon will be.—Edith Haddock, Mt. Dora, Fla.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a young mother and wife of twenty-two. I have two babies, you might say. My husband and I are both Christians. My husband is pastoring the Mt. Pleasant Church of God this year. We want to do what we can in our little efforts for our young people and for the glory of God.

Later on, God willing, I hope to organize a Happy Home Circle within our Willing Workers' Band. It is supposed to be held here at the parsonage. I believe by the Lord's help we will

do good.—Mrs. James Earls, Bloomington Springs, Tenn.

**HOW TO ORGANIZE** 

It is impossible to give a set rule for bringing your mathers tagether. Some respond to a call for a prayer meeting, same a get-tagether social hour, with a good program and the serving of light refreshments. Study your community and ask God's leading. First make known your aim.

OUR AIM

Ta pramate neighbarhaad fellawship.

To deepen the spiritual life.

Ta study child problems and try to solve them.

Ta visit and encaurage the mathers of your community.

**OFFICERS** 

President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer.
COMMITTES

A Visiting Cammittee, A Pragram Cammittee. Be sure ta study your wamen and ask Gad's guidance in selecting your leaders. So much will depend an this.

Yau may meet as many times each manth as yaur circle may decide. I think, if passible, it would be best ta meet twice in the manth. The other twa weeks can be used far other ladies' arganizations whatever they may be. This mather's' circle is far all denaminations and there are always ather interests that will take part of their time.

Yaur pragram chairman shauld arder "Mather's Golden Naw" fram David C. Caak, Elgin, Illinais, which comes

quarterly far 25c per year.
"The Christian Home," Standard Publishing Campany,
Cincinnati, Ohia, is also a splendid help. Price 50c per

year; this cames quarterly.

Subscribe far "The Parents Magazine," 52 Vanderbilt bilt Ave., New Yark, N. Y., price \$2.00 per year. I wauld appreciate yaur sending yaur subscription to this

magazine to me, but the others, send directly to the publishers.

A fathers' night should be held accasionally, perhaps ance each quarter, when the fathers should prepare the

ance each quarter, when the fathers shauld prepare the pragram and furnish refreshments. This is very interesting.

Matta: "Our Hames far Christ." Scripture: Deut. 6:4-9.

SPECIAL PLAY

"HOME SCENES."—This play will be gaad far the Happy Hame Circle to use to introduce your organization to the people. It is very touching. Price 25c.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Not long ago, while I was in the Army, my wife asked me if I thought we should join the Happy Home Circle. I was very deeply touched with such a wonderful thought. I wrote back to her and said, "Please do!"

This morning as I sit here writing to you, I would like very much if you would add our names to the Happy Home Circle. We are expecting our first child within a month or so, and thanks be to God that we both realize the truth about proper child training. I can recall a scripture found in Prov. 22:6 in regard to children. "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

We ask your prayers for us that God will have His way always about everything in our lives. Any suggestions or help from you from time to time will be deeply appreciated. May God richly bless you in all your work for the Master.—Mr. and Mrs. Bill Polen, Avera, Miss.

In your study program you will appreciate the little book, "Child Training and Social Evangelism," by Alda B. Harrison. Order from Church of God Pub. House, Cleveland, Tenn.

# HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED AND TRIED

### NEVER LOSE HEART

LOUISE YATES TOWRISS

"Courage, dear heart, when the way is long.

When the road is rough, and the hills are steep,

O, cheer the way with a happy song, Though storms about you rage and sweep."

"Hence, as I hold this ministry by God's mercy to me, I never lose heart

in it,"—the foregoing sentence is Moffatt's translation of 2 Cor. 4:1, and "Under hopeless circumstances, he hopefully believed" is his translation of Romans 4:18. What a fine state of mind! Let us resolve to never lose heart no matter what happens; let us refuse to be discouraged; let us go on; let us trust God, for "God's in His heaven, all's well with the world."

Let us habitually interrogate ourselves, "What would Jesus do, what would Jesus say, under similar circumstances?" Let us incorporate His principles into our lives, let us religiously work them out day by day, that others, taking cognizance of our example, may be constrained to follow His lead.

Quite probably Satan has no better aide-de-camp in this generation than discouragement, a close kin to disaster, and defeat, and despair, but let us never lose heart! A wise man of old asserted, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," and, again he counselled, "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." Longfellow once wrote,

"But noble souls, through dust and heat.

Rise from disaster and defeat, The stronger."

Sir James Barrie pronounced courage one of the greatest attributes of the human race; the courage of one will inspire another, for we cannot live

to ourselves alone. The Master said, "Let not your hearts be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me,"—here is the secret of courage; possessing an abiding faith in Divinity, one need never lose heart.

"Courage, dear heart, when sorrows sweep,

And helpless you wait 'mid the surging tide;

O, look above! Though the clouds hang deep

Trust thou in God,—there is none beside."

# "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee. For I,the Lord thy God, will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not I will help thee." Isaiah 43:2,4133

### HAVE FAITH IN GOD

By J. MELTON THOMAS

"Have faith in God." The Master spoke
As waiting followers seemed to be
Perplexed that just a word from Him
Had withered up the fruitless tree.

### CALM IN THE STORM

Life has a way of becoming tempestuous and stormy at times. There are periods of comparative peace and calm, and then our composure is disturbed and we find ourselves in the midst of soulracking upheavals. The way we face these stormy conditions depend upon our inner resources, and how we are able to marshal them, and the confidence we have in Him who can ever be the refuge of our souls.

No one knew this better than one whose own career was tumultuous enough, St. Augustine. Hear him when he says: "We are sailing in this life as through a sea. The wind rises, and the storms of

temptation are not wanting. Why is this? We have allowed Jesus to fall asleep in our hearts—that is, our faith is slumbering. Rouse Him, and say, 'Master, we perish.' He will awaken."—From God's Moment.

"Have faith in God," the Master speaks,
Though nations kill themselves in war,
Though peace seems lost within the dark,
And shining beams of hope seem far."

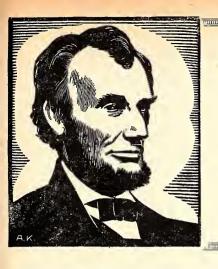
"Have faith in God," Christ speaks again,
Though grieved by deepest human loss;
Though clubbed by disappointment's hand,
And crushed beneath the heavy cross.

"Have faith in God." In poverty
The riches of the Lord are thine,
And treasures from the heavenly world
Linked with a heritage divine.

"Have faith in God." When friends forsake, Christ's kindly heart will understand; He'll take forsaken hands in His And guide them through the lonely land.

"Have faith in God." When all goes wrong, There is a Friend who sees and knows; He calms the troubled waves of life, He helps man midst his deepest woes.

"Have faith in God." For Death himself Cannot the heart of faith rule o'er; The Christ who guides His child through life Will land him safe on heaven's shore.



# Farewell Address at Springfield ABRAHAM LINCOLN 1809-1865

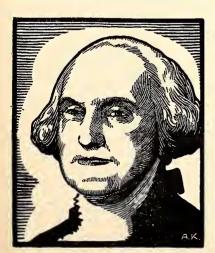
Under emotion, Lincoln not infrequently spoke in unconscious poetry, of natural, balanced phrases.

On a stormy morning, February 11, 1861, Lincoln went to the little railroad depot in Springfield where a train awaited to take him to Washington and the Presidency of the United States. His neighbors crowded about the waiting room door for a chance to shake his hand and murmur farewells. Some merely pressed his hand and turned away. Says Nicolay and Hay:

"The crowd closed about the railroad car into which the President-elect and his party made their way . . . The bell gave notice of starting; but as the conductor paused with his hand upon the bell-rope, Mr. Lincoln appeared upon the platform of the car, and raised his hand to command attention. The bystanders bared their heads in the falling snowflakes, and standing thus, his neighbors heard his voice for the last time in the city of his home, in a farewell address so chaste and pathetic, that it reads as if he already felt the tragic shadow of forecasting fate.

"'My Friends:
No one, not in my situation,
Can appreciate my feeling of sadness
At this parting.

"'To this place,
And the kindness of these people,
I owe everything.
Here I have lived a quarter of a century,
And have passed from a young to an old man.
Here my children have been born,
And one is buried.
I now leave
Not knowing when or whether ever I may return,
With a task before me greater than that
Which rested upon Washington.'"



### GOING STRONG TO THE FINISH

Of course, sticking at a hard task and seeing it through is a mark of the hero. George Washington displayed this characteristic of heroism. No one who knows about the long grind of the Revolutionary War can accuse him of being a quitter. The struggle which made America an independent nation stretched out over a period of eight years. What discouraging, heart-breaking years they were! The one man whose genius and "never-say-die" persistence carried the people through to victory was Washington.

We have need of these staying qualities today. Failure to endure to the end may be illustrated from baseball. A man at bat makes a clean hit,

runs to first base, then to second, and finally reaches third; he is well content with himself. Then he is caught off third when there is no need of it, when all his friends are counting on him to get home.

The winning spirit calls for the hard disciplining of self. If a player on a school team wishes to merit honor he must put up a long fight against his own appetite. He is told what to eat and what he must not eat; he must report for practice in spite of inclination to do something else; he must resist his opponents to the last play and to the final game of the season.

A like attitude is needed in Christian living. We must be severe with ourselves in order to win greater glory. We must set our faces against contentment with past victories. This admirable side of perseverance is seen in the words of Paul, "forgetting the things which are behind." Reaching third base in a ball game is a real achievement, but satisfaction with the attainment of this goal may mean failure. Temptation met and spiritual victories won must not make us self-satisfied.

There are obstacles in the way of living according to the will of God. No better illustration of this can be cited than the life of the Master Himself. In His youth He expressed His desire to be about His Father's business. But just before entering upon His ministry, He was tempted to take the easy, popular road. To the subtle proposals of the Tempter he persistently quoted the holy Scriptures and triumphed.

Yet this was not the end of the Savior's temptation. We are told that Satan left Him for a season. The combat was continuous and so was Jesus' fight against the foe. He persevered on down to the Garden of Gethsemane. No one who has seen the Passion Play at Oberammergau can forget the emphasis on the struggle of Jesus when He pleaded to be delivered from the burdens which weighed upon His spirit. "Nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done," He prayed.

Many a youth has made an ambitious beginning in the Christian life, but has lacked the staying qualities. Recurring difficulties weakened the purpose that once was strong. The constant press of less important occupations made him withdraw from the spiritual conquest. Paul saw that the followers of Christ might be inclined to quit, and admonished them, "Let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

### Sabbath Observance

Two generations ago, Dr. Haegler, of Switzerland, discovered that more oxygen was lost in a day's toil than was recovered by a night's rest; but the Sabbath rest made good the cumulative losses of the week. Since then many similar tests have confirmed Dr. Haegler's findings.—Dr. Robert M. Blackford in Moody Monthly.

# How We Got Our Telephone

### ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

By WINIFRED HEATH

Alexander Bell did not start out in life with the firm intention of inventing the telephone and making a fortune. His chief concern, always, was the deaf folk of the world, especially the children. It was while working on an instrument meant to help deaf children that he happened on the idea of "speech by telegraph."

Born in Scotland, in the fine old city of Edinburgh, Bell came with his father to America when he was twenty-three years old. At twenty-four he was employed in the schools of Boston teaching the deaf to hear, the dumb to speak. His marvelous success attracted two men, each with a little deaf child. These two, Gardiner G. Hubbard and Thomas Sanders, helped the young inventor with friendship and the necessary funds for his experimenting.

As with every other worth-while achievement, the invention of the telephone took long hours of study and experiment, and a vast amount of patience. Alexander and his chum and

assistant, Thomas A. Watson, worked far into the night, week after week, month after month. Then on March 10, 1876, Bell's voice came over the telephone, "Mr. Watson, please come here, I want you." It was the world's first complete sentence, and how thrilled those two young men must have been. A little later they managed to talk to each other at a distance of two miles. So happy were they over that victory that they made considerable noise up in the old Salem attic, for which they got a good scolding from an angry landlady.

At first people said the telephone would never be anything but a toy. A newspaper in the United States remarked that no one would ever dream of trusting an important message to such a crazy contraption, while the London Times called the telephone "an American humbug." But in 1880 there were thirty thousand telephones in use over the United States, and in 1925 the number had jumped to nearly seventeen million—today they are almost beyond count and are considered indispensable.

Alexander Bell invented many other instruments, one of them a photophone, by which every variation of light was made to produce a sound. There was something of the poet about Bell, for he tells us that by this invention, "I have heard a ray of sun laugh and sing . . . I have been able to hear a shadow."

For all his fame and fortune Alexander Bell never forgot his first care, those who could not hear or speak. To the end of his days he worked for them. The good work that he did still goes on wherever a telephone brings together those who are parted by leagues of land or sea or even two good neighbors. By his invention of "speech by telegraph" he brought the great human family closer together than it had ever been. The story of this great American is the record of a man whose greatness of mind was more than equalled by the noble generosity of his heart. The world is better in many ways because Alexander Graham Bell once passed this way.—

Light and Life Evangel.

### रहें दिया । स्टार्टिक

# Do You Pass On?

Adapted from Joyce Doane

When I awoke in the early dawn
The garden was wet with dew,
Birds were singing their waking songs
'Neath skies of deepest blue.
The sun was rising gloriously,
It was a wondrous morn,
The shadows of night had stolen away,
A bright, new day was born.

I walked in the garden, at noon,
When the sun was high in the sky,
The flowers were blooming in colors rare,
And butterflies flitted by.
The birds were busily feeding their young;
'Twas a beautiful day in June;
God's wonders were in the garden there,
And the whole world seemed in tune.

And then I walked in the garden, too,
In the cooling dusk of the eve;
The birds were warbling their good-night songs
To the day, who was taking her leave:



The fireflies gaily went darting by,
The stars lit one by one;
Calmly the restful night came down
And another day was done.

How do you greet each bright new day,
That God has sent to you?
Does you heart with thankfulness bow down
To our Father so kind and true?
Do you breathe a little prayer of praise
To Him of your gratitude
For the wonders of His love
That He graciously imbued?

Or do you pass each wonder by
With blind unseeing eyes,
When all around is sun and sky
And scenes with glad surprise?
Without a glance at flowers or trees,
Or the miracles daytime brings,
Do you pass on without a thought
Of Him who made all things?

THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

# A Three-Cent Stamp and a Bible Verse

she stood outside the garden gate. In response, a white handkerchief fluttered from the porch, and an old shoe came bouncing along with a merry shout from Bobby.

"It's just fine to start off to a new place in such a funny, homey way," laughed the girl, as she walked briskly down the road to the trolly.

The dew still lay on the grass, the sky was blue overhead, the daisies and the buttercups nodded cheerily at her feet, and the balmy breeze seemed redolent with the perfume of flowers.

Nan took a deep breath. "The air is so good I could almost eat it," she cried. Surely Mother must grow strong and well again in this beautiful country."

Into the trolly she went with a new gladness in her heart. This was her first day as a bread-winner. Mrs. Jackson's long illness had made sad havoc with her little store of money carefully saved through many years, and now Nan must enter the ranks of the toilers and help make life easier for Mother and Bobby.

How queer it seemed to be down in the big basement where no sunlight ever came, such a hot, stuffy place, in spite of the fans waving to and fro overhead. It was complaint department, and though busy at the typewriter, she stopped to hear the various women who stopped at the counter in front of the window scolding because this or that package had not arrived.

Poor Nan's heart sank down to her shoes, as she expressed it. Was this to go on day by day? She would fairly stifle in such an atmosphere.

"You'll soon get used to it." said Mabel Gray, the girl at the right. "I felt just the same way myself, but I need the money, and you can't quarrel with your bread and butter."

Six o'clock arrived at last, and too weary almost to think, Nan stepped into the trolly that would carry her home to the loved ones. Mother and Bobby were watching for her on the

"It's good to have folks looking for you," Nan said to herself. "I'll think of the funniest things I can, so that

"Good-by, Mother!" called Nan as I will have to smile—Mother will be sure to look for smiles." The tears were so near her eyes that it was hard work to make believe to be gay and cheery, but when Bobby rushed down like a miniature whirlwind and threw himself into her arms, she covered his rosy face with kisses and went prancing up to the house. The burden had rolled away.

> The weeks went on, with nothing to break the monotony. Nan wilted with the heat, she longed for the fresh country air, and all night long the complaints seemed to take bodily form and dance around leering and jibing, and pointing their thin fingers at her, till her brain was all awhirl.

"If Uncle Jack knew about things I am sure he would help us," thought Nan. "I'll write to him at noon time." Such a sad pathetic letter it was, but no stamp could be found to mail it. "What shall I do?" thought the girl. "It will be four days before I receive my pay, and there's just enough money in my purse for carfare, not one cent over."

Involuntarily her eyes turned toward some of the complaint letters she had been answering. On one was a postage stamp with only a tiny black smudge on the corner. Nobody would ever notice that. Very carefully she removed it from the old envelope, and placed it upon the fresh one in her hand.

"What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Like a flash these words passed through her mind, and she saw where she stood.

"A soul for a postage stamp!" she cried aloud, for the moment forgetting her surroundings. "I never can do it." and, removing the wet stamp from her letter, she tore it into tiny

"Why, Nan!" exclaimed Mabel, "how could you waste that good stamp?"

"It had been used once, and I was cheating," replied the girl. "I could not sell my soul for a postage stamp."

"How funny you are," laughed Mabel, but just outside the window was an old lady who did not laugh, but looked very thoughtful and sober as she listened to Nan explain about the letter to her uncle.

"Charles," said Mrs. Lee to her son, as she was laying aside her wraps for tea, "I heard a girl in the store say the queerest thing. She must be dreadfully poor, for she had no money to buy a postage stamp, and she was writing to an uncle to help them, I believe."

"Tell me all about it," answered Mr. Lee. "I enjoy hearing about queer things." The story was told, and at its close the listener seemed deeply affected. "I must look her up, and you must help me, Mother, dear. There is something behind all this," he said.

The very next morning Mrs. Lee found Nan and had a little talk with her, the outcome of which was a place as stenographer in a breezy little office, much nearer home, and at a salary that made Nan think she had come into a fortune.

Mrs. Lee found her way to Nan's house, and took Mrs. Jackson and Bobby into her heart at once, and through the many happy days that followed Nan blessed the Bible verse that had helped her to be honest with God, even if it was only in the matter of a three-cent stamp.—Zion's Herald.

### PERFECT CURE

One pint of faith, one pint of virtue, one pint of knowledge, a pint of temperance, a pint of godliness, a pint of brotherly kindness, a pint of charity, one good resolution, well shaken together three times a day, with prayer, will cure the devil's rheumatism, evil eye, blasphemy, grumbling, backbiting, tobacco habit, deceit, kills the nerves of prejudice and purifies the blood; and if we can get the worst man there is to use this prescription. it will restore him to manhood and respectability with God and man; it will make him love his own wife and children better; he will want to put them under the same treatment.

Now, if we can get this remedy used in the homes of this country, it will cause the ladies to wear full dresses, stop theatre-going, cleanse your heart from inbred corruption, and preserve your soul blameless; it will stop men's wives from joy-riding with other men.

Shake well before using; rub until it affects the heart; keep this up 366 days in a year, and if it doesn't cure you, you can bankrupt Heaven.—Publisher Unknown. Reprinted from Gospel Herald. —Sent in by James Clark.



# Hymn Stories



# REMARKABLE HISTORY OF .

MRS. M. H. ROWE

It was the evening of a winter's day in the year 1660. Two men were sitting in the comfortable living room of a house in the ancient city of Hamburg. The remains of their evening meal had been cleared away, and they talked of many people whom both had known. Now, a companionable silence had fallen between them, and each was thinking his own thoughts.

Suddenly something drew the eyes of the younger man to a large 'cello in the opposite corner. The case was lying near. Evidently his friend had been playing not long before. Parts of its rounded surface gleamed, where the light of the lamp fell upon it, and he suddenly exclaimed.

"Georg, you promised that one day you would tell me how you came to write that best of all your hymns, "If thou but suffer God to guide thee."

"It's a long story," answered the other, looking lovingly at his dear old instrument, "and its beginnings go back. My life until ten years ago (when, as you know, I became private secretary to Baron von Rosenkranz, was one long struggle for existence. My parents were very poor, and we were often in want. In my boyhood I attended a Latin school in a small town west of this city, after ten years there I could find no position as secretary, so decided to study law. A war that had lasted many years was then ravaging the country, and, my parents having died, I had a great longing to go where I should no longer be in the midst of its horrors. Thus, at the age of twenty-two, I went far east, to the city of Konigsberg, but it was not long before the house I was in caught fire. Except for my 'cello, I lost all, and was left without a cent."

There was a pause. Georg rose and stoked the fire, and through the open door of the stove the flame glanced on the white, glazed tiles of its high square chimney.

"And then?" reminded Hans, as his friend again sat deep in thought, "What happened to you and your 'cello?"

"Well," said the older man, "years of hardship followed. I soon found

that I was not cut out for a lawyer, and as no other work was offered me, I wrote poems, and set them to music I had myself composed. Thus I found many friends who helped me, but what they gave was not enough to keep body and soul together. I moved west to Danzig, and on to Thorn, and so back to these parts on my way home, seeking work that I could do, but finding none. As I passed through this city a voice seemed to say, 'Abide here, and God will supply thee'—so I stayed.

"I found a lodging in a narrow, filthy lane. My new hopes gradually died within me, and things went from bad to worse. Little by little I was forced to pawn all I had in order to pay the rent to my kind landlady. There was scarcely enough left over to buy even the poorest food. During these weeks of misery the 'cello was my only comfort. God gave me songs, and the skill to play them, so that the neighbors round that mean lodging would throng to listen. It is the cross that presses such music out of one's innermost being.

"At lengeth the day came when I

10%



### SING A HYMN TODAY Lucy Konow, Chillicothe, Mo.

Hymns and religious music are the most perfect mediums through which to express our devotion and piety. Since the time of Palestrina (152F-1594) and John Lebastian Back (1685-1750), churches of all denominations have used these beautiful arts as a means to inspire and instill in its members a deep feeling of adoration and thankfulness.

The many different hymns and lovely Christmas carols, with their accompanying harmonies, give to us lasting memories to be carried away after a religious service. One cannot hear the Easter allelulia without being deeply moved and feeling that Christ has truly risen.

In our most common hymns some centuries old, we\_hear\_ much\_ to rekindle religious farvor. It has been said: "Our hymns teach us more religion than our seminaries."

REMARKABLE HISTORY OF A HYMN

was faced with the necessity of pawning my last treasure. I had had an appointment that afternoon with a rich merchant who had a clerkship vacant; he had failed me. Though I arrived at the set time, it was to find the place had been given to another. The day following I must pay my rent. Oh! the anguish of that hour! No words can describe it!

"In bitterness of soul I sought out the wretched shop of Nathan Hirsch, the Jewish pawnbroker, and showed him the violoncello. 'Lend me ten dollars on it,' I pleaded. "You shall have five more if I redeem it.'

"'And what could I do with this great fiddle, Mr. Neumark?' asked the Jew. 'Ten dollars for a cent's worth of wood and some old strings? I have seen fiddles with silver and mother-ofpearl; this is just lumber.'

"'Hear me, Nathan,' I said. 'Five years long I hoarded, cent by cent; five years I suffered hunger and pain before I had the twenty-five dollars that bought this instrument. At least give me seven-dollars-fifty.'

"'I will give you five,' cried he.

"'Have mercy, hard and cruel man,'
I said in desperation. "To-morrow I
must pay that sum for rent—and how
am I to live?'

"'Well, for old friendship's sake you shall have a dollar and a quarter more; but there will be seventy-five cents interest for the next two weeks, and if you do not redeem it, the fiddle will be mine.'

"With the tears rolling down my cheeks, as I gazed at my loved 'cello, I replied, 'Nathan, you must grant me a last request. Let me play it once more—only once; and I hurried, without waiting for an answer, to the corner where my treasure stood. The Jew raged, but I seized the instrument, and sat down on an old chest in the middle of the floor. I played a melody of my own, and began to sing: "Life is weary, Saviour, take me—'

"Soon I forgot the musty shop, even the grief so near at hand. The music poured out like a river which runs into the sunshine from the shade of sullen banks, and ended with a note of triumph. Gently I stood the 'cello back in a corner where it would be almost hidden, and went blindingly out into the night. "Hurrying from the door I stumbled against a man who begged for a copy of the hymn I had just sung. 'I serve in the house of the Swedish

(Continued on page 32)

# Joan's Gift of Song

Joan Wells trembled with dejection and disappointment as she sat on the stone wall overlooking the mill pond. She was small and infinitely sorrylooking, her blue eyes troubled.

Joan was inclined to be at peace with the world, with a full measure of smiles, nods, and dimples for everybody—not the sort to seem troubled or sad. Only yesterday life had stretched out before her, radiant and dazzling, in its promise of success, but all of a sudden her joy-and-happiness world had toppled about her ears.

For a long fifteen minutes Joan Wells stared toward the unruffled water in the millpond. But she was really not seeing the quiet scene before her. There was too much turmoil in her brain. Her mind was trying to find a loophole in her awful predicament. Something was all wrong somewhere; nothing was going as she had planned it.

Why did everything have to happen

that very morning?

First, the offer that would have taken her into a new world: "This is your chance. In the pearly glow of the spotlight you'll sing before a packed house every night. You can have everything in the world you want -life such as you have dreamed of."

And beautiful words they were! An orchestra playing and Joan Wells, in the changing colors of the spotlight, singing the old songs, smiling down into the happy faces of her large audience. For one wonderful hour she had lived in a dream come true.

But just for one hour. Then Doctor Kent was speaking: "Don't go to New York— don't leave your mother. She has only a few more years to live. Give her those years, Joan—the last years with her only child! Promise her that you won't go to New York."

Joan felt the spirit of rebellion in her again. Rebellion! She could not understand why she was not free to travel her own road, the road to the concert stage and fame. Her mind was fixed, and, if she didn't want to-

Vaguely she remembered something her mother had taught her: "Duty

carries its own reward."

She repeated it quickly. The spirit of rebellion had made her forget her mother's teaching.

A light breeze sprang across the

millpond and whipped her golden hair. It was cooling on her face and forehead and helped her to think more clearly. There was no use of protest, of rebellion. She did not want to rebel.

Presently she rose. At last she lifted her head, her eyes drenched with tears. Her duty was at home-with her mother. Now she was glad, and as the old dream slipped away a new one took form. Mother-she was thinking of her now. "I'll hurry back to her," she said softly.

In the days that followed time passed swiftly. Joan was finding a new joy in housework. She moved about briskly, making the interior of their home neater and shinier, if possible, than it had been before. \* \* \*

Mrs. Wells glanced each day in growing amazement at her daughter. She smiled often, and there was something in her eyes which thrilled Joan through and through. Some strange, sweet message flashed between them, a message of love and understanding.

And then, suddenly, another event was scheduled for Joan and for her

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### THE MASTER AND THE CHISEL

Mary J. Preston

'Tis the Moster who holds the chisel: He knows just where Its edge should be driven sharpest To foshian there The semblance that He is carving;

Nor will He let One delicate stroke taa mony,

Of few, be set On forehead, ar cheek, when only

He sees how oil Is tending—and when the hardest The blow should foll

Which crumbles oway whatever Superfluous line

Would hinder His hond from moking The wark divine.

With taols of Thy choasing, Moster, We pray Thee, then,

Strike just os Thau wilt, os aften And where ond when The vehement strake is needed.

I will not mind. If only Thy chipping chisel

Sholl leove behind Such morks af Thy wondrous warking

And loving skill Clear corven on ospect, stature And face, as well

When discipline's ends ore aver, Hove oll sufficed

Ta mauld me inta the likeness And farm of Christ.

Lawrence E. Snyder

home town, Bloomington. The announcement appeared first in the "Bloomington Bugle," and when Joan read it her face was almost transfigured; it was such thrilling news.

> Get Into the Spirit of Song \$500 In Prizes To Be Given Away At The Bloomington Song Festival First Prize Is \$300

Joan read and reread the announcement. She would sing as she had never sung before for the Bloomington Song Festival, All sorts of happy thoughts twirled through her excited mind.

She fairly flew into her mother's room with the good news. "I'm going to win that first prize, Mother." Her blue eyes stretched wider.

"Why, it's a chance to make good right here in Bloomington."

An encouraging smile appeared on the face of Mrs. Wells. She got up and slipped a motherly arm around Joan's shoulders.

"I want you to be happy here at home, honey," she said solemnly. "I'll pray hard for your success. I'm doing it right now."

When Joan reached the Bloomington high-school auditorium it was already crowded with people. It was really a bit unusual, the willing-todrive-for-miles interest in the Bloomington Song Festival.

But outstanding events weren't happening every day in Bloomington and so the people decided to make the song festival an all-family affair. In fact, the backbone of the social life of the community was on hand for the occasion. Samuel Bronton, owner and publisher of the "Bloomington Bugle," was there. Alice Bannister, who had written several plays and a best-seller novel, garbed in glamour, was about half way back in the center section. Even Aunt Sarah Babcock had turned out for the event. and on her next birthday she would be ninety years old.

And before this large representative crowd of Bloomington people, Joan would soon have her chance to win the first prize. So much depended on her gift of song.

(Continued on page 25)

# .. Problem Page ..

Dear Editor:

After reading the Editor's message in November, 1945, issue, I feel led to relate to you a few of my problems in hope that you can help me reach some successful solution. The cowboy's story impressed me very much, and I share his opinion, but some of us are unfortunate enough not to be as free as he to choose exactly the things we desire, unless a bit of friction is created.

Here is my problem, and I consider it to be a very difficult one and am deeply concerned about it. I am a Baptist. Before I was married my wife and I attended the same church. In nineteen and forty-two I was called to serve our country and during that time my wife decided to join the Church of God. She consulted me first and, of course, I advised her to do as she felt led to do, but not to expect me to follow suit; I would make my decision later, if I was lucky enough to get back home. After all, we were fighting the war that we might choose to serve God according to the dictates of our conscience.

The above statements were made as plain and as explicit as I could make them, and I included that there shouldn't be any reason why we could not go on living a successful married life both in harmony and unity. I still maintain that we can, however, I am discouraged; I need help and plenty of it. I am still in the army, but upon arrival from overseas I went home for forty-five days. I expected to find things changed, after being away from home three and one-half years (who wouldn't), but not to the extent that I did find them. I attended my church three times, but when I didn't follow her there was strong resentment.

I am always open for advice and believe in good leadership, but after serving under a military clique for three and one-half years, one wonders if he isn't entitled to be free to choose the things he desires.

As you have thirty-six years of experience, I feel you can assist in helping me reach some successful solution. Your kind advice will be greatly appreciated.

Dear Friend:

Your problem is one of the many like it scattered about over our land. It is not so easy to answer so that every one will understand. I am sure you could not have gone to anyone for advice who understands your problems better than I. About thirty-six years ago I received the light on the holiness truths. It was very wonderful to me. My husband was a Presbyterian minister. It was very hard for me to take my stand in the face of opposition that would naturally come my way, but having once received light from God's Word I knew it meant darkness for me, spiritually speaking, unless I walked in the light. In 1 John 1:7 we find these words, "But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." So you see, it is important for one to walk in the light as God gives it to him. After I received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, according to Acts 2:4, it was so wonderful that I thought my loved ones and friends would all believe my testimony. I didn't see how they could possibly disbelieve. I was in Florida at that time and went back to my home in Ohio to spread the good news, but I found they did not accept it so readily. I can look back over the years now and realize how many mistakes I made in trying to make my loved ones and friends see my way. My zeal ran far ahead of my wisdom. Perhaps your wife's love and interest in you has caused her to do the same thing. There are many saints of God in the Baptist Church, in the Methodist, in the Presbyterian, and other churches. If they are washed in the blood of the Lamb they are our brothers and sisters and we should treat them so.

To the wife I would say, be glad that your husband is inclined to go to church rather than spend his time with the wrong crowd. It means something for him to come back from three and one-half years in service and still have an inclination to go to church. It would perhaps be good for you to change about sometimes and go together to each other's church, but be patient when one must go one way

and one the other. Leave the rest

You might like to read "Mountain Peaks of Experience or the Story of My Life." Order from Alda B. Harrison, Cleveland, Tenn. Price 25c.

Dear Sister Harrison:

As I was reading the December issue of the Lighted Pathway, I felt impressed to write you and ask for special prayer. I feel as though you can give me some advice and counsel through God.

I am a member of the Church of God. My husband also was once a member, but he is now a backslider. We have been happily married for sixteen years and have two precious children. He came home recently and said he was putting in for divorce. It was such a shock to me, and I haven't as yet realized it for sure. Please pray for God to undertake and save him so this terrible thing will not happen and the children and I will not be disgraced. He has no grounds and I have been as true to him as a person can be. I have done everything possible to be a good wife and mother. If I have failed, it has been through ignorance and no direct fault of mine. He wants me to sign an agreement so he will be free without contesting it. I feel as though that is wrong for I'll be breaking my vow made to him and God. Please pray for God to save him and save our home. I am heartbroken, and don't know what to do. He has always been so sweet and kind to me. He has never spoken crossly or raised his voice to me until this happened.

Please ask God for guidance and write me a letter of encouragement and advice such as God tells you. If you feel I need any counsel, please give it to me. I'll gladly accept it. I don't know how to write you, but maybe you can understand at least. I need prayer and help from God.

Will I be doing the right thing to fight the divorce? I feel I will be, but I want God's will and guidance in it. Pray for your heartbroken sister.

Dear	Sister	

Your letter makes me very sad. I wish I could help you, but there is no way I can do that only by prayer. I (Continued on page 26)

# Youth Personal Evangelistic Union

# INSTRUCTIONS HOW TO TEACH By Correspondence Department, Bible Training School

"Personal Soul Winning," by William Evans, can be successfully taught in fifty lessons, giving, on an average, four pages a lesson.

The course has a threefold aim: To prompt, encourage, and equip individual Christians to do personal work.

Accomplish this aim by:

1. Giving the first lesson on the importance of personal work to the individual nd to the church.

Giving them instructions for making a memory notebook. Use a small size book and write the location of the verse on the right-hand sheet and the quotation of it on the back. Then the verses will always be handy for review.

Memorize a class motto: Prov. 11:30b.

Choose a class song as they suggest.

The second lesson should begin with a study of "How To Memorize," page forty-nine in the text. Insist on location, accuracy, review, and practice.

- 2. The students will be encouraged to do personal work throughout the course, but especially so in the second and third chapters. Give them a memory verse with each element and qualification.
- 3. Beginning with Chapter 4 your chief aim will be to equip them. Always make a practical application of each lesson.

There will be from seventy to eighty scriptures in your memory book when you finish. These may be chosen from the author's suggestions in each lesson. From Chapter XIII on we do not memorize scripture, but learn locations.

Every third or fourth lesson should include a review of all memory work. This may be done orally by dividing the class and having a contest.

The new scriptures (two or three) should be quoted in unison and also written. A grade should be taken on the written work and then all grades averaged together for a final. To encourage accuracy, count off the full amount for a verse if one or more words are missed, or if the location is wrong.

Teachers, your course will be successful if you can instill within the students a burning desire to be a personal soul winner!

Dear Sister Harrison:

Greetings in Jesus' name from Washington and Oregon. We appreciate your good letter and the encouraging interest that you have in us in this section of the country.

I would like to have the detailed information about the Y.P.E.U. and the Loan Fund. I will be able to cooperate in a better way by having this information.

We are having some of the best district rallies I have ever attended. We are all quite enthusiastic about the work this year and believe that we are going to see a great result for Christ.

Really it is the most critical time I have ever seen for our youth, and we are interested in helping them.

We ask your prayers for us out in the Pacific Northwest.

Very sincerely,

C. C. Rains, Overseer, The Church of God in Washington and Oregon. Weatherford, Texas, November 21, 1945

Alda B. Harrison, Editor The Lighted Pathway Cleveland, Tenn.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Christian greetings.

I am in receipt of your good letter of October 24, and may I say that we also are willing to join hands and hearts with your forces for the greatest work that we have ever done in interest among the young people.

Since the Assembly, I have spoken to thirty-seven different churches; traveled several hundred miles in interest of our youth. The interest is great! Revivals have just broken out in our midst. Young people have been saved, sanctified, and filled with the Holy Ghost. God be praised for this.

At present I am touring the State again. Last night I was able to organize a Y.P.E. where they have had none for several years. I advised them

Scripture: "Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand," 1 Kings 18:

to order Lighted Pathways soon; this they were willing to do. You know, Sister Harrison, there are blessed people in Texas, so willing to work and cooperate. It is a pleasure to work with them.

Please send me more information on the Y.P.E.U. work. I am very interested in striving to help train our youth on the home fields. If the Y.P.E.U. is a move in this direction, which I feel that it is, I am greatly interested in this work.

Sister Harrison, you speak of putting every "ounce of strength, both physically and spiritually" in the promotion of the work among the young people. God bless you and your workers. Without exception, you've been the greatest leader among the young people in the history of the Church of God. May your great work continue.

If in the future I can be of any service to you, please consider me at your disposal.

Yours sincerely,
Manuel F. Campbell.

### An Excerpt From a Letter From Brother Campbell

Yes, I have received the literature that was sent from Headquarters and we are hoping to begin working on this in the near future. Please pray for us. Any suggestion from you will always be appreciated.

God bless you and give you strength to carry on your splendid work.

Yours sincerely,

Manuel F. Campbell.

### Good News From Dennison, Ohio

Mrs. Jennie Ely writes that they are organizing a Union at Dennison, Ohio. Thank you for the courage to launch out in the new field. We are believing for hundreds this new year. Write us of your success.

# Motto: "He That Winneth Souls Is Wise," Prov. 11:35.

FEBRUARY, 1946

# Prisoner's Page

Dear Friends:

We are so glad to hear from you. It is wonderful that Christ can find us anywhere. We are dedicating the poem on this page, "Seeking," especially to those who have not accepted Christ. He is in the lowliest places of earth seeking those who need Him.—Editor.

Dear Mrs. Harrison:

As a token of what and how much I appreciate the things you have done for prisoners like myself and others who are fallen, I would like for you to accept the enclosed offering of two dollars simply as a love offering to one that I am proud to call a sister in Christ Jesus.

I accepted Christ as my Savior on June 6, 1944, on the prison yard, after I had twice escaped prison and was shot and had to stay in the prison hospital for a long time, but God in His mercy began to work on my heart and saved my soul. Sister Harrison, if

Jesus can save me He can save any-

I can use gospel tracts and copies of the Lighted Pathway any time they can be sent to me, as I have received permission to receive Bibles, Testaments, and literature to distribute among the prisoners. I am not permitted to correspond with anyone, but I can remember you and yours in prayer. All the Christian brethren and myself wish you a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year.—Joe Hodge, Cell 3-C-53, Serial No. 31256, 818 Jefferson Ave., Moundsville, W. Va.

Thanks, Joe, for the offering, and God bless you.

Dear Christian Friends:

It does my heart good to tell you my story. I was born in the State of Maine in 1925. I joined the Navy in 1942. After serving two years I was discharged. Then I came to Rome,



Ga., for a short visit and while there I was sentenced to two years in the state penitentiary. Now, dear Christian friends, I want you to understand it was not the things I did do, but it was the things I did not do. I didn't keep the first and greatest commandment of all—to love God with all my heart, all my soul, all my mind, and all my strength. If I had kept this commandment, I would not be serving time behind prison bars.

I would enjoy answering all your letters, which I have been receiving, but I know it will be impossible. I hope to meet you all, if it be God's will, here on earth. Some of you wish to know my description. I am twenty years old, five feet and eight inches tall, weigh one hundred and ten pounds, brown hair and eyes. Again I wish to thank you all for your very nice and welcomed letters, and those that have written me please send me photos of yourselves. I ask your prayers and in return you have mine.

I was saved on July 4, 1945, when Brother Stewart, of Rome, Ga., and Rev. Williamson were holding a meeting here. I was called to the altar and by the grace of God saved. After nineteen years of sin, I found a most dear Friend and I praise His holy name. All of you please write to me. My address will be: Calvin Engstrom, Camden, Me., co Mrs. Earl Jordan.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I would like to thank all the Christian people for the encouraging letters I have received. They have encouraged me very much and I have been lifted up by the prayers that have been sent up in my behalf. I wish I could answer all the letters, but due to the institution rules I will not be able to do so. I have been re-

(Continued on page 26)

# SEEKING...

### Mary P. Gwyn

Not in some vast cathedral, rich and grand,
Nor work of sculptor's art, or painter's hand,
Though wondrous fair;
But in the very lowliest place of all,
Where humble tasks and simple duties call,
I find Him there.

Not in the organ's sweet, majestic roll,
Nor loftiest anthems, speaking to the soul
Of heavenly joys;
But in the silent watches of the night,
While craving strength to live and work and fight,
I hear His voice.

Not in some cloud of heavenly hue,
Whose matchless radiance reveals, anew,
His love and grace;
But shining through the darkest clouds of grief,
Bringing my burdened heart a blest relief,
I see His face.

Yet, though I may not feel, nor see, nor hear, Still must I not give room to doubts or fear, Nor downcast be;

For through the darkest moments of my quest, This blessed thought throbs, joyous, in my breast, "He seeks for me!"

# Endurance

GERALD BOATWRIGHT

Text: Matt. 10:22

"And ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake: but he that endureth to the end shall be saved."

We all have heard in the last few months much about this word. It is one that the governments of many nations have tried to secure—an enduring peace. Yes, we all agree that this is a very vital and essential need—one that the welfare of our nation hinges upon and yet, comparing the value of one's soul and that of the world, the endurance of one to continue in this heavenly race is equally important, if not more so, than the item that the world is striving in an effort to realize and obtain.

Our reward comes not in beginning. but we are told by St. John in the Revelation, the second chapter and the tenth verse, to "be ye faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." Never before in the record of God-fearing people has there been such a declension of members, as well as interest, of people who have one time known Christ as their Savior and have felt the presence of the Holy Spirit dwelling in their being. Brother and Sister, let us lay down <mark>our war</mark>fare, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not. When most people are questioned about their erroneous decision they usually reply as their excuse, "It is a little too hard." But Christ refutes this statement in Matt. 11:28, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Not that all will be happiness, but in all the sorrow there is joy with Christ as our guide. We should count our loss as gain, knowing for whom we suffer.

Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for everyone, And there's a cross for me.

Must I be carried to the skies,
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

No! Then let us, as Paul admonishes is in 2 Tim. 2:3, "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

### Appreciation for the Year Nineteen Forty-Five

The year 1945 has come and gone, and we want to express our thanks for all the precious memories it has brought. We want to thank you for all the good, encouraging letters we have received, telling us of the blessings the Lighted Pathway has been to you. It makes us happy to know that God has used this little instrument to help you along the way. God knows we want to be a greater blessing this coming year. If God spares us to see 1946 through, we not only hope, but we expect to do the greatest year's work we have ever done. And right here may I ask you to especially pray for my body to be healed and strengthened for His service. Many times I have thought I would not be here long. I have called upon you to pray and somebody surely touched the throne. Surely somewhere there are those now who can pray the prayer of faith for me. I want to thank God and you in advance for every prayer offered on my behalf.

We want to ask you to forgive us for any mistakes we have made. Perhaps you have written us and for some unknown cause we have not answered. Don't think we have meant to neglect you, but things can happen to a letter between the sender and the receiver. Always drop us a card if anything has gone wrong. If you send in a contribution to the paper, you must keep a copy, as we cannot promise to return manuscript or poems sent to us. If at all possible, send typed, doubled-spaced material. If your article is not published, do not think unkindly of us, for we cannot publish everything sent in to our office. It would take a large paper to hold it all. Please ask the Lord to direct in the material used in the paper, that God's plan may be carried out through us, and that we may be guided by His hand.

Study carefully each month the inside back cover page of the paper. I am asking God to stir your hearts to see the need of training our young people for the great work He has for them to do. How much can you do to help us? May God bless you throughout the new year.—Sincerely, Alda B. Harrison.

# GREETINGS FROM THE SPOKANE BIBLE SCHOOL

The Church of God is very fortunate in that it was able to buy the property located on Ash Street in the City of Spokane, Wash.

The Bible School moved here from Yakima, Washington, where it had been organized by Brother C. C. Rains, the state overseer.

This is only the third year for this school to operate, and we have an enrollment of fourteen students.

Brother G. W. Broome and wife are serving the school as cooks and dean. We appreciate their faithful service, which has included many things out of the line of duty.

Brother Rains, the state overseer, has shown a great interest in the school, and has done much to insure its permanent establishment.

Anyone desiring information concerning the school, its curriculum, accommodations, tuition, environment, etc., may write to the address below. All our students were saved when they came to school except one young girl, and she has been saved, sanctified, and baptized with the Holy Ghost since school started.

Pray for us.—Rev. E. E. Coleman, principal, 2604 W. Dean Ave., Spokane 11, Wash.

### **HOW GRACE TRANSFORMS**

At the age of sixteen, George Mueller, of Bristol, England, was imprisoned for theft and later, at the university, he lived a drinking, profligate life, acting dishonestly even toward his friends. At twenty years of age he came under the influence of the Bible and the miracle of regeneration was wrought. He who had been a thief was now so utterly a new creature that in the course of the years he gave away of the money sent to him for his present use no less a sum than \$135,000. And when he died his personal possessions were valued at less than \$1,000.—The Dawn.

# **\*** ur Poem

### THE CHRIST

Gwendolyn Niles

No artist ever drew the Christ I see within my mind:

Some paint Him grand and stern. and so

He is—but He is kind.

And others draw a frail, sweet Christ, But He is very strong:

Sometimes He wears the lightning's rage.

And sometimes He is song.

For all men see within the Christ The thing they most desire;

So one may find pure tenderness, Another—power, fire.

So John found love, and Peter strength.

And Luke a healing art; To some He was a mighty mind, To some a tender heart.

But no man knows just how He looked, For He was never seen;

Men only saw Him through the veil Their lives had made between.

Yet no man ever went from Him Unfed or unsufficed:

Our deepest need, our sweetest dream, Our answer is—the Christ!

### TWO BOXES

M. S. Hawley

I thought of it once as I sat by myself, And looked at some boxes that stood on the shelf.

One, so large, with a contrast so grim, A band-box for me, and a mite-box for Him.

I paid for my hat, and I paid for my gown,

And I paid for the furs that I purchased downtown.

And when I returned it was plain as could be.

A mite-box for Him, and a band-box for me.

I put in a sixpence; it did not seem right,

I could not be proud of that curious sight.

So I took out my check book and tried to be square;

For I wanted my giving to look like my prayer.

### THE SERVICE FLAG

(Dedicated to my husband)

MRS. W. E. DALE

We have a little service flag Of red and white and blue: It's shining in our window Reminding us of you.

You went to serve your country: It seems so long ago-I tried to be big and brave, But, Dad, I missed you so.

I have prayed every single night That God would keep you strong; Guide your step and keep you safe, Protect you from all wrong.

Those fishing trips and hunting hikes, I guess they'll have to wait 'Till you're back home to go with me. O Dad, won't that be great?

We love this little service flag With star so blue and bold; We're thankful that we haven't changed

For one with star of gold.

Soon we will welcome you back home And fold this flag away As just another souvenir. For you'll be home to stay.

-Your two sons.

### "THY KINGDOM COME"

If I only were an artist, I could paint the things I see-Or if I were a poet, I could tell it all to thee. But since that I am neither, I can only fill my heart With the beauty of God's making, And hope you'll catch a spark Of what I want to tell you Of the things He's shown to me, As I've wandered over mountains And have camped beside the sea.

I find God in all the scenery. Whether lofty peaks or plains, In hottest desert places, Or summer's cooling rains. They are all of His creation, Though altered some by man With the buildings, towns and cities, Tireless work of faithful hands. There is good the wide-world over, Though buried deep in sin, But the good will be uncovered When the kingdom's ushered in. -No name signed.

### IF NONE BUT YOU

If none but you in the world today Had tried to live in a Christlike way, Could the rest of the world look close at you

And find the path that is straight and true?

If none but you in the world so wide, Had found the Christ for his daily

Would the things you do and the things you say

Lead others to live in His blessed way?

Ah, friends of the Christ, in the world

Are many who watch you upon your wav.

And look to the things you say and do To measure the Christian standard true!

Then guard this treasure that you possess,

This power to hurt, or help and bless, And live so close to the standard true That others may safely follow you!

-King's Highway.

### LIFT UP YOUR HEAD AND SING

By Edna Marguerite Eaton

If you're tempted and tried on the journey of life.

And joy-bells have ceased to ring; If the night drops down with never a star.

Just lift up your head and sing.

If clouds of doubt sweep over your soul, And the hours of testing seem long; Your faith to the rock will firmly cling When you lift up your heart in song.

If you've come to a place where no light you see,

Just sing, and the victory you'll bring;

For the windows of Heaven will open wide

When you lift up your head and sing.

Life may be dark, or life may be fair, If you'll sing the darkness will clear; For the tempter will flee at the note of a song.

And you'll find that the Father is near.

How much of the burdens of life we might lift

If we'd sing as we go along;

Hearts that are weary would find comfort and cheer

And new faith at the sound of a song.

### THE EDITOR'S MESSAGE

(Continued from page 2)

mony? One must not be afraid to stand for the Lord anywhere.

A young man who had recently been converted, was asked: "What have you done for Christ since you believed?"

"Oh, I am a learner," he replied.

"Well," said his friend, "when you light a candle, do you do it to make the candle more comfortable, or to give light?"

"To give light, of course."

"Do you expect it to give light after it is half burned, or when you first light it?"

"As soon as I light it."

"Very well, go thou and do likewise; begin at once."

Shortly afterward, there were fifty more Christians in that town as a result of this young man's testimony.

In a south coast town a business girl was having a very hard time among her friends because she was a Christian. She was tempted to give up, but a preacher whom she consulted asked:

"Where do we put the lights?"

She was puzzled at the question, so he continued: "We put the lights in a dark place."

In a moment she saw his meaning, and realized that God had put her in those difficult surroundings that she might shine there for her Lord.

All girls like to be attractive. Some like it so much they will do every thing possible to be beautiful. They spend hundreds of dollars for cosmetics and clothes to make them satisfy the eyes of the world.

An English woman, speaking before the students of a girls' high school, asked how many of her hearers had the desire to be beautiful. Every hand went up. "Then be kind and loving," she replied. "Beautiful lines in the face come only from beautiful living. If a girl is kind in her heart, her face is sure to reflect it. Sympathy, love, peace, and all the other Christian virtues help to make the face beautiful. But these, too, must first be in the heart."

How true this is. The folks to whom one feels naturally drawn are those whose faces reveal happy minds and cheerful outlooks upon life. Feminine features hold much of loveliness because through ages past the feminine mind has busied itself constantly with gentle thoughts.

Kind deeds are, of course, the outward expression of kind thoughts in the mind. Therefore, when one makes a habit of thinking kindly, a spirit of kindliness fills one's entire being, showing itself not only in the features but in one's actions as well.

Girls, is your beauty link strong? What kind of beauty do you possess?

There is a simple story told of two famous Scandinavians, Ole Bull, the great violinist, and John Ericson, the great inventor, who taught the world to use the screw in steam navigation. The one was a Norwegian and the other a Swede. They had been friends in early life, but drifted apart and did not meet again until each had become famous. The old friendship was renewed on one of Ole Bull's tours to this country.

As Bull was leaving his friend, after a delightful visit, he gave him a cordial invitation to attend his concert that evening. But the matter-of-fact prosaic Ericson declined, pleading pressure of work, and saying that he had no time to waste on music.

Bull renewed his invitation time and again, finally saying, "If you won't come, I'll bring my violin down here to your shop and play." "If you do," replied the famous engineer laughingly, "I'll smash the thing to pieces." The violinist, knowing the marvellous, almost supernatural power of his instrument to touch and awaken the human heart into new life, felt curious to know what effect it would have on this scientific man steeped in his prosaic physics, so he planned a bit of diplomacy.

Taking the violin with him, he called upon Ericson at his workshop one day. He removed the strings and screws and apron, and called Ericson's attention to certain defects, asking about the scientific and acoustic principles involved, and discussing the different effects of the different grains of certain woods. From this he went on to a discussion of sound waves. Finally, to illustrate his meaning and his questions, he replaced the parts and bringing the bow softly down upon the tense strings, drew out a few marvellously sweet, rich tones. At once the workmen in the shop dropped their tools and listened with wide-eyed wonder. Ole Bull played on and on, with his simple great skill, making the workshop a place of worship. When finally he paused, Ericson lifted his bowed head and showed eyes that were wet. Then he said softly, with the touch of reverent awe in his voice, "Play on! Don't stop. Play on. I

never knew before what it was that was lacking in my life."

That is what men everywhere say when they come to know Jesus. They fight against knowing Him because of their ignorance of Him. Perhaps it is prejudice against theology of this sort and that; against some preaching, or church service, or some Christian people of whom they have unpleasant memories. But when love can once pry open the door, they passionately cry out, "This is what I need. This Jesus is the lacking thing in my life."

Boys and girls, your chain of life may be strong physically, mentally, and even be perfect morally, so far as the eye of men can see, but if Jesus is left out, when that great judgment day shall come, the chain will not hold. You may have become rich or famous as this man was; like him you will cry, "This is what I need. This Jesus is the lacking thing in my life." Then let us who know Him be insistent like the old musician, and help our friends and loved ones to accept this Christ of Calvary.

### **OUR YOUTH FOR CHRIST**

We are indeed glad to see the interest being taken in "The Youth for Christ Movement" in our Church. Plans are being made for conventions and rallies over the country. We will be very glad to have news of interest from these conventions for publication. We are more than anxious to cooperate with our young people in any forward movement for Christ and the Church.—Editor.

### A CORRECTION

We are sorry that Pauline Harding's page, which should have been "Bits of Inspiration," was by mistake headed, "Bits of Information." Please pardon this, Pauline.

# WHY I LIKE THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

Nita Mayfield

I like the Lighted Pathway because It's food to my soul—

It warms me up when I'm Spiritually cold.

It lights my pathway as onward I trod

And makes my soul hungry for The blessings of God.

I like the Lighted Pathway and I know I always will;

It helps me carry on, whether I'm well or ill.

So God bless its editor and surround Her with thy love,

Till we meet up yonder in Our blessed home above.

# NATIONAL Y. P. E.

### ANNOUNCEMENTS OF FORTH-COMING YOUTH CON-**FERENCES**

While we look forward to our first national youth conference, which will be held two days prior to the next General Assembly, some of the states are wasting no time whatever in preparing for one in their own programs. Beginning in January, the dates set for them already extend into the summer. State youth directors are working hard to arrange a great convocation that will not be easily forgotten, and the state overseers are right behind them, boosting in every way they can. That is one tribute to be paid our officials in the Church today: They are interested in the young people, and they're going to give them every available opportunity to make good. Why not take advantage of these possibilities ahead and make them realities? Attend at least one or two of these meetings this year, and let's help get this great new Youth for Christ endeavor in the Church of God off to a flying start. Those to whom we have talked are enthusiastic, and the youth conferences are scheduled to go beyond the greatest expectations of the fellow who isn't looking for big things to be done. Young people, get in there and do your part. You are needed more than ever before!

From all available information, here is the schedule so far:

### PENNSYLVANIA YOUTH CONFERENCES

January 18, 19, Odd Fellows Auditorium, Reading.

February 12, Chestnut Street Auditorium, Harrisburg,

Below, os compiled from the recards sent ta the General Overseer's office, are the national group leaders in . . .

### Y.P.E. Attendance for the Month of October, 1945

	,	
Group Stote	Total	Weekly Ave.
A—S. Carolina	19,084	4,771
B—Kentucky	_16,720	4,180
C—Illinois	7,476	1,869
D—California _	3,137	784
E—Kansas	2,004	504
F—Oregon	518	130
G—Colorado	170	43

<del>\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*</del>



C. M. TRUESDELL Associate Editor

### NORTH CAROLINA STATE PENTECOSTAL YOUTH RALLY

April 12, 13; place to be announced very soon.

### WEST VIRGINIA YOUTH CONFERENCE AND CONVENTION

May 3-5, Beckley. For further information, write Rev. J. L. Goins, State Overseer.

### MARYLAND YOUTH FOR CHRIST CONGRESS

July 23-26; place to be announced very soon.

### ALABAMA STATE YOUTH CONFERENCE

July 7-9. (Place to be announced.) (At least one member of the Youth Committee and other outstanding speakers expected; and so are you.)

GEORGIA AND TENNESSEE are having monthly and quarterly youth rallies on each district in the two stotes. They say the results ore mighty gratifying.

### **GET RIGHT AVERAGE**

Some state superintendents have divided their total attendance in the state by four to get the average ottendonce, when there were five Sundays in the month whose ottendonce they were checking. This should be wotched carefully, os on error of this sort would be unfoir to the competing states, although the porty who did it would certoinly not entertain ony ideo of unfoirness. It might be good for those who have trouble in remembering this, to moke o memorandum of the month in each quorter which cantains five Sundays.

BE SURE TO SEE THIS PAGE NEXT MONTH FOR OUR PICTORIAL REVIEW OF THE VIS!T TO OUR CHURCH IN GREEN-VILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA. THERE WILL BE NEWS OF INTEREST TO YOU. WE ARE SURE IT WILL BE BENEFICIAL ALSO.

### SUNDAY SCHOOL "BIG TEN"

Look over the "Big Ten" for the month of November, and you will note that South Carolina takes up half the roster. The other states must try somehow to keep this from becoming a habit. Below is the line-up.

### AVERAGE ATTENDANCE

Kannapalis, N. C.	680
Greenville, S. C.	
Atlanta, Ga.	436
N. Cleveland, Tenn,	425
Dillan, S. C	340
Canton, Ohia	332
Greer, S. C	296
Andersan, S. C.	294
McCall, S. C.	291
Lenair City, Tenn.	269
Lendir City, Term.	209

Below are the Y.P.E.'s reported with an average attendance of over 200. 

 Lenair City, Tenn.
 295

 McCall, S. C.
 284

 Dillon, S. C.
 245

Although the snow is on the ground, And frosty breezes blow, There isn't time to loaf around; Because our church won't grow Without a live-wire membership, Of which you should be part; We challenge you to take this tip: Get CHURCH WORK on your HEART!

STATE SUPERINTENDENTS: If you never send any information to us, why address letters of criticism our way? After all, who's to blame, the fellow who never sent the information, or the one who never received it?

Below, os compiled from the records sent to the General Overseer's office, are the notional group leaders in . . .

### <del>\*</del>\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* Sunday School Attendance for the Month of October, 1945

(Because of the November record yet.)  Group Stote  A—S. Carolina.  B—Kentucky C—Illinois ——California  E—Kansas ——F—Delaware ——G—D. C.	ne holida s are no	ys, the t all in
Group Stote	Total	Weekly Ave.
A-S. Carolina.	36,666	9,167
B—Kentucky	18,880	4,720
C—Illinois	8,740	4,720 2,185 1,798 574
D—California	_ 7,193	1,798
E-Kansas	2,295	574
F-Delaware	837	209
G—D. C	340	85
*****	****	*****

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# SUNDAY SCHOOL NEWS

### LATIN AMERICAN LETTER

Probably you wouldn't call this a young people's letter, but I believe you will appreciate it, just as I did. If there was ever a field for our young people, this is it. If you can read this description of the happenings just experienced by Brother Hargrave, without wanting to rejoice and cry at the same time, you're pretty strong emotionally, and hard to reach spiritually. Here is the letter exactly as received:

"I've just returned from my South and Central American trip. It apparently was a blessing to all concerned.

"Uruguay, and possibly Peru and Chile have been added to our mission fields now, for which I give God the praise.

"The Argentine church is tops. The principal church has over 3,000 members and they are on fire for God. I saw over 1,000 participate in the Lord's supper at one time. They require them to be Holy-Ghost-filled or else they don't partake. The church seats around 3,000 people and near that number were at the dedicatory service. Thousands of pesos in cash were given, and many rings, earrings, bands, etc., were also donated. A paralytic for seventeen years was instantly healed while I preached. He leaped to the floor and ran outside, around the parsonage, and entered from another door. Another who had to be carried into the church walked out alone. Over two hundred young people dedicated their lives to the service of God in a special youth service which I conducted on Sunday night after the dedicatory service. In one Thursday night service over 250 people sought the Holy Ghost and several were filled that night. At times it was impossible to preach because of the blessings that God sent. I only wish the homeland could be revived to the extent that these blessed people are. They are Church of God, too.

"I don't pretend to be much of a preacher, but even I could preach to them. On my last Sunday I was on the floor four times, preaching a total of over eight hours (shame on me), but they wanted even more preaching. I expect great things from the Argentine mission. I suppose they have one of the finest and best equipped churches and parsonages in the movement and they are high-class people themselves; bankers, teachers, secre-

taries, policemen, and one is the President's chief steward, and has been for twenty years. Well, they are fine people. They talk in the streetcars and in all places about God and the work He has done. Hundreds accept God monthly.

"Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, is the most beautiful city I have ever visited. It is a pity that we don't have someone here to open a work. I spent several days in Brazil but made no special effort at contacts since I was anxious to get back to the office work, and, of course, to Mrs. Hargrave and my boys.

"Respectfully yours,

"Vessie D. Hargrave."

### NOTICE

Any state superintendent, pastor, or member of the Sunday School or Y.P.E. who is considering the trip to Haiti with the group leaving the States around February 5, should get in touch with Brother Paul H. Walker, Chairman of our Mission Board, 2403 Elsinor Avenue, Baltimore 16, Maryland, (Phone "Forest 7745"), for necessary particulars, if there is anything you do not yet fully understand. This will be a wonderful trip, and I am sure our good friend, Missionary John P. Kluzit, will not let you down, but will see that you are amply entertained and cared for while with him. This will be something worth far beyond the cost, in spiritual and educational value, where thousands are receiving God in the land of Voodoo. Here are some of the scheduled events: Mass weddings of the natives; baptismal services for over 500 at once, with American ministers assisting; big convention at Cayes, with over 6,000 expected attendance, and a trip to the leading churches and missions sufficient to acquaint you thoroughly with our mission work in Haiti. This is a real opportunity!

NOTICE: Do not send any article for the national Y.P.E. and Sunday School page to Sister Harrison. This makes more work for her, and sometimes causes us to be late in getting your message to the page. Please send it to the Associate Editor, whose name is listed in the publication notice of your paper, and at the top of this page. Thanks in advance!

### NEW SUNDAY SCHOOLS CON-TINUE TO BE ORGANIZED

When I visit the office of the Assistant General Overseer each month for a report on them, he just grins pleasantly and goes to the files. Every report he's turned in is a good one. Here's the score for November:

Alabama	 3
California	 2
Maryland Tennessee	 2
Louisiana	 1
Oklahoma	 1

# LITTLE ADVENTURES IN THE LAND OF QUIZ

By C. M. TRUESDELL

Question No. 1—What mistake did Samuel witness Eli make that he himself later made?

ANSWER—The mistake was family favoritism. Samuel saw God reject Elibecause he allowed corruption on the part of his sons while they were in official positions. See 1 Samuel 2:22-26: 3:10-20: 4:11-18.

Years later, he became a party to the same offence, and was consequently rejected by the people of Israel, who chose a king instead. 1 Samuel 8:1-5.

Question No. 2—What garment caused Joseph most of his troubles temporarily, but was responsible for his eventual success?

ANSWER—The coats Joseph wore on two different occasions got him into as many embarrassing places, but were eventually responsible for his promotion in Egypt. See Genesis 37:3,4, 28-36; 39:11-21; 41:14; 41-44.

Question No. 3—How did Jacob's association affect Laban financially?

ANSWER—It definitely improved his condition, for Laban was poor when Jacob came to him, and was wealthy when he departed. See Genesis 30:27-30.

Question No. 4—Why did Jews have no desire to see God in person?

ANSWER—They feared that such incident would bring sure death upon them, basing this belief on God's words to Moses, Exodus 33:20. This explains

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# LETTERS FROM THE BOYS IN SERVICE



Dear Sister Harrison:

Greetings in Jesus' name and God bless you:

Saturday morning I received my copies of the Lighted Pathway, and I must say this was the most precious issue I have seen, I think. When I sat down to read it, my eyes fell on the poem about the fallen men, written by Brother Atkins. I surely enjoyed it for I cried more than I have in many a day. I also used it in the memorial service at the church here Sunday night. It really proved a blessing to every one.

And your editorial message was most inspiring too. I sat there last night on my bed and read of the goodness of the Lord while in the other part of the barracks some were cursing and some playing cards. But I had rather have Jesus than anything. The Lord is so good to me. I have just been chosen as young people's leader at the church in Bella Vista, Calif., this making my second church that I am young people's president of now. I wish you would pray that I might be a real leader to these people. I really enjoy working for the Lord.

The copies of the Lighted Pathway that I receive are distributed to the ones whom I think appreciate them more, and then I put some in the day room and here and there where they can be the silent preacher. I appreciate the paper and want to help spread its good tidings to all the world, that others may enjoy them as we do.

I really praise God for a wonderful person in the dear Church of God like you, who is doing the wonderful work that you are doing. You will only know in eternity the good you have accomplished.

May God bless you in your work for the good of the Lord.—Yours with honor, Clarence E. Cates.

Dear Sister Harrison:

The Lighted Pathway has been a blessing to me for the past five or six years. I have just finished reading the July issue. No words can express just how much I enjoyed it.

I was Y. P. E. president in my home town for almost a year and we had many good times together in our service. God blessed us in a marvelous way, but since I have been in the Army I have failed to live as I should. I ask all you good people to pray for me. There is so much wickedness around us and very few boys try to do right and reverence God. I want to come back to the Lord. I am sorry that I have gone back on Him. I was brought up in a Christian home. Remember us poor boys over here when you are praying. Without the Lord, we are lost forever.—Pfc. Roy C. McSwain.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Having just finished reading the October issue of the Lighted Pathway, I take this opportunity to say that I appreciate it immensely as it is interesting and encouraging to a fellow so far from home. I look forward each month to receiving this good Christian paper and I read it from cover to cover and really get a good blessing from it. I thank God for keeping me safe through this war. and I know that only through prayers that it was possible. I don't have the time here in the Navy to worship and praise God for all the good gifts that He bestows on me daily, but I am thankful that I can read my Bible daily and worship Him. We have church every Sunday here on the ship and I receive such a good blessing worshipping my Savior.

In the Navy we find so many who are unsaved. Please pray that my life in the Service may be a guide to those

### LET'S REMEMBER

GENEVIEVE PERRINE CHENEY

Some return with wounds and medals, Heroes brave and true.

Yes, we welcome them among us— Honor is their due.

But while heroes live among us, May we not forget Those who fell on foreign soil Where they're sleeping yet.

Those who loved them will remember How their lives they gave;
But the world will soon forget them In their foreign grave.
Freedom in our daily living We enjoy today.
Let's remember those who won it

In the bloody fray.

who are unsaved and that through prayers and close fellowship they may accept Jesus as their Savior.

Through every trial, I have found God's grace sufficient. I would appreciate any letters of encouragement from you and all readers of the Lighted Pathway. May God bless you continually in your work.—James D. Addison, Y 2|c.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Greetings in the precious name of Jesus who means so much to me. I am glad Jesus saved me after a life of sin in the Army. My heart cries out for lost souls here. They love the pleasures of the world more than God. It grieves my heart to know how some ridicule the Word of God.

There is a boy in my company who has salvation and we receive many blessings from our prayers together. We are praying for lost souls. The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few. The scripture says, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven." That is our heart's desire.

I have received June and July issues of the Lighted Pathway and they are spiritual food to my soul. Pray for me.

—Alvin Gouner.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Well, I have been able to leave my former station. We moved here by troop train. The trains are a lot like the trains in the States. The people here really like to ride them. They ride in the coaches, on top of the coaches, and anywhere they can hang on. This is a mountainous country. I suppose there will be much snow here this winter.

Our battalion chaplain is not with us here and only two of our colonels came to the place. The rest are back at the city where we first landed. Nevertheless, we had church services last Sunday evening in a building across the tracks from our building. This building where we had the services is supposed to be our mess hall after awhile. There was a good crowd at the services. We hope to have services there next Sunday evening, if it is God's will. Please pray that these Sunday evening services may continue

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# NEWS FROM BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL AND COLLEGE By . . . Helen Smeltzer

A Student Speaks
By Edward Wood

Educational advantages surrounded by a Christian environment is one of the leading steps in youth's progress. The Bible Training School offers its great variety of subjects to those who would study to show themselves approved before God and man. It is a place where one may become acquainted with Christ and begin a happy Christian life. God does not want His people to be lazy, but serve Him by being a blessing to others. This is one of the many advantages of attending Bible School.

However, many have never had the opportunity to attend Bible Training School as have others. The student loan fund will be a help to those who find it financially difficult to attend school.

The majority of students who come to Bible Training School learn to appreciate more thoroughly the advantages of an education. They also show their appreciation of the faculty, who is always ready to give personal advice as well as their regular teaching.

The students of Bible Training School fully realize that education without godliness is worthless. The following verse expresses clearly their sentiment:

"Lead me in thy truth, and teach me: for thou art the God of my salvation; o nthee do I wait all the day," Psalms 25:5.

# Trailer Town at B.T.S. By Myrtle Fleming

The first of September, 1945, Brother E. L. Simmons was faced with the problem of either turning away a number of married couples, or sending home four single people for each room occupied by married people. He could place four single people in one room or one married couple, but there was not room for all. The married couples could understand the problem, but they also realized God had not made a mistake in sending them to school.

After prayer, God opened up the way. Brother Merland Christian went to the bank to do some business, and the banker told him of forty trailers at Alcoa for sale at a reasonable price. Brother Christian came back to school and told the married men about the prospect. After prayer they went to

see about the trailers. The owner came down in price one hundred and fifty dollars per trailer. This was another answer to prayer.

Now at B. T. S. you will find a trailer-town of twenty trailers. When the men told Brother E. L. Simmons what they could do about the trailers, he had the water piped to the trailers. He was interested enough to help shovel some of the dirt. One night Brother Simmons gathered a bundle of rakes and shovels, with a group of boys, and they really made the dirt fly. The school also placed electric light poles and put electricity into each trailer. They are now building a bath house. It is easy to understand why the men insist on calling the town Simmonsville.

Simmonsville has a home atmosphere. In the morning the children go to public school and father goes to school at B.T.S. If mother can arrange her other duties, she takes a few subjects also. In the evening they all return to their own little home.

If one family in Simmonsville can help another, they are ready to do so. As a rule, they have an opportunity to help each newcomer, because who thinks of bringing a frying pan or an oil can to B.T.S.?

Already this year we have had two babies born here. There is a large field for the children to play in.

Mrs. Virgil Smith said they hoped soon to have a trailer-town prayer meeting.

This group of young ministers will always remember that God never fails.

# Senior Project By Vernon Harmeson

If you had walked into our administration building two weeks before Christmas, you would probably have noticed first of all, a table decorated in Christmas colors and music coming from a loud speaker. This would have automatically put you in the spirit of Christmas. The seniors were selling Christmas cards. This was just one of the numerous suggestions that had been put into practice to raise money for a Senior Class project.

The Senior Class of '46 took as their project the enlarging of the library. The library has always been very inadequate. Through many of the past years reference work and other work to be done in the library has had to be slighted because of this fact, so the seniors decided this would be a very good project.

They met in a joint session and discussed what the project would be. There were many suggestions, but two stood out above the rest. One was an organ for our chapel, and the second was the buying of books for our library. There were many good points of discussion for and against both, but the buying of books was the predominate. A vote was taken and the improvement of the library was chosen.

Since the season was Christmas and so many people send Christmas cards, they decided to obtain a good supply of cards and sell them to the school and also to students' parents and people of town. Stands were erected at different places in Sevierville, and some cards were sold to churches of adjoining cities. Sales were good but they had hoped to sell many more. It was estimated that about one hundred fifty dollars was in the treasury after sales were completed. This was somewhat short of what they had hoped to reach by the end of the year.

The Christmas season has gone for another year and left a glad note to stay with us, but still we are striving toward our goal. When the seniors put on another drive, let's get behind them and help them. All cooperation received from parents, pastors, Y.P.E. leaders, and friends will be greatly appreciated.

New Dormitory Soon Finished

Nestled at the foot of Zenobia Hill is our new girls' dormitory. As you approach the front of the dormitory, you notice a large space of ground that is to be made into a large beautiful lawn in the near future. Glancing at the building, you see three entrances. The main entrance has "Girls' Dormitory" written over it in large letters.

When you enter the building at the main entrance, you notice the dean's office on the left, and on the right is a stairway leading to the second and third floors. There are also stairways at the other entrances.

All three floors are built on the same plan and the second and third floors are almost completed. There are twenty-seven rooms, five bathrooms, and one living room on each floor.

The rooms are painted white with (Continued on page 29)

# V.P.E. LESSONS



# WHAT DOES YOUR CHURCH MEAN TO YOU?

Scripture lesson: Matt. 10:8.

How much does the Church mean to you? In the days when Christianity was very new, it meant more than life to Christians. They loved the Church and their Master so dearly that no sacrifice was too great for them to make. Nero called upon them to renounce their leader and their religion. but valiant men, women, and children refused. Then he sent out his soldiers to capture these daring Christians and take them to his great gardens. When they still refused to give up their faith, they were drenched in oil and tied to poles raised throughout the gardens; and at night the human torches were lighted for the emperor's entertainment. Many of the rulers seemed to vie with one another in the novel ways of persecuting the faithful followers of Christ.

Perhaps you are thinking: "Oh, well, that's ancient history! Things do not happen like that today." Last July a fine young Indian, who had been studying in a New York university, sailed for India. His parents are highcaste Mohammedans; his wealthy father holds a fine governmental position. When this young man became a Christian, his family disowned him, announced that their son was dead, and they would never see his face again. He became an outcast; his Mohammedan friends no longer recognized him. In speaking of his experience he said, "Sometimes I wonder if being a member of the Christian Church is worth that price; then I think of Christ and all He has done for me, and of all the Church has given to me, and I say to myself: 'Yes, if necessary, I'd do it again a hundred times. It's more than worth all the cost.'"

Last year a young Chinese Christian was captured by bandits and held for ransom. His parents were not wealthy, but after selling many of their possessions and obtaining loans from friends, they were able to send the money to the meeting place in the hills. The following night a package was left at the door of the parents' home. Upon opening it they found the

dismembered body of their son. When the case was investigated, officers found that the bandits had ordered the youth to renounce Christianity and to curse Christ. He refused, regardless of their threats, until in anger at his bravery they killed him.

Why were these young people willing to make such a sacrifice? They had caught a vision of Christ, strong enough to make the hardest death or most trying living something to be borne gladly for His sake. To them He was real, ever present, worthy of the best they had to give. They had a great love for Him, sufficient to change the entire course of their lives, to take away all thought of self, to make the impossible things possible. They had an all-powerful loyalty to their convictions. They knew what they believed and upon that belief they staked everything. They had been captured by a personality—the personality of their Master-and had allied themselves through the Church with His leadership.

Probably most of you will not have the opportunity to show what the Church means to you in the way these and countless other Christians have. Yet to each one who bears the name "Christian," comes the chance to make the Church and Christ mean more than anything else. The big test for the majority comes in the trying things of daily life, in the facing of problems, in the answer to questions of faith and belief, in the building of standards for conduct. What does the Church mean to you? An organization brings to you only as much as you give to it. If the Church means nothing, perhaps it is because you are giving it nothing. Give the Church more than the ragged edge of your time, more than the moments when you can think of nothing else you want to do. Give it the best that you have, and the best will come back to you.

Note: We are giving you this lesson to think out for yourself. Answer the questions from your own experience. Try to think what your church really means to you. Try to imagine what your life would be without your Church. How about asking a few of your young people to write short articles on this subject.

# HOW DOES CHRIST MEET THE NEEDS OF THE WORLD?

Scripture lesson: Acts 4:1-12.

It has been declared that "The need of the world for Jesus is as great today as it was when He ascended the cross on Calvary." What are the greatest needs of the world? Justify your list.

### DIVINE LOVE

Whatever else the world needs, it is dying for a bit of love, as a gospel song once put it. A tremendous urge has possessed men in every continent in our day to conquer the forces of nature and to harness them to work their will. But in doing that they themselves have been mastered; love has been smothered by the machinery. Speaking to a group of students, Dr. Toyohiko Kagawa, famous Japanese Christian leader, called upon his "take upon youraudience to selves the sacrificial cross of Jesus, bearing it upon your backs, helping the poor and weary, the outcast and desolate, for what men need today is love-love which is divine." How is Christ meeting the world's need for love today? How did He meet it when He was here among men?

### GOOD WILL

A world that is still staggering under the strain brought in by the most gigantic war of all time is in need of good will that forms the basis for a real brotherhood. What foundations must be laid before we can build good will? Who is doing the largest share of this work? What estimate would you put upon Christian missionaries as builders of brotherhood? How does the missionary go about his task of trying to show men and women that there are no essential differences between peoples? Why is it necessary for white missionaries in Africa to interpret the white race to the Negro

What is nationalism? What are the reasons why one nation believes that it is the superior nation and therefore divinely called to dominate other nations? How does Christ meet the need of the world for a more complete cooperation among the nations?

The religion of Jesus leaps all walls. His gospel for every man knows no barriers. It includes the following three essentials: 1. God made us all in His own image. 2. There is something wrong with all of us, something that makes it easier to go down than to go up. 3. There is only one person who can deliver us, Jesus Christ.

When you try to fix the guilty for the World War, assuming the truth of the second point stated above, why is it impossible to saddle the guilt on one nation alone? Do you think that all the nations must repent of their sins before they can live peaceably with one another? Why?

What has Christ to offer the world which other religions do not have? What means has Christ for getting His will done in the world? Name some of the organizations that are at work to realize His will. What can we do to aid them?

SCRIPTURES FOR YOUR TALKS A Lost world: 1 John 5:19. Salvation for the world: John 3:16. Need of teaching: Matt. 5:1-12. Need of Guidance: Acts 8:26-31. Need of Healing: Acts 3:1-11. Need of Peace: Rom. 5:1-6.

# HOW CAN WE WORK FOR CHRISTIAN UNITY?

Scripture lesson: John. 17:18-23; Phil. 1:27.

### INTRODUCTION

Our topic comes to us this time in the form of a question. I wonder if we have ever stopped to think seriously along this line. Some folks have been so narrow that they have decided there are no other Christian people in the world besides them. We have heard some say, "Well, I've moved into a community where there is no church of my own denomination. I'm just lost without a place to go," when there are other churches where they might go and get a blessing and be a blessing. You might not be able to make a display of all the things you believe, but you could let your light shine by being kind and living the life. Perhaps somebody might ask you from what church you came and then you could let them know and perhaps that would be a better testimony than you could otherwise have given. By this they will know that you have Christ in your life and then they may be willing to listen to your testimony of what God has done for you. There are many things in common in our churches and we should be glad to cooperate for the good of Christ's kingdom. Why not unite in doing what needs to be done, whether or not a denomination or a group of denominations is sponsoring the work. Loyalty in one's own denominational boards and agencies is essential and praiseworthy in a church member, and he should always be ready to follow where they lead. In addition to such service he may wish to unite with Christians of other denominations in doing an urgent piece of work which has not yet attracted the attention of the established agencies.

What many of us need today is wisdom. Some people's view is limited entirely to their own family or town or state or denomination. They cannot see beyond the interests of their group; they cannot feel the needs of outsiders; they fail to enjoy anything which is not related to their problems or ideas. Other people live in a world as large as the universe. They are interested in and informed about many fields besides their own. Their sympathy extends to those beyond their immediate family or social group. They are citizens of the world.

Let us use *Wisdom* as one of our subtopics.

### WISDOM

James 1:5.

Get your concordance and run the references, and see how many there are on this all-important subject. The churches of our nation need this to bring unity among Christians everywhere. Wisdom will teach us how to deal with our brother who does not see eye to eye with us. Wisdom will teach us how to mix and mingle with those of other churches without having that "better than" attitude. Some of us who have received this wonderful baptism with the Holy Ghost must remember there was a time when we didn't understand and still we know that we were born again.

What are some of the ways by which we could work together? First, each town could have its youth movement.

### YOUTH MOVEMENT

Our Christian youth from the different denominations need to come together occasionally for fellowship meetings. Perhaps a good Bible teacher, one who could wisely conduct such a meeting without too much reference to the controversial points, could be secured. This would not be compromising but just using wisdom which might lead on to the deepening of many lives. The great youth movement which is sweeping over our country is worthy of our consideration and we should do our part.

# FURNISHING WHOLESOME SOCIAL LIFE TO YOUNG PEOPLE

A good many young people's societies regard their parties and hikes as "bait" to attract people to their religious meetings. A good social program undoubtedly draws new people into the general activities of a society; but a good social program should be primarily an end in itself, a deliberate

and earnest attempt to furnish young people of the community one of the things they probably lack the most, wholesome social life together, "Loneliness is the major social evil." No one dares imagine how many young people are wrecked because, desperate from loneliness, they take too great chances. No one dares imagine how many young lives grow bleak or bitter for lack of friends and happiness. No one knows how many unfortunate marriages come from street "pickups" and dance-hall acquaintances, and in how many other young lives sex ideals are lowered, because churches have not cared to give youth the chance to meet under better auspices. Can you look level-eyed at the social program of your society? Is it free of all cliquishness? Do you really let lonesome young people know of your activities? When they come, do you give them a genuine welcome, and give them responsible work in your society the moment they are ready for it? Your parties, suppers, hikes, athletics—your whole social program is not mere "bait." It is one of your real opportunities of service to the youth of your community.

Where people are engaging in evangelistic effort, we should all join in to get souls saved. But you say, "I could not engage in an effort to get souls saved when they do not lead them on into the deeper experiences." Well they must get saved first. That is a great experience and they can not receive the deeper experiences unless they are first saved. So make a special effort to get folks saved and leave the rest with God.

Perhaps this will give you a chance to lead them on. Wisdom and love is what we need to help us to work in unity with other Christians.

### DAILY BIBLE READINGS

Spiritual Union—John 17:20, 21. Jealousy Hinders Union—1 Cor. 1:10-18.

Respect All Christians—Gal. 3:26-29.

Prophecy of Unity—John 10:16. Unity in Christ—Eph. 2:14. Success Through Unity—Neh. 4:16-23.

NOTE: In the study of this lesson there will be many different opinions, which will make it interesting. Many perhaps will not agree with us. Bring out the different thoughts but do it in love. Study this subject and use appropriate songs. Bring out other ways in which we can work together.

### BIBLE LESSONS

Dear Friends:

We are asking for this little information. We are wondering how you are liking the Y.P.E. lessons. If you are not having success, please write us what you think would improve them. Please do not be afraid to give your opinion. If you are not using them, tell us why. You will help us very much by writing your opinion. If you have good ideas along this line, don't keep them to yourself; let the church have them. Someone has suggested we make out a program with each lesson, choosing the songs, etc. We can do this, but we think for our young people to have some responsibility is better. I think the whole trouble with our Y.P.E. is that very few are interested enough to work and pray and plan for a good meeting. So many wait until so near the time to appoint their leaders that the leader is handicapped. and must rush through his preparation, no time to pray or prepare.

Leaders of young people, pastors, and observers, please write us. Send us some good programs. I may not be able to publish all of them, but it will be good training for you to write them anyway. Keep a copy of what you send in. If you are not an expert now, by doing this it will develop writers for the future, whether or not the material is published. Please cooperate with us in our work as we are anxious to be a blessing to those who need our help.—Editor.

# HOW TO KEEP AN EXPERIENCE WITH GOD

By Hope Goodman Leader's Thoughts

We have been studying for the past two weeks, why we need an experience with God and how to have an experience with God. Backsliding is the greatest tragedy that can befall a child of God. Quite a few backslidings have frequently occurred simply because the pastors and evangelists have failed to teach their new converts how to keep the victory. Therefore, we feel that now the numerous summer revivals are over, this is a needed topic for discussion, not only for the older Christians, but for our young converts.

# READ THE BIBLE DAILY Acts 17: 11

"Then said Jesus . . . If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth

and the truth shall make you free," John 8:31, 32. The Bible is to the Christian what a compass is to the pilot of a ship, a pattern to a seamstress, or nourishment to the body. It points out heaven to us, then shows us how to get there. It teaches us patience; it comforts us. It is definitely essential to the Christian life. Therefore, we need to study the Word of God so we can know the truth, know what God expects of us, that we may be His disciples.

### PRAY REGULARLY

"If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." John 15:7. "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much," James 5:16. When everything else fails, a little talk with Jesus makes things right. We must talk with God. Daniel prayed three times a day. We feed our physical bodies three times a day, so why not feed our souls three times a day? Our souls get hungry just as our bodies get hungry, and if we don't feed them they will also get lean and weak and finally perish, as a result of diseases, such as bad temper, hatred, and things that spring up in our lives due to lack of prayer.

Not only should we have our regular prayers throughout the day, but also we should have special little treats similar to the things we enjoy during the day ordinarily, like candies, cakes, and fruits. We should offer up extra prayers and praise to God. In fact, we should pray always, without ceasing, praying to God and containing grateful praise to God deep in our hearts for all the wonderful things bestowed upon us that we are so unworthy to receive.

### LET THE SPIRIT OF GOD DWELL IN YOUR BODY

1 Cor. 6: 19, 20

Jesus said, "I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever; even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him; but ye know him, for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you," John 14:16, 17. The Holy Ghost is for us, therefore it would be foolish not to accept Him. He will make it easier for us to resist temptation; He will comfort our heart in time of trouble; and He will help us to understand the Scriptures more.

### DO NOT NEGLECT WORSHIP

"Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is . . .," Heb. 19:25. The church will not take us to Heaven, but we need to be in service. There we can receive many blessings we would otherwise be denied. We can worship God together in song, hear the good testimonies of brothers and sisters in Christ, and help bear one another's burdens. We can hear inspiring sermons that will encourage us and help us to live better. God's blessings are just naturally upon a people that will unite themselves for the sole purpose of worshipping Him.

### GIVE AS YOU ARE ABLE Matt. 10:8

"Freely ye have received, freely give," Matt. 19: 8. "Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver," 2 Cor. 9:7. There are mission funds, orphanage homes, Sunday schools, and numerous causes to which we may give to help advance the kingdom of God, not only by the means of our money, but also of our time.

Quite frequently we find God calls individuals to give their lives as ministers or missionaries. The happiest people in the world are those who do heed the call of God and give freely to His cause.

# TRUST CHRIST FOR VICTORY OVER SIN AND TEMPTATIONS James 4:7

"There hath no temptation taken your but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it," 1 Cor. 10:13. Trust God with everything. He will give you strength. He will never allow anything to overcome you if you will trust Him. If you want to be kept, nothing can separate you from the love of God.

### WITNESS FOR CHRIST Acts 1:8

"Return to thine own house, and shew how great things God hath done unto thee," Luke 8:39. By our testimonies we overcome. Not just in church services, but in our daily lives, should we speak a word for the Lord. Someone told us about God and there are others who need to know about the love of God, just as we did. And if we don't tell others about Him, (Continued on page 26)

### JOAN'S GIFT OF SONG

(Continued from page 11)

Most every seat was filled now, and it was almost time to start. A flood of emotion went over Joan as she halted near the stage to get a good look at her audience. Her mother was there, too—one face among the many.

Her mother!

She was there to hear her sing to encourage her to sing joyfully the songs that she loved best.

Now, as she waited for her turn to sing, thoughts of that little mother crowded through her mind. All through the long years of her childhood and young womanhood she had fought and struggled for her comfort and happiness. Back through the years, in those long-forgotten days, she had given a heap of livin' to make her yoke easier and her burdens lighter. And in the hard struggle to keep their home together, back in those rock-a-bye, hush-a-bye days, her tears had often blended with the stitches as she made tiny little clothes or mended garments that a baby-Joan— had ripped or torn.

Promptly on the dot of eight, Sam Thatcher, chairman of the Bloomington Song Festival, arose from his seat near the row of judges and welcomed the enthusiastic crowd.

"You see, the contest is the newest thing in the country," he went on with one hand in his left pants pocket and the other on his right coat lapel. "This contest tonight will be the beginning of greater and better things for Bloomington, and I'm glad that the house is packed. So now let's sit back to enjoy a treat—the song birds of our own community."

Joan liked the speech that the chairman made. His belief in them—in her—was heart-warming.

She sat up a little straighter; determination flashed in her blue eyes. She'd not disappoint the crowd, Mr. Thatcher, or her mother.

Joan's turn to sing came near the end of the line-up of the contestants. And after hearing some of the other songs she was not so sure about the winning of the first prize. Especially the baritone—when he had ended his "Deep River" the crowd applauded for several minutes.

There was a strange silence, however, in the crowded auditorium when Joan arose to sing. Joan Wells! Many Bloomington people knew about her New York offer, and as she stood there, transfixed, twisting her fingers a little, a wave of emotion swept over

And then-

Sweetly, softly, and bell-like notes of an old familiar hymn floated on the air—

"My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be holy thine."

The beautiful hymn! Its faith! Its strength! Its hope! And Joan Wells was singing it— singing it with the sublime spirit of song in her heart.

A prayer hymn it was, really—lifting the soul toward heaven.

"May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire."

As the notes of purest silver floated out with their message of cheer and comfort, Joan's eyes searched for one face among the many. Mother—a small, slender figure who was looking up at her child, enraptured.

"When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul."

When the last word of the hymn had rolled away the audience remained silent for a minute or more. The golden voice of the singer, the beauty of the hymn had robbed them for a while of speech and motion.

Then, after the spell was broken, a thunder of applause shook the building. It was a heart-to-heart triumph, and no one had any doubt in his mind as to the winner of the first prize.

Joan's singing had lifted the souls of that large audience higher, turned faces upward. "Softly it wove itself into their dreams."

\* \* :

It was the next day when the doorbell rang excitedly. Joan hurried to answer it, and met at the door two men, the chairman of the song festival, Mr. Thatcher, and a tall stranger with a pleasant smile.

"Joan," said Mr. Thatcher, a queer expression in his eyes, "This is Mr.

Case. He has a little news for you."

With a pair of blue eyes shining, expectant, Joan acknowledged the introduction and ushered them into the living room.

When they were all comfortably seated, with Joan's heart beating very quickly, Mr. Thatcher smiled at Mr. Case, the queer expression still in his eyes.

What did the men want? Joan tried to smile, calmly, but she had a hard time doing it.

Mr. Case waited a few seconds and then looked across at Joan.

"Miss Wells," he said in a pleasing tone, "I came here to see you about your singing. I was at the song festival last night and heard your hymn. You sang it well."

Joan smiled. "Your praising my number makes me very happy; I enjoy singing."

"Enjoy it." Mr. Case looked at her with a sincere look on his face. "You live your singing. There's music in your soul."

Joan flung a glance at Mr. Thatcher and was astonished at the tense excitement that she saw in his face. He was greatly pleased about something.

And Joan was soon to learn what that something was, for Mr. Thatcher joined in the conversation.

"It's true, Joan; you have music in your soul, and that's the kind of music Mr. Case is wanting just now."

Joan stared at the men blankly. What did Thatcher mean? She had an answer to her mental question a second later.

"You see, I'm here," exclaimed Mr. Case, "with a contract for a radio feature. Would you consider an offer?"

Joan's heart leaped. "But—but I can't leave my mother," she explained quickly. "She needs me."

Mr. Case nodded. "Of course your mother needs you, but"—he paused to surprise her—"you won't have to leave your mother."

At that moment Joan felt there was nothing in life she wanted as much as to use her voice for the radio. But such a dream had always seemed too far away.

"Do you really mean that I can sing for the radio without leaving my mother?"

"That's just what I mean." He pulled the contract from his pocket. "This feature will be sent out over WHW from your own home. The feature will be 'Hymns Your mother Sang,' and your own mother will

furnish the inspiration from her own fireside. Will you sign a contract for such a feature?"

"Will I sign it?" There were tears of joy in her blue eyes when she answered. "To broadcast such a beautiful feature would make me the happiest person in Bloomington. I'll do my best to please the radio listeners."

"Your choice will charm them," replied Mr. Case, "and here's the contract I'd like to have you sign."

Joan's happiness flooded the room. A radio feature in home sweet home. Hymns that her own mother sang. How wonderful!

And turning to Mr. Case, her blue eyes glowing, she said, "I'd sign my name a dozen times to such a contract, Mr. Case."—The Watchword.

### PRISONER'S PAGE

(Continued from page 14)

ceiving many nice letters from all over the country and I greatly appreciate receiving them. I will continue to pray for you, and please keep praying for me. I need your prayers. There are many evils to influence us here, and I did something a few days ago that I should not have done, but Jesus forgave me for it. He is so willing to help us in time of need and is merciful to all. He tells us in John 14:2, "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you." I want to be entitled to one of those mansions.

Sister Harrison, my eyes are in a critical condition, and I need glasses badly. I haven't the money to pay for them and my folks are very poor and unable to buy glasses for me. I haven't been able to read the Bible as much as I would like to. I expect glasses here would cost about \$21.50. Well, I must close. God bless you.—Albert Gloyd, Cell 3-C-33, Serial No. 32611, 818 Jefferson Ave., Moundsville, W. Va.

### NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS

Wishing you every happiness in the new year. The best of wishes from one of your prisoners who will be free January 29, 1946.—James L. Knowles, No. 32594, 818 Jefferson Ave., Moundsville, W. Va.

Dear Mrs. Harrison:

As I have been given a copy of the Lighted Pathway, I was wondering if you have a special fund to provide them for inmates of penal institutions, if so please send it to me. I have been a Christian for six months, and

I am trying by His help to serve Him. I am sick and I know the Lord is able to heal me, so please pray for my healing. I am thankful for the Church of God and what it has done for prisoners, and I trust that some day I'll be able to worship with them in the free world. I have been in prison four years, and have five years and ten months yet to serve. Please pray for me and my loved ones.—Jay Wilson, Cell 4-C-6, Serial No. 31777, 818 Jefferson Ave., Moundsville, W. Va.

## TO THE RECEIVER OF THIS LETTER

All mail received is officially opened and read.

In addressing mail to prisoners, put their full name and number on envelope.

In sending money, send money orders only.

All parcels sent must be charges prepaid.

Place your return address in full on outside of envelope. Sign your name in full. The same name must appear for return address as that signed to end of letter. Envelopes must not contain letters from more than one person.

NOTE: Don't fail to send in your contributions for the fund to send papers to the jails, penitentiaries, hospitals, etc. We do not receive enough to send papers to all who request them. Remember that there are thousands of our boys who have left the battlefield who are in the hospitals today and need our help and the inspiration that the Lighted Pathway will carry to them.—Editor.

### LITTLE ADVENTURES . . .

(Continued from page 19)

Peter's conduct when he recognized Christ as God after the miraculous draught of fishes, Luke 5:8-10; the terror of Zacharias at Gabriel's appearance in the temple, Luke 1:11-13; and Mary's fear in the angel's presence later, Luke 1:28-30. They feared that any heavenly visitor might be God.

### QUESTIONS FOR NEXT MONTH

- 1. Who were the Kenites?
- 2. Was Caleb an Edomite?
- 3. Where did the idea of tying a string around the finger for memory's sake originate?
- 4. Give the various names of the Sea of Galilee, and the reason for each name.

### PROBLEM PAGE

(Continued from page 12)

have sent your request to the Publishing House prayer room this morning. We are depending on God to help. Each morning, 'til the time you mentioned, we will carry your request to the throne of grace, hoping and trusting that God will undertake and that suit for divorce will not be entered.

I would certainly contest the divorce and save my home if possible. If you have failed in any little thing, ask his forgiveness and resolve to correct whatever is wrong in the home. The children need a daddy. A broken home is a terrible calamity.—Ed.

# HOW TO KEEP AN EXPERIENCE WITH GOD

(Continued from page 24)

who will? Therefore, let us strive to please God by telling others about Him. Then we will be making other folks happy, be happy ourselves, and when our pilgrimage is over in this world we will receive an eternal home in Heaven, too.

### FRESH COURAGE TAKE

Oliver R. Haslam

Does God answer prayer when my heart is crushed,

And cries for help in need?

When burdens are heavy, and roads are rough?

When friends cannot go with me far enough,

And there is none to lead?

Does God understand when I suffer alone,

With aching heart and sad?

When misunderstood by my dearest friend,

And wounded and left with none to defend,

And naught to make me glad?

Does God see my plight when I'm all perplexed,

And know not what to do?

Does He know? does He care? does He comprehend?

Are His promises true? is He still my Friend?

And will He see me through?

O soul of mine, fresh courage take; With faith in God still trust.

Look to the hills; pray on! pray on! The darkest night will soon be dawn! God answers prayer! He must!

—The Free Methodist.

# Mission Page

# THE YOUNG PEOPLE VISIT OUR "MIRACLE MISSION" IN HAITI

By JAMES WILLIS ARCHER

(Continued from last issue)

At present our mission work in Haiti is divided into six major districts, each having one large central church which they call their district headquarters. The district pastor also has under his supervision sub-pastors and missionary evangelists, each one with his own number of churches or circuit to supervise. These evangelists in turn have under them other workers, each one of whom is in charge of one main church, together with from five to seven preaching stations. Because of the great growth of the work since the reopening of the churches in Haiti, Brother Kluzit is planning to form several new districts out of the big six major districts and place a sub-pastor in charge temporarily until he can qualify for the responsibility. As the evangelists become sufficiently trained and experienced and show sufficient capacity, they are ordained as pastors. This gives us a pretty good idea of the work in Haiti and how well organized it is. But let's not keep these good folks of Fort Jacques standing around while we talk to one another. That's right, pass right around and shake hands with each one. We wouldn't want to slight anyone of them, for we love them in the Lord. Now to the horses and mules, for those clouds that are coming so fast over the mountains might bring a shower to us. We'll hurry as fast as we can to the car—it'll take us about an hour to get there, even so.

We can't enjoy the scenery much with those clouds hovering over the pathway ahead of us. But even if we do get wet, when we get to our nice room in Brother Kluzit's home, we can dry ourselves, change our clothes, and have a warm meal. Most of those people we met today don't have even a change of clothes. That's why attendance falls off in the rainy season. Many of the converts on these mountain sides didn't come to the service today, because they don't have "proper" clothes to put on. The native workers visit them in their homes, and when they are converted, the workers keep visiting them and encourage them until they can manage in some way to get some clothes, even to borrow a few pieces, to come to church, But at the "all-night watch services," when a prayer meeting is held all night long. once each week, there are many more people that attend, because in the nighttime their clothes cannot be so easily seen. This kind of work takes a lot of visiting. Brother Kluzit says they have more than 160 workers who give practically all their time to the gospel work, and then there are ever so many others that are called the volunteer workers—over 450—and in some missions the pastors there claim that every member is a volunteer worker, to take care of all this visiting.

Tonight, we promised to be back in Port-au-Prince to continue the subject we just touched on last night at the radio and baptismal services— "The Soon Coming of Our Lord." I wonder if those folks that walked all the way from the city up to the top of Fort Jacques last night will be there at Port-au-Prince tonight? No wonder there is a continual revival going on here in this country of Haiti, when people will walk up high mountains and long distances just to hear the Word of God preached! Then, tomorrow, early in the morning we are to be off on a long visit to two other of these major districts along the south side of the bay, where we have about sixty candidates to baptize in each district. I guess we will have to miss the radio program in Creole tomorrow night, and we won't even have a

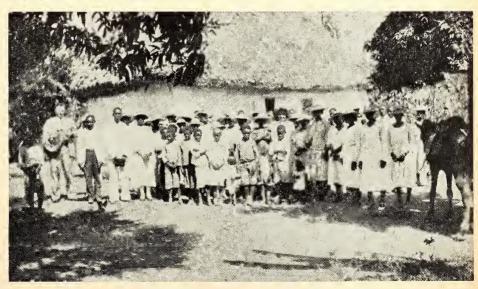
chance to hear it over the radio because we may be traveling, but if we get to a little town we can stop long enough to listen in.

Hello, Billy! It seems good to see you up again after your severe fever. I was afraid it was going to be malaria. Brother Cross had it while he was down here and we nearly lost him. He was terribly sick with fever and out of his head for a long time, but the Lord was good to him and to us and pulled him through. I believe that's why he has such a great love for missions—he suffered like a missionary on one of his trips to Haiti here and almost died—but the Lord spared him so that he might continue in missionary work.

But here we are at the car, with those thick clouds hanging heavier yet, and our clothes feel all damp from the moisture in the air, but I am very glad it hasn't started to rain. It's good to get off those mountain ponies, and mules, too; they weren't too comfortable, but I was glad it was my mule that had to pick his way over that rocky path instead of my feet. Brother Kluzit has walked over that path many a time, when there weren't any ponies to meet him. This is a big difference, from going five miles an hour on horseback to twenty-five miles an hour in this car.

Back home! Already we are looking at the missionary home like the sailor looks to his haven in the time of storm. Yes, we can say this little refuge looks might good to get back to, and we can really say, with thanksgiving to your fathers and mothers

(Continued on page 29)



Rev. Paul H. Walker on one of his trips to Haiti

# LOREIGN MISSION

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have read your message to boys and girls in the Lighted Pathway in the August paper. It made my heart rejoice to know that God is blessing and enabling you in dear America to give the young people an education so they can go out and preach this wonderful salvation. I wish we had a Bible School like that in Germany. Right now we have precious young people who desire to be trained, but where shall they go? Nobody is preaching this wonderful truth like the Church of God preaches it. Will you please pray for us that Brother Lauster can come back soon and God will help us and show us a way? We are very much encouraged to go on.— Sister Lauster, missionary to Germany.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Today we received the Lighted Pathway—the first one again after six years. It made my heart rejoice to read all the good things. It thrilled our soul. We had to do without it so many years, but dear mother and father had told us many times about the great Church of God, the Y.P.E., the Lighted Pathway, and Bible School.

I will be eighteen years old this month. I was born in America and I hope soon the way will be free for me to return to America. I love to read the letters from the boys in Service and often talk to American soldiers, and I love them. Yesterday Sgt. Underwood came to see us, the first Church of God soldier that I have met. We surely had a good time in the Lord.

If there are any of the church people who have boys over here in Germany, they should write their boys to come to our church services in Stuttgart—Muenster Moselstr 113 to Brother Otto Londer. We are having very good services here and would be glad to have them come. Please pray for us!—Walter Lauster.

NOTE: God bless you, Sister Lauster and Walter. We hope soon to be able to send you help and I trust that you, Walter, will be able to return to the U.S.A. to attend Bible Training School and College.

### MISSION IN THE HOME LAND

In Greenville, S. C., the picture below was taken about two years ago. This group of children came from the slums of the city. Very often we heard of small crimes committed by young negro children. Upon investigation, we found



cause the need for Christ was so great, Sister Addie Hambey and I organized a Sunday School class on the front porch of one of the homes. Through the power of God, this community was changed and there is now, possibly through the seeds sown in these children's hearts, a Church of God where they may worship. Christ for all!—Lula

M. Hudson.

no Sunday Schools, no churches, and very few peo-

ple who loved the Lord. Be-

Dear Young Readers:

I feel proud of having the opportunity to send in a report to the Lighted Pathway. Our Y.P.E. was organized in February, 1942. We started out with twenty-six members and now, up to this present date, we have forty members and a few who are not enrolled.

We had a good attendance in all of our meetings the past year. The young people seem sincere in what they are doing, because now I could say that our Y.P.E. is right over the top for Jesus.

There are ten special young men and women in our Y.P.E. The five brothers are called the Happy Five and the five sisters are called the Faithful Five. They give short talks and sing every Thursday night.

We have three outstanding Christians in our Y.P.E.; namely, Brother Elisha Pyfrom, Brother E. A. Sands, pastor, and Brother Otis Cooper, assistant pastor.

Brother Elisha Pyfrom is the president of the Y.P.E. and he is surely interesting with his talks. He encourages the young people to press forward. We love him for our president. Pray that God will spare his life to always be with us to encourage us on.

I am the secretary of the Y.P.E., and I do hope to continue in sending in my reports monthly to the Lighted Pathway. Pray for us that we might ever keep the banner of Christ floating in the air.—Hester Hall, Rock Sound, Bahamas, B.W.I.

Dear Readers:

I am very glad to report to you al about our Sunday School at Rock Sound. The Sunday School is progressing fine. We had eight hundred people in our Sunday School during the year of 1944. We also had an increase in membership. The Lord has been with us throughout the past year

Our superintendent encourages us to move on. Please pray for our Sunday School at Rock Sound, that God will ever be with us throughout the year.—Marjorie Sands, Rock Sound Bahamas, B.W.I.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Greetings in Jesus' mighty name My soul rejoices in Christ, praise the Lord, when I consider the great Church of God. My request is, Siste Harrison, that you will pray for Panama mission field. Satan is working very hard here with the young and old. We want a revival here in Panama. Panama is in distress spiritually. She needs the Christ of God, spray, fast, tarry for the Church of God here.—Noel H. De Sauga, Box 3120 Anco, C. Z.

NOTE: We received this lette some time ago from our young Brothe De Sauga. We are publishing this let ter that you may take the work or your heart and pray for them. I ar sure Noel would be glad to get letter from other young folk. I do not known his age but I am visualizing him a a young man, perhaps yet in his teen. Is that right, Noel? Pray much for this mission field.—Editor.

### NEWS FROM B. T. S.

(Continued from page 21)

cream woodwork, and in each room there are two closets much larger than the closets in the old dormitory.

The bathrooms are beautifully finished in black and white tile. In each bathroom there are two showers and a dressing room for each shower.

From the front rooms there is a beautiful view of the campus, the administration building, the boys' dormitory, and a general view of the whole town of Sevierville.

The second and third floors will be ready for use by January 25, the beginning of the second semester, and the entire building will be completed shortly thereafter.

# THE SPIRITUAL CHEMISTS By Edgar Mastin

What would the world be like if it were not for the men we call chemists? Almost anything one can refer to in the world of today, the chemists have either made or improved.

If we ride in an automobile, the ride is simply wonderful because we glide along on rubber tires, with a well lubricated motor and high-powered gasoline. For all of the new inventions of our day we have to give the chemists much of the credit.

Chemists know things because they experiment with different elements, putting them together and tearing them apart. For example, the chemist knows if he puts two atoms of hydrogen and one atom of oxygen together he has water, which he calls H<sup>2</sup>O.

The people of the world are certainly depending on the chemists for numerous things, which they could not have if it were not for chemical research.

The chemist who experiments with the natural things can not satisfy the basic need of the world, which is the satisfaction of the soul of man. Therefore, it seems logical that the world is in need of spiritual chemists, who will formulate a formula whereby the world can obtain that which it needs so much.

It is true that down through the centuries, spiritual chemists have formulated certain formulas and Christian people have followed them. For example, Noah gave the world the formula which might be called OWP<sup>2</sup>, which means one part obedience, one part work and two parts patience. Spiritually united together they give proof that God will save His people

who apply this formula, while the rest of the world is perishing.

Abraham also gave the world a wonderful formula, which might be expressed F<sup>2</sup>W, which means two parts of faith plus one part of works.

This formula will do the same for the Christian people of today as it did for Abraham. It will lead us out from among sinners and take us to a beautiful land far away.

Daniel also gave a spiritual formula to the world, which may be expressed P<sup>3</sup>D which means prayer three times a day will give us special favor with the King (King Jesus).

There have been numerous other formulas given to the world, such as the TUED, which means tarry until endued with power from on high; FPM, follow peace with all men; and LYE, love your enemies. All of these have proved a great blessing to the world, but we should not stop here. The natural chemists are formulating new formulas; spiritual chemists should be doing the same.

I believe God will raise up someone, who will go into a spiritual laboratory and find the means whereby the spiritual atom can be split; and then will dawn a new day for Christianity. A spiritual bomb will hit the earth with such force that its effects will be felt to the four corners of the earth. The enemy will be forced to surrender and God's glory will be proclaimed in a more perfect way.

# THE YOUNG PEOPLE VISIT OUR "MIRACLE MISSION" IN HAITI

(Continued from page 27)

supporting missions back there in the States, this is "home sweet home." There are the two boys, sons of Brother Kluzit, Victor and John, who have been studying their lessons hard all morning. There's the faithful watchdog "Bingo," an ever-present necessity around the home, especially at nighttime. And faithful Brutus, bowing and smiling, as if he knew just how tired we are, and hungry. He is trying to tell us everything is ready from a warm shower, because the sun has been shining down here all this time and warmed up the drums full of water on top of the roof, to a nice dinner that is still being warmed on the hot coals in the kitchen.

How we enjoyed all the good things set before us to eat. And that night again at Port-au-Prince, all the inspiring sight of that tabernacle filled to overflowing. Then the altar service! Crowded just like last night, only many new people crying out to the Lord for salvation. But we must get a good night's sleep for tomorrow will be another big, if not bigger, day.

This missionary life keeps one on the jump continually, with hardly enough rest between, before you are on your way on another big jump. After a hearty breakfast, here it is Friday already, and we are once again in the mission car headed for a place called Leogane. But we can't travel so fast on account of the tires which aren't in too good a state. Maybe we will get there in an hour instead of half an hour. What is this? Why, it's a marketplace in a very small village. but it seems as if a thousand people are there milling about. We'll take some pictures of them. There's a good one—that man carrying a big bunch of bananas on his head. Oh, they're not eating bananas? But you say they are the same kind that we ate yesterday for dinner that were cooked —and were they delicious! And that woman over there—smoking that pipe! When they get converted they throw away tobacco, pipe, liquor, and all their faith in the Voodoo, and just look to Jesus. No wonder their faces look different—I mean the ones we see in the churches—all smiling, bright eyes, and cheery. It's only when they are trusting the Lord that their lives can be changed so much.

What would we do without the mission car to get us to these places on schedule time? This big group of people ahead of us on the road—it must be where the church of Leogane is and they are all coming out to welcome us. There must be about four hundred, and there is Pastor Robert Mathurin, the shepherd of this flock. After the greetings, Brother Mathurin is leading us into a little native hut to change our clothes, because the baptismal service is all ready. It is a glorious sight, those fifty-seven dressed in white. These are the same robes we used at the last baptismal service, all cleaned and dried and ironed. This is really organization. Here is a dear old soul to be baptized. She says she is over one hundred years old, and she looks it. But there is a sweet expression of the child of God on her face. Hallelujah!

It didn't take us very long to baptize all those people with Brother Mathurin helping us—he just kept that line moving right on to us while

all were singing with all their hearts. Now, with our clothes all changed. we'll enter directly into the preaching service. Brother Mathurin is asking everyone to stand with their hands raised, and praise the Lord in unison. Isn't it inspiring to see those hundreds of hands raised in thanksgiving and worship to God where before, a short while ago, these same hands were serving the devil in their ignorance! Now these brethren are really praying -it sounds like a waterfall as their voices are lifted with ours, calling upon the living God. Every morning at five, in practically every one of our seventy-eight churches and most of the one hundred sixty-four preaching stations throughout Haiti, similar prayer services like this could be heard. No wonder they know how to They get converted being prayed for and the Church of God in Haiti grows while they go on praying that others might be converted. That was a good service. Everyone was attentive to the messages we delivered with Sister Kluzit interpreting in Creole, that every person might understand. We've said the last "Au revoir et que le Seigneur vous benisse"— ("Until we meet again, and may the Lord bless you all"), and we're settled back in the car while Brother Kluzit pilots us over these rough country roads into the neighboring district of Petit Goave.

Oh, we've slowed down-but no wonder, the rocks in the road would chew up our tires in no time at all. It's better that we go slower and avoid some flats, and be sure to get to our destination before dark. Here, at the top of this climb, we can stop a little while to stretch our legs for a change; besides, the car was really put through its paces coming up that long mountain road. This is a pretty view! that little city in the distance—that's Petit Goave! Even from here we can see how it lies on the bay lined with palm trees and backed by high mountains. And there's the tiny island just out from our Church of God Bible School, where our students go to be alone while they pray and seek the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Maybe when we get there we can take a little boat to the island to refresh ourselves alone with Jesus before bedtime and the strenuous day following. Hm-m-m! someone said we're going to have a fresh-fish fry tonight for supper-so let's get there quickly.

(To be continued)

### IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE

(Continued from page 3)

The dinner-meal which followed, presently, was fairly free of constraint. After dinner Mr. and Mrs. Finisterre slipped away and left the husband and wife to themselves.

Almost immediately after the pair were left, the pastor began to abuse the preacher of the morning, and to denounce the teaching of the Lord's second coming.

"But, my dear," cried Madge, "it is evidently almost the most prominent doctrine in the New Testament. There are more direct references to it in the New Testament, Mr. Doig said, than to any other revealed doctrine."

"But its not my doctrine," snapped the pastor, "not the doctrine of our church. It was scoffed at at our college, when I was a student, and-

Madge gazed wonderingly at him. His argument seemed so puerile, if not actually sinful.

"But," she cried, "I don't see how that argument holds. To me, it sounds like blasphemy, almost, to say I, as a minister, and we as a church, will not preach the most prominent doctrine of the New Testament, because of the foolish abuse of the teaching by here and there a wild visionary who lets his fancy and whim run away with his judgment. Suppose, dear Homer, some church or minister should say, 'We won't preach the doctrine of the atonement,' would that save them from the charge of blasphemy, when God says:

"'If any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the Book of Life, and out of the Holy City, and from the things which are written in this Book."

The pastor gazed at her in amazement. Her fashion of putting the matter gave him small opportunity of replying, so he took refuge in the coarse sneer:

"Have you turned Doigite?"

With a quick flush in her cheeks, and sudden flashing of eye, Madge replied:

"If by that you mean, do I see, and have I accepted the revelation of the Word of God, as to the near coming of Christ, then I say 'Yes.' I am not a Doigite, but I am, thank God, a Christian! A very young one, a very poor and inexperienced one, 'tis true, but still I am one, and am desirous to live for the Lord to whom I have given myself, and, after all I heard from the preacher this morning, I am more than ever determined to serve Christ wholly, and I can quite see how this wondrous fact of the near return of our Lord will be a new and mighty force to revolutionize all my life."

An ugly snarl curled the lips of the amazed, discomfited pastor, and he was just beginning a cruel little speech, when one of the deacons was announced.

Madge left the two men alone. As she passed on to her own room there was a terrible pain at her heart, for the hideous thought came to her: "Can Homer be truly converted? If he is, how can it be that he flatly refuses to believe what God has so plainly revealed?"

Tom Hammond was alone in his editorial office. He had come to the day, the moment at last, when he felt constrained to write out of his full heart, to the readers of his paper, all that he yearned that the world should know of the imminence of the return of the Lord.

Before he put pen to paper to write on this supreme theme in his "Prophet's Chamber" column, he bowed his head on his desk and prayed for guidance and help. Then he began to write out of his heart fully, telling first of his conversion, and of the wondrous meetings conducted by Major H----

His whole being was fired with holy purpose. "Had ever a preacher such a pulpit as has the editor of "The Courier?" he wrote. "Had any preacher ever so mighty a privilege, so great a responsibility as is mine today? This paper circulates through more than a million people's hands, even allowing that only the one person purchasing the paper, reads itthough one might almost safely double that million, since there are very few of the papers which will not be read by two, or more persons.

"This 'Prophet's Columns' will likely overflow all its ordinary banks, as does the Great Nile in its season, but if my overflowing but carry life on its tide, as does the tide of the overflowing Nile, then, all will be well.

"As a converted Editor of a great daily, I have put my hand, my pen, my mind into the mighty, unerring hand of God, praying that I may write only that which will reach the hearts of my readers. And the question

comes to me, 'What word does London, does England most need today?'

"This—that all the world should know, and realize, that any day, aye, any hour, Christ may return—not to the earth but into the air—"

Here followed the teaching of the Gospel and Epistles, as he had learned it from Major H—, and from his own subsequent personal study of the Word of God.

"I appeal to the most thoughtful of my readers, I appeal to the unthinking, as I say, 'Do you not see how a real belief, in this near coming of Christ would revolutionize all our national, commercial, domestic, and church life? How, too, it would immediately settle every social problem?'

"If our legislators, sitting in council at St. Stephens, realized that before the present Parliamentary session could end in the ordinary way, Christ might come, what a speedy end they would seek to put to every national iniquity.

"The hideous drink traffic would be swept, root and branch, from our land. And, in sweeping that curse away, the awful problem of the unemployed, the homeless, the starving, all that inures to our national poverty would be swept away.

"The shameful opium traffic with China; the national greed for territory; the traffic in white slaves; and every other national iniquity would be abolished.

"Christian churches, (so-called) would become worthy of the name Christian. All those bits of devilish device used to extract, and extort money from the pockets of the people would end, as by magic. Theatricals would be left to the theatres; nigger entertainments would be left to the music-halls; the church would leave all these things to their master—the devil.

"In social life, people would pay their debts; the wild, mad, sinful extravagance that marks the life of today would cease. Christians would love one another. Every Evangelical denomination would be inter-denominational in the truest sense, and be one wholly in their crucified, risen, coming Lord. A love for the poor fallen world, such as has never been since our Lord spent Himself in service, would be the order of the day, and not the vision of a few. Every missionary society would have more men and women and money than they actually needed.

"But, even as I pen this milleniumlike picture, I know, from the Word of God, that it cannot be before Christ comes. But I seek to arouse every Christian to God's call to them on this matter. You, who profess to be Christ's, dare not refuse this truth, save at the peril of losing the crown of life.

"The vast bulk of the churches, I know, preach, that the world will continually improve until the earth shall be fit for Christ to come and reign. But I defy any cleric or layman to show me a single word of scripture that gives the faintest color to that belief, or statement—unless the person wrests the passage so advanced from its distinctly marked dispensational setting.

"Things (spiritual) are growing worse and worse. There is a whole-sale down-gradeism, too awful to contemplate. 'Priest and people have erred alike!" I take up the official organ of a section of the church that has ever been regarded as the most out-an-out, in all that pertains to evangelical truth, and I find its great head saying 'The Bible is not the sole spiritual guide for the Christian, for, practically, the Bible is a dead book!"

"The chief leader-writer of that same paper—himself usually regarded as the soundest of believers, the most trenchant of all evangelical preachers, writes in one of a series of articles, that 'the so-called finished work of Christ is a doctrine not to be found in scripture,' and glories in the fact that 'we never have preached, and, I trust, we never shall, preach this doctrine.'

"All this but proves the truth of the New Testament prophecies, 'Perilous times shall come,' 'Evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving, and being deceived.' If only we could all be induced to read the signs of the times in the light of scripture! we should then realize that we were in the thickest darkness of the world's blackest night, the darkness immediately preceding the dawn, and we should be looking for 'the Morning Star.'"

Here, writing with swift, eager pen, he went over the ground covered by Major H——, as regarded the signs of the coming of the Lord—the movement among the Jews; their excitement, as a race, over the date discovery 5,666; the preparations for the rebuilding of the temple. Then the increased effort in the foreign mission

fields. The growth of the spirit of lawlessness in the world, and in the church. The multiplicity of spiritualistic devices—doctrine of devils. The awakening of all real, true, spirituallyminded Bible students to the fact of Christ's near return. And the great, but often disregarded sign, "the scoffers who shall say where is the promise of His coming? for, since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of creation."

"But He will come! He is near at hand! Every sign of the times proclaim this! It is NIGHT, now, and He will come as a thief in the night. At any moment now we may look for Him. Before this news-sheet, damp from the press, is in the hands of my readers, Christ may have come and taken away every one of His own believing people—I shall be missing, another here, and another there will be missing.

"And when a puzzled, troubled London shall be gathering in business, that saying shall have come to pass, 'The one shall be taken, the other left!' (For though this word is primarily Jewish in its application, it will yet have a measure of meaning for the world, when the Church is taken away.)

"May every Christian be ready to meet His Lord, when He shall come, and every unready, unsaved soul who reads these 'Prophet's Chamber' columns, seek the face of God through faith in the atoning work of Jesus Christ. For, believe me, His return is very near, to some of us the sound of His footfalls is even now in our ears."

He bent his head over the written sheets, praying God to bless the message. Then an interruption came. A knock at the door, and his sub, Ralph Bastin, entered.

(To be continued)

# MEMORY GEM Just a Thought

Mrs. E. E. Green

The man who stoops to petty spite Can't hurt me much I know, Unless I stoop to answer him—And then I'm just as low.

#### HAPPY HOME CIRCLE

Here is a member for the Happy Home Circle but we do not know her address. Mrs. Lathelea Langdale, will you kindly send us your address?

## REMARKABLE HISTORY OF

(Continued from page 10)

ambassador, Baron von Rosenkranz,' he said; 'I believe that hymn was written just for me.'

"'You are welcome to have it, my good fellow,' I answered. 'Come to-morrow to the third house round this turning.'

"About a week later Gutig, the ambassador's servant, came again to our poor house in the winding lane.

"'Have you come for another copy of the hymn?' I asked.

"'No, sir. It is about something I have prayed over the whole night. My master's secretary left him yesterday; we think he must have done something amiss, and is being easily let off. At night, when I saw my lord to bed, he said, "Mr. Secretary has gone, and I do not know where to look for so clever a one." Your name came to my mind and—I hope it is all right, sir—I told him all—'

"'All? Even about the pawnbroker?' I interrupted.

"'Yes, sir, even that. He bade me bring your hymn, to see how you wrote. "Writing and poetry both admirable," he said. "Tomorrow inquire whether the young man can come at once to see me."

"'Now God reward you, good friend,' I exclaimed, my heart welling up in praise to the God whose ways are wonderful. 'I will go with you.'

"The ambassador received me kindly, and after inquiring about my past studies and my present circumstances, he gave me a sheaf of papers dealing with a certain law case, and asked me to sift the matter through, and bring him a summary of the whole when I had finished.

"On my way home that evening the words of a new song began to come:

If thou but suffer God to guide thee,
And hope in Him through all thy
ways,

He'll give thee strength, whate'er betide thee,

And bear thee through the evil days; Who trusts in God's unchanging love Builds on the rock that naught can move.

"I went round by the pawnbroker's, paid him the six dollars and twenty-five cents, and for very joy added nearly the whole of the interest, though it was barely a week since I had left his doorstep. Then back I hurried with my beloved 'cello, played a few bars, and sang the hymn of

praise which God had begun to give me. In a few minutes the room was full, and again I sang the opening stanza. Word followed word, like water from a fountain, and the phrases shaped themselves into verses. They spoke of tests and trials, of hope and joy, and of the Father's constant love.

"'Dear, dear, sir,' said my kind landlady, drying her eyes with her apron, 'that was all as if I sat in the church, and forgot all my care, and thought of God in Heaven and Christ upon the Cross. You were so downcast this morning, and we have had no music these many days. What has happened?'

"'God has supplied my need,' I told her, 'according to His promise. I am to be secretary to the Swedish ambassador here in Hamberg—to have a hundred "crowns" a year and, to complete my happiness, he gave me twenty-five "crowns" in hand, so that I was immediately able to redeem my poor 'cello. Is He not a wonderful and gracious Father?'

"As we thus spoke," Georg continued, "the thought of the temptation of the child of God to envy those who do not love Him, and yet 'dwell at ease,' came strongly to me, and I sang again—sang of the rich made poor, and the poor possessing treasure in Heaven—and of the Almighty whose hand controls the destinies of men. I still remember the hush in the room after the closing lines:

God never will forsake in need The soul that trusts in Him indeed!

"That was my farewell to Mistress Johannsen's little room where, in such depth of misery, I had again and again put God's unchanging love to the test and found it true."

"Thank you," said Hans, simply. "It was good of you to tell me. I knew you had suffered, but had no idea the Lord had brought you through trials so many and so bitter. How true the word you said a few moments ago, 'It is the cross that presses music from our souls.' Play to me now, dear friend, and sing as you sang that day so long ago."

Neumark took the 'cello and as the melody rang out his companion saw the desolate room in the winding lane, the good landlady in the doorway, wiping her eyes, the awe and wonder on the faces of those neighbors crowded within, as their poor musician's face lit up with exaltation.

The lamp had been turned low. The room was almost darkness, Georg gently laid down his 'cello.

"Yes," mused Hans—"may I, too, ever have that trust in God's unchanging love—unchanging love!"—Young China.

#### A NEW SCHOLAR

(Continued from page 4)

"I don't know if I like it," he said, "I feel strange."

At first the scholars had passed in sociable, chatty groups. But now they came mostly one by one. Some of them had looked at Jimmy. Some of them had not. Only two had nodded to him; they were in his class last Sunday. Nobody stopped.

"I don't know any of them," said Jimmy, "I believe I'll leave."

But a voice hailed him.

"Hello!" said Chris Kirby, talking as he hastened past. "Come on in. We're late."

Jimmy went in.

"You were new last Sunday, weren't you?" Chris continued.

Jimmy nodded.

"I knew you by your tie. I saw Marcia Brown taking you past our window. It's a nice-colored one, isn't it?"

Jimmy nodded again modestly, and followed Chris with less uncertain steps.

"Did you draw your three camels?" asked Chris.

"No, I can't," said Jimmy.

"I did," said Chris. "There are mine."

He displayed the three humpy creatures sprawled upon his notebook in a shaky line.

"I am not such a very good drawer," said Chris, "but the teacher likes you to try. I think it's lots more interesting to try."

Jimmy wondered whether maybe it wasn't. He could make as good camels as those, he was sure.

Jimmy and Chris were in different classes.

After Sunday School Chris was starting home in the middle of a thick clump of boys. Presently he began to squirm through the clump.

"I want to ask a boy something," he explained. All the others stopped then, and Chris called to Jimmy who was following slowly:

"Where is your notebook? And where is your lesson leaf?"

Jimmy looked down at his empty hands.

"You forgot them, didn't you?" said Chris.

Yes, Jimmy had forgotten them.

"I knew you had," said Chris. "You will have to go back for them."

But Jimmy did not care about his notebook or his lesson leaf. He did not much think he was coming to Sunday School anymore.

"Go on," Chris encouraged him.
"We'll wait for you. But hurry."

Jimmy hurried. When he came racing back, the clump of boys opened for him as though he belonged.

Three or four Sundays after this Mr. Mackay overtook Chris and Jimmy on their way to Sunday School.

"Chris," he asked, "did you bring this new scholar? He is a fine one; he comes every Sunday."

"No, sir," answered Chris. "Marcia Brown did."

"Marcia brought me," spoke up Jimmy, "but Chris kept me coming."

"Why, no, I didn't!" said Chris.
"You came yourself."

"I hadn't decided," said Jimmy, "but he decided me."

"How?" asked Chris and Mr. Mackay together.

"Oh, well, by just a few things!" said Jimmy, which Chris thought was not a clear answer. But it was clear to Mr. Mackay and Jimmy.

"A superintendent," said Mr. Mackay (he said it more to himself than to the boys), "can't give out all the emergency calls from the pulpit."—Zion's Herald.

#### LETTERS FROM BOYS IN SERVICE

(Continued from page 20)

at least until there is a chaplain here to conduct services.—John Hudson.

#### Dear Sister Harrison:

I love Jesus so much, for He has been so wonderful to me. I am still living for Jesus and I do want to please Him. I was a Christian when I came into the army. It was rough at times, but Jesus has always stood by me. I have seen many fall on the batthefield. Some were prepared and some were not. A few times I thought the end had come for me. I wasn't fearful as some, for I would have been at peace.

Anyone who would like to send me tracks or papers to give out, I will be glad to distribute them. It will likely be some time before I get out of the army and I want to be somewhere working for my Lord.

Pray for me and others. May God bless you in your work.—Cpl. N. Y. Porton. Dear Sister Harrison:

My mother sends me the Lighted Pathway and I enjoy reading it very much. It has really been a blessing to me, because when I am feeling blue and discouraged I can read it and it seems to brighten the future for me.

At the age of sixteen God wonderfully saved me, but at the present I am not a Christian. Please pray for me that God will save me before it is too late.

I have been in the Women's Army Corps since June 18, 1945, but now, since the war is over, I would like to be home very much. Pray that if it is God's will I can soon get my discharge, go home, start attending church regularly, and live for Jesus, as I know some day soon He is coming back for His chosen few, and I do want to be one among that number.

Pray for me and may God continue to bless you in the great work you are doing. I would appreciate any letters of encouragement from readers of the Lighted Pathway.—Pvt. Vera L. Brown, A-812345, 1798 SCU Sta. Comp., Army Post Branch, Ft. Des. Moines, Iowa.

Note: We are surely glad to hear from Vera. Not many of the girls in Service have written. We hope, too, that you can soon go home, but wherever you are you can live and work for Christ.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have just finished reading your article in the October issue of the Lighted Pathway, and have been sitting here reminiscing about my childhood when I had the good fortune to have you as my teacher at the Sixth Avenue Church of God, Knoxville, Tennessee.

It has been quite a few years since mother first took me to your Sunday School class, but I still remember how I sat through the service, attentive as a child of my age could be, contentedly eating crackers. As you stated in your message, I have always run for the Lighted Pathway to read the Children's Page. Like the young ministers you were addressing, I too have grown up and still run for each issue of your magazine.

Since I have been in the Army four years now, I have felt it my duty to share your message with my fellow soldiers. You will never know all the good that you have accomplished until you hear the Lord calling you from the vineyard, saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into

the joy of the Lord."—Sincerely, a brother in Christ, Hugh Lawson Stringfield, Pne. Honor Co., 14077642, Stormville, New York.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I just had to write you and tell you how much I have enjoyed the Lighted Pathway. It was sent to me by my mother who is a member of the Church of God at Paw Creek, N. C. It was the first one I had read in three years. Out here I go to church on Sunday and at all other times I can, but I just can't feel the love of God in the services. Although I know that God has work for us to do everywhere, I just can't seem to get anywhere, perhaps I could blame it on being homesick. Oh! I pray that God will make it possible for me to go home soon, where I can be with friends who know God and His love. If I had more reading like the Lighted Pathway, I am sure I could become stronger and do more for the Lord. Just one paper gave me more zeal to work for God, but still I need more of the love of God in my heart.

Some people in the States think they are having a hard time trying to serve God, but if they could only be out here and see how people are living, never thinking of God! If you tell them about the love of God and how Jesus Christ died for their sin, they laugh at you. They laugh if they see you reading your Bible. I like to think of Paul when the people laugh at me, because he was a true man of God, one who suffered more for the cause than anyone else in the world.

I haven't been living for God very long but, in the short time I have learned to love Him very much. I am not living as close to Him as I want to, but I am sure you understand, and I hope you-will pray for me.

Sister Harrison, I want to ask you about something. I don't know why I feel the way I do, but I feel that God wants me to tell of His wonderful love and try to help this sinful world come closer to Him. I am expecting to go to B.T.S. when I get out of the service, but how can we be sure that He wants us to preach His Word?

Now again I want to thank you for the help that the Lighted Pathway has been to me. I don't know whether I will get another one or not.

May the God of peace be with you and your work. Pray for me that God will have His way with me.—S. H. Williams, M. M. 2|c.

# LIGHTED PATHWAY RATING

FOR DI	CEMBER	
Sc	old for Dec.	. Total
Alabama	3 242	13,766
Alaska	7	28
Arizona		896
Arkansas		2,863
California		4,523
Canada		1,150
Colorado	22	202
Connecticut		16
Delaware	125	482
Florida		11,677
Foreign		1,706
Georgia		21,975
Idaho		607
Illinois		7,247
Indiana		5,849
Iowa	,	787
Kansas		2,684
Kentucky		9,731
Louisiana		1,866
Maine		1,642
Massachusetts		121
Maryland		5,352
Michigan		4,499
Minnesota		294
Mississippi	987	4,944
Missouri		5,787
Montana		858
Nebraska		118
Nevada		18
New Hampshire		17
New Jersey	125	609
New Mexico	273	808
New York	101	589
North Carolina		26,843
North Dakota	223	916
Ohio	<b>3,25</b> 9	13,089
Oklahoma	1,449	2,808
Oregon	<u>46</u>	671
Pennsylvania	863	3,559
Rhode Island		
South Carolina		34,940
South Dakota	185	769
Tennessee		14,177
Texas	1,615	7,429
Utah		1
Vermont	1	1
Virginia	1,735	6,344
Washington		<b>1,61</b> 9
Washington, D. C.		302
West Virginia		6,579
Wisconsin		291
Wyoming	4	<b>3</b> 3
	EO 16E	994 009

#### November Prize Winner

58,165

234,082

Gladys Warden, Canton, Ohio, is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5 for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.

#### November Honor Roll

Canada

Leonard Price, Kannapolis, N. C. R. E. Lovelle, Louisville, Ky. Gladys Freeman, Greenville, S. C. Margaret Varner, Baltimore, Md. J. L. Barfield, Greenwood, S. C. W. E. Winters, Flint, Mich.

CORRECTION: Last month Margaret Varner's name was listed *Margaret Marner*. We are sorry that this name went in incorrectly and apologize for the error.

### LIGHTED PATHWAYS FOR MEN IN SERVICE, ETC.

Amount sent from each state to the Publicity Fund and to the fund for sending Lighted Pathways to men in Service from November 20 to December 25.

Missouri	\$10.80
Illinois	9.50
Texas	8.40
Georgia	5.00
Ohio	4.50
Florida	4.00
Kentucky	4.00
West Virginia	
Tennessee	1.70
Pennsylvania	1.35
Indiana	1.00
Michigan	1.00
Alabama	1.00
California	1.00
Delaware	1.00
Louisiana	1.00

NOTE: We are not receiving enough for the Army Fund to keep up our regular mailing list. It is true that papers will not continue to go to many on the list, but there is a goodly number who ask that the papers be sent to them yet. Letters are coming to us from chaplains and soldiers, too, who ask that we still send the papers to them. Many boys are in hospitals and they will enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway. We are depending on you, coworkers.

\$57.35

TOTAL ....

May God bless each of you and we thank you from the bottom of our heart for what you have done in the past.

## FOR NOVEMBER

	Sold for Nov.	Total
Alabama .	3,323	10,524
Alaska	7	21
Arizona	182	638
Arkansas .	737	2,128
California	1,004	3,559

Canada	282	792
Colorado	61	<b>169</b>
Connecticut	1	1
Delaware	124	357
Florida	2 042	8,610
Connecticut Delaware Florida	200	1,292
roreign	094	
Georgia	5,781	16,368
Idaho	154	468
Illinois	1,614	5,453
Indiana	1,573	4,729
Iowa	148	646
Kansas		1,698
Kentucky		7,652
Louisiana		1,403
Maine		1,293
Massachusetts	27	81
Maryland	1,234	3,576
Michigan	1.260	3,593
Minnesota		221
Mississippi	2 000	3,957
Trississippi	1 4 4 9	
Missouri		4,485
Montana		646
Nebraska		71
Nevada	5	13
New Hampshire	4	12
New Jersey	124	484
New Jersey New Mexico	231	607
New York		488
North Carolina	7,384	20,606
North Dakota	249	693
Ohio		9,8 <b>30</b>
Oklahoma	511	1,356
Oregon	295	625
Pennsylvania	866	2,696
South Carolina	8 725	26,281
South Dakota	200	584
Tennessee		10,196
Tennessee	3,304	
Texas		5,814
Utah		3
Vermont	1	1
Virginia	1,351	4,609
Washington		1,310
Washington, D. C.	76	226
West Virginia	1 753	4,880
Wiggongin	63	215
Wisconsin		
Wyoming		29
	60,511	175,989

282

792

#### NOW IS THE TIME

Esther B. Snavely

If you have caused a schoolmate grief, Seek his pardon in firm belief— Do it now!

When you would help a friend in need, Or to the Savior someone lead— Go at once!

Time may be lost, the friend to cheer, The Savior's call may seem less clear— If you wait.

Heed the pure impulse right away,
For in your heart it may not stay—
Do good now!



# A PENNY A DAY PLAN FOR OUR STUDENT LOAN AND ENDOWMENT FUND

Suggested by Norman Roope, whose picture you see on this page.

Here is his letter:

Dear Sister Harrison:

The thought has come to me, how we could support the furtherance of education in our own church.

There are approximately 100,000 members in our church organization. If each member would give one cent each day, or just \$3.65 per year, that would equal \$365,000 each year. It could be collected every six or every three months.

This would give our people a chance to help develop our present schools and help to establish other schools that are needed throughout our land.

This would only be a small amount for each individual. I am sure each member, or just about every member, could contribute this for an educational endowment.

May the good Lord bless you and the great work you are doing.—Norman Roope.

(Norman looks like he is thinking it through, doesn't he?)



# OUR RESPONSIBILITY

Dear Friends:

I am writing you a little message with a prayer in my heart that God will help us to realize that the greatest and most important task is that of training our youth for Christ. The burden lies heavy on my heart and I am trying to find a few or many who will help in bearing the burden. God is entrusting this great task to His children. God has great talents hid away in obscure places for us to uncover and place in His hands, many who will never be found unless we become instruments in His hands to find them. We must join hands in this great work or it will never be accomplished. Cooperation is the only solution to the problem.

Some might say, "I'd rather give to missions." Others might say, "I'd rather give to the orphans." These are very important, but we need trained workers to go as missionaries. We need trained workers to superintend and teach in our orphanage work. We must have teachers for our schools throughout the nation. We must have trained preachers and Christian workers to do the work in our churches and communities everywhere, in order to cope with other religious leaders. We have the greatest message and we need the best-equipped leaders. We have great talent, if only trained. Our young men and women need to be trained to speak correctly so that they will have the best influence

over the people. They need to know how to meet the people and win them for Christ. This they get in the study of personal evangelism. All of these things they get in B. T. S. and College at Sevierville, Tenn. Along with this are the many other important advantages obtained through the different departments in the school.

Last but not least, they need to be equipped spiritually. Without this equipment they are just like the rest of the world. Many go to our school without salvation and go home equipped with the power of God. This is the most important of all. Both together, and a perfectly surrendered life, means a harvest of precious souls for the Master.

Pastors, will you not take this on your heart and solicit your people to join in this penny-a-day Loan and Endowment Fund? Your church will never miss it. Your people will be blessed by it. The body of water that stands still becomes stagnant, but the stream that flows out and on makes beautiful the land through which it flows.

Thanks to those who sent us love offerings at Christmas time. I am turning this into the Loan Fund to be working for the donors down through the years. Thanks to Mrs. Lillie Cooper, Simpsonville, S. C.; Mrs. Mary Allen, Rockmart, Ga., and Joe Hodges, Moundsville, W. Va.

# The Master's Call

#### FAIRELIE THORNTON

Dedicated to the Youth Personal Evangelistic Union

Hork! the King of Heaven is speoking;
Heord ye not His mighty voice?
'Tis for someone He is seeking
Who will make His work their choice.
Hork! He colls in occents tender,
"Who will go and work for Me?
Who his services will render?
Who my chosen one will be?"

Dost thou hear it? Look around thee,
See the world of sin and shame;
Think whose love hoth sought and found
thee,
Think for what the Sovier came.
Hork! again I hear Him calling,
"Son, go work while it is day,
Even's shodes will soon be falling,

Doylight hosteth fast away."

Dost thou heor it? Const thou stifle
Thoughts which fain would stort within?
Durst thou with such feelings trifle,
Host no wish a crown to win?
Life is possing onward ever,
All too brief to stay for dreams;
Once 'tis past, returneth never;
Deoth is nearer than it seems.

Hork! He colls again, still yeorning
For thy voice to yet respond.
Hork! He speoks, His keen eyes turning
Now on thee with love so fond.
"Wilt thou help to seek the erring?
Wilt thou bring some wonderers home?"
Dost thou hear without demurring,
Dost thou onswer, "I will come"?

"I will leave my selfish pleasures,
Leave the life of self behind;
I will come to loy up treosures
Which no moth nor rust shall find.
I Thy vineyord now will enter;
Thou shalt be my all in all.
Thou, O Christ, shalt be my center;
Now I answer to Thy call."

Answering thus doth He now heor thee?
Listen! yet ogoin He speaks.
"Henceforth thou shalt be so neor me,
Thou hast all thy spirit seeks.
I hove chosen thee to serve me,
Now my seal is on thy brow.
Foint not, folter not, nor swerve thee,
I thy shield, thy strength om now."

Yet again I hear Him speoking,
Earth is foding out of view;
Not for lob'rers is He seeking,
All is done which they could do.
Now the harvest's sheoves ore being
Loid ot His dear pierced feet,
And His heart rejoiceth seeing
Vessels for His glory meet.

And I see thee who host yielded
Heart and honds at Jesus' call;
Thee whose life has aye been shielded
By the Christ, thy all in all,
And I see thee now down laying
All thy precious harvest spoil,
Whilst I hear the Master saying,
"Faithful one, now rest from toil."



And I see o crown of glory
Sparkling on thy radiant brow,
Thus those who on earth ne'er saw thee,
Know thee by thy jewels now;
While full many stand before thee,
Tought by thee to Christ to bow,
And the Moster stoopeth o'er thee,
Soying, "Well done; enter thou!"



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# Lighted Pathway Dedicated to the church of god young peoples endeavor

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No.

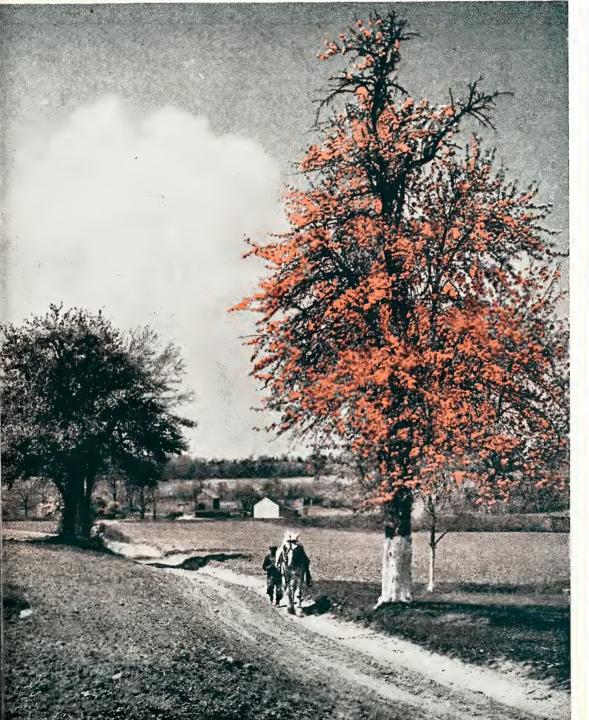


"Thy Word is a Light Unto

Path"

My

Psalm 119:105



# EDITOR'S MESSAGE

#### A PRAYER

Dear Father, I pray for those whose petitions no longer rise to Thee, but who, discouraged by hard and bitter



experiences, sit in the shadows of doubt and cynicism. Even as Thou art patient with them and ever ready to help them, so may I give myself to them in interceding love. May my thoughts go out to them with healing, to effect their release from mental and spiritual bondage. Reveal Thyself to them, break down barriers that shut out the light, and in Thy great mercy deliver them. Scatter the darkness that moves them to bitterness and remonstrance, and give them confidence and repose. That my prayer may not fail of its purpose, help me to translate it into timely service on their behalf. I ask it in Jesus' name. Amen.

Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

A few days ago we noticed a pigeon nestling close to the screen on one of our windows. It was holding on tenaciously. I looked outside and saw a cat. The pigeon soon fell to the ground and the cat was just about to devour it when I interfered and rescued the poor little creature. I went into the basement and found a box and gave it to the pigeon for a home for a while to shield it from the danger, but the pigeon did not appreciate it. It tried every way to escape. As I noticed it, I thought how much we are like the pigeon. When God is doing His very best for us, many times we are rebellious and try to escape from the environment in which God has placed us.

God may have to take you through some trying experience this coming year, to shield you from danger or to develop in you the fine qualities that He sees you need to be a soul-winner for Him.

One night after I had decorated our home for Christmas. I turned off all the lights except the colored lights in the windows and on the Christmas tree. They were beautiful, and as I sat there all alone meditating, God spoke to my heart and showed me how often He must turn off the bright lights of this world and cause us, like the little pigeon, to go through things we do not understand, for the purpose of making the light of our lives more beautiful. And how often we fail to shine in these dark places because we do not understand God's way of working out His plan in our lives. I remember the time when it seemed that all the lights were turned off in my life, when the death angel came and took our little son away; but through this darkness, Jesus spoke to me, and a greater, more beautiful light MEMORY GEM

If you want work well done, select a busy man; the other kind has no time.

than I had ever known before came into my life when, through this, He led me into the way of holiness.

Recently we received a letter from a young mother in Kentucky. She said, "My heart is aching this cold morning sitting here at my window. Not far away on a gray hill is a fresh little mound covered with flowers." I shall only give you this much of her letter. This is enough to let you see that with her God has permitted the light to be turned off for a season, but He is only working out plans in that home for a greater light. God bless this little mother and strengthen her in this hour when the lights are low.

Two men were traveling together one day. This was their conversation:

"That's the place right there," said the man of sixty, pointing to a large building.

"You don't mean that whole block, do you?" said his companion.

"Yes, it was all mine. I began in a small way. I worked hard. I was successful. Hundreds of men were working two shifts. Orders were piling up. I was fast becoming a rich man. Then—well, overnight I was stripped of everything. It was like turning off the only light in a room on a dark, stormy midnight. The storm was terrible-in my heart I mean." Then he paused.

"Too bad," the other man exclaimed.

"Too bad?" he repeated, turning to him sharply, with eyes glistening. "Say, I shall never quit thanking God for

that experience."

"T don't understand," he said.

"T FORGOT MY LOSS— EVERYTHING. In the terrible darkness of that hour," he explained, "I saw a great light. In the storm I heard a sweet voice. The light took form; it was the Savior. The Savior was speaking to me-oh, so gently. He was so wonderful that I forgot my loss. For the moment I forgot everything. I hardly knew what He said to me, but I do know that I loved Him, and that my heart went out to Him in surrender and devotion. Then the storm in my heart ceased. It was—I—I—really can't describe it."

Many times that white-haired man stood up in my services, faced the people and said, "Friends, I thank God that He took everything I had, for then

(Continued on page 14)

Dear Sister Harrison:

I would like to say just a few words in regard to the Lighted Pathway. It is the best Christian paper I have ever read. It suits both old and young and I am sure that ever read. It suits both old and young and I am sure that you will never know how many you have helped through this paper. It has encouraged me many times to look up and trust the Lord. There is a great message in every Lighted Pathway for all who read it. It is well worth the price of the paper to just read the Editor's message every month. Sister Harrison, I am sure your reward will be great in heaven for you surely have given your life and time to the service of the Lord here. We know you deserve the best in heaven.

I am interested in Youth Personal Evangelistic Union for our church at Carson Springs. I have sent our order for the books you suggested for this, and if you have anything that will help me to get one started in this church, I will appreciate it very much, as I am interested in the young people here at this place.

May the Lord continue to bless you in your great work here.—Vivian Clevenger, Rt. I, Newport, Tenn.

Dear Friends:

appreciation for our message to the boys and girls. Many times they ask the question, "How do you know so well just what we need?" Someone said, "But we know it is God."

Yes, I am sure it is. We have written these messages for sixteen years. The message you find on this page this month was written in March, 1940. We do not want these messages to die, but we want them to live on and on. Would you like to have a part in helping them to live? I should like to publish a number of these messages in book form. I cannot say, what it will cost, but if you just write and say, "I'll buy one of your books when they come off the press," that will be sufficient. Send name and address and I will keep a record and will correspond with you when the book is ready to be published. The readers of the Lighted Pathway will determine whether or not these messages live on.—EDITOR. Yes, I am sure it is. We have written these messages for

# <del>\*</del>\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* In the Twinkling of an Eye

By Sidney Watson

(Used by permission of Fleming H. Revell Compony)

<del>\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*</del> (Continued from last issue)

Cohen, the Jew, blew out the candle, and set the stand aside. The knees of his trousers were pressed and dusty. He had just been over the whole house, lighted candle in hand, and had searched every nook and crannie, every cupboard, every shelf, under the edge of every carpet, looking for the faintest sign of leaven in the form of bread, cake, or biscuit crumb. He had found nothing, and went to his room to bathe and change his clothing.

"What of you, Zillah?" he had asked the lovely girl, earlier in the day, "With your newly-espoused faith in the Nazarene, shall you partake of the lamb with us?"

"Certainly, I will," she replied, "only I shall take the meal more in the spirit of the Lord's Supper, of the Christian Church. And Abraham—"

Her eyes, as they were lifted to his, swam with tender, pitying tears, as she added:

"All the time I shall be praying that you may meet the Christ of God, Jesus of Nazareth; and while you seek to remember our people's deliverance from the land of Bondage, I shall be praying that you, dear Abram, may be delivered from the bondage of legalism of our race.

The passover table was spread in Cohen's house. The arrangement of that table was a curious mixture of Mosaic and Rabbinical command. In the case of all but really very pious Jews of this day, the real and actual Passover is not kept.

Passover—(chag Appesach of the Jews) must have a lamb roasted to make it a real feast, the ordinary Jew to-day contents himself with an egg, and a burnt shank-bone of mutton, and unleavened cakes.

Cohen's Passover Feast always included a small lamb. Still, Rabbinical lore and Bible command were curious-

ly mixed in the Cohen celebration. The table, tonight, had an egg according to Rabbinical order, but there was a tiny roast lamb as well. There was the glass dish of bitter herbs; the salt water, typifying the tears of Israelitish misery in Egypt; a dish of almonds, apples, and other fruit, chopped and mixed, representing the lime and mortar of the brick-making in the Land of Bondage.

Chervil and parsley were there, and lettuce. A large pile of unleavened cakes, a big colored glass ewer with unfermented wine and water, and many other items considered to be the orthodox thing at the Feast.

All the Cohen household was there. Zillah was radiant with the glow of the new life in Christ that had come to

Rachel, her sister, was red-eyed and sullen. Zillah had been pleading with her to open her mind, and her heart to the Christian teaching of the Messiah who had come, and who had atoned for all the race, Jew and Gentile alike.

Angry and sullen, the wife had said hard things of Zillah. Her frivolous, irresponsible nature was more than satisfied with the barest form of the faith of her race.

The two children were full of suppressed excitement, the elder—the boy -especially.

Cohen, the head of the house, was singularly quiet and grave. His eyes had a far-away look in them. He looked like a man moving in a trance.

Presently the boy, (he had been carefully coached) asked, according to the usual formula:

"What mean ye, father, by this Service?"

Cohen's eyes stared over the head of his son, and in a voice very unlike its usual tones, replied:-

"It is the Sacrifice of Jehovah's Passover, who halted by the bloodsprinkled houses of our fathers in Egypt, that the destroying angel should come not nigh, when He smote the Egyptians, but preserved our fathers."

"Will our people ever do this, father?" queried the boy.

"Till Messiah come, they will, dear son." The strained gaze of Cohen, as he answered, was as though he was trying to pierce Time's veil, and see the coming Messiah approaching.

"When will Messiah come, father?" continued the boy.

"Tonight, perhaps, my son. Set His chair! Open the door!"

Swiftly, but with remarkable quietude, for a child, the boy placed a chair at the table, then, stepping briskly, silently to the door, he set it wide open, and left it thus, and returned to his place by the table.

Rachel took the ewer and poured out a little wine and water into each glass. In her sullenness, as she came to Zillah's glass, she slopped the wine over the edge. The children glanced curiously from the spilled wine to the face of their aunt, then at their father's

Zillah's face flushed; Cohen's grew pale, and set in a sharp spasm of pain. No word was said, each took up a glass, and drank the first cup of blessing.

There was a moment's pause, then Cohen spread his hands, bowed his head, and repeated "The Blessing:-"

"The Lord bless us and keep us; the Lord make His face shine upon us and be gracious unto us. The Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon us and give us peace."

Under her breath, yet distinctly heard by Cohen, in the solemn hush that followed the Blessing, Zillah mur-

"But now, in Christ Jesus, ye who sometimes were afar off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ. For HE IS OUR PEACE."

Cohen glanced quietly at her. She met the glance with one of intense yearning. He translated it rightly, as meaning "If only you could see this truth!"

There were two bowls of water set on a sideboard. Cohen and his wife rinsed their hands in one bowl, Zillah and the two children in the other.

Addressing himself to his son, more than to the others, Cohen, when they (Continued on page 33)

#### \***\*** THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

Devoted to the general welfare and spirituol uplift of our young people everywhere

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F. W. LEMONS, Editor-in-Chief of Youth Literature

ALDA B. HARRISON Editor, The Lighted Pothwoy Clevelond, Tennessee



#### MY NEED Ada Clark

I need a friend,
At dawn, at noan, at close of day;
I need a friend,
When rainbaws fade alang the way,
Sameane an wham I can depend.
And skies once bright are tinged with gray,
When sunbeams fram my pathway stray,

—Selected.

Who is this Friend?
It is Jesus. Do you know Him?

Dear Sister Harrison:

I need a friend.

I am a girl eleven years old. I read the Lighted Pathway and enjoy it. My mother sells the paper so I am privileged to read it every month. I am saved, sanctified, filled with the Holy Ghost and belong to the Church of God. My sister, who is eight years old, and my mother belong, too. We are praying that my father will be saved. I would like for the members of the M.O.H. Club to pray for him, also.

I think the new M.O.H. Club is just grand; in fact, a little better than the Happy Home Circle. I enjoyed that circle very much though. I failed to join, but I am asking you to add my name to your list of club members. I have memorized all the scripture and about half of the poem, and will learn the rest of the poem before I stop.

Any member who would like to write me, I will gladly answer your letter.

—Ora Jean Wiggins, Box 102, Plymouth, Fla.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a girl thirteen years old. I enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway. My mother and father belong to the Church of God. My two sisters and I belong to the church also. My father is a minister for the Lord. Will you please add my name to your "Make Others Happy Club?"—Gladys Garner..

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a little girl ten years old and in the fourth grade. I like to read the Lighted Pathway and I want to join in the "Make Others Happy Club." I have two sisters. My father is a pastor of the Church of God and my mother is a Christian.—Delaine.

#### AS YE WOULD BE DONE BY

Ethel Miller

Spring with all its verdant glory had come at last. The winter had seemed unusually long to the boys and girls in the village of Valley Brook. The snow had come early and was very deep. They had succeeded in flooding a pool for skating when a fever epidemic broke out in their midst. Many of the children were stricken. As a consequence, the school was closed and the anxious parents, fearing for the lives of their children, had been strict in their discipline and kept the children close at home. Childhood craves companionship, and to the lonely little ones it seemed as if the long days would never end.

Finally, as all disagreeable things eventually cease, the epidemic died away, the school was opened, and spring came.

At first the boys and girls returned to their neglected studies with a will, but the balmy breeze, laden with the scent of budding trees, flowing through the open windows, taunted them with tales of nodding pussy willows and the flower-covered slopes. A strange restlessness prevailed among them. The teacher therefore decided upon a plan. One bright day she said,

"We are going to have a holiday this afternoon, and I will take all those who wish to go, to the woods to gather flowers. How many wish to go?"

Every hand in the school was raised as high as possible.

Little Milly Watson told her mother

of the plan for the afternoon during the midday meal. So great was he excitement that she scarcely touched her food.

"I'll prepare a lunch for you to eabefore you start for home," said Mr Watson. "You can easily carry it is your flower basket."

"Mother, I'm so anxious that seems as if I can't wait for you t make it," exclaimed Milly, her fee dancing to keep time with the joy i her heart.

Presently she was more thoughtfu
"Mabel won't be able to go with us
"No, dear, Mabel seems to miss a
the good times," returned her mothe

Mabel Dean had been among the first to contract fever. One complication after another followed the dreadful malady, and several times the physicians had despaired of saving he life. The trouble finally seriously at fected her eyes which, for some times had been tightly bandaged to prever any light from reaching the delication nerve centers. While her condition we slowly improving, she was not strore enough yet to join her playmates, has her eyes permitted.

"You can give Mabel some of you flowers," continued Mrs. Watson con fortingly. "I am sure she would approciate them very much even if she could not see them."

Milly was fighting a hard battle: her young heart. Never, it appeare had she wanted so much to go to tl woods, but if she went, her friend mu remain alone. At last she reached conclusion, and turning her head that her mother might not witne the struggle, she said:

"Please, mother, put in some mo cake and another apple. I'm goin to spend the afternoon with Mab. The food will make a nice luncher for us. If she cried because she for the control of th

(Continued on page 26)

#### CLUB MEMBERS MUST MEMORIZE THIS CHILD SCRIPTURE:

"And be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath for given you," Eph. 4:22.

THE LIGHTED PATHW

# HAPPY HOME CIRCLE



#### SPRING

A sweet, blossom scent,
A fence leoning, bent,
A soft, velvet corpet of green;
Trees rugged ond old
In eorth's soddy hold,
And corols from birdlings unseen:
Oh, whot could be sweeter thon home in
the spring,
When God shows Himself in the leost little
thing!

-Selected.

#### MESSAGE TO PARENTS

M. J. Lilly Chamberlain

Parents, do you realize that the greatest and most important problem that confronts the world today is the home and training of the children?

As the home is earth's greatest institution and you are the sovereigns of that home, then to you, parents, chiefly belongs this great task, or rather this great opportunity. The home is the world's greatest school and father and mother the greatest teachers.

Things learned in school or college may fade away and be forgotten but what is learned in the home you will not forget. It will cling with an undying tenacity. Then from the home, as from a central sun, should radiate all that is pure, true, noble, elevating, and inspiring. Nothing demoralizing, coarse or low should be permitted to enter the home.

It is in the home you must save the boy from being a criminal or a curse and the girl from being a blight or disgrace. From the home, whether a hut or a palace, comes the inspiration that is to be the guiding star of the child's life. Money, wealth, power, position, and luxuries will not make noble sons and daughters; without good examples and training they may be no better off than orphans cast out on the mercies of a cold world, sad, alone, forsaken, and dejected.

Most children would be good if properly trained. As a rule, children are bad because of environment, because the good in them has not been cultivated and the bad allowed to become the dominant power. Most of the people of our prisons, penitentiaries, and reformatories are pitiable objects of environment.

The mother is nowhere so much a queen as in the home and in the training of her children. In fact, if all parents did their duty in the home, there would not be so much work outside the home. Parents, don't get too busy with social affairs, clubs, politics, etc., and neglect your children. They are precious jewels intrusted to your care and some day you will have to answer to an all-wise Providence, the Supreme Judge of the universe, from whose decision there can be no appeal.

You can't legislate and make good moral men and women. The law can prosecute, punish, imprison, and execute. The preacher can advise, implore, exhort, and instruct; but if you want moral men and women you must rear them properly.

Women will never save the world from degradation and despair by becoming masculine and seeking for more power of office. Homemaking is her greatest profession. It is in the home that we lay the foundation of life and of nations, as well.

Our nation's greatest need is religion and better homes and home life. If crime has increased and manhood deteriorated, whose fault is it? Where shall we find regeneration? Emerson said, "Men are what their mothers make them." Washington said, "The perpetuity of this nation depends upon the religious training of the young."

Not in the rosy highway but in the quiet of the home is where you can accomplish the greatest good for mankind and the race. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

This is the way to save the home and the nation, to save the boys and girls from harm and disgrace, to save the great expense of ruined lives and broken hearts, to banish prisons, penitentiaries and reformatories, to banish the war cloud and hasten the peace of the world.

#### DR. POTTER'S STORY

"Dr. Potter tells the story of a young mon who stood of the bor of a court of justice to be sentenced for forgery. The judge had known him from o child, for his fother hos been o fomous legal light, and his work on The Low of Trusts was the most exhoustive work on the subject in existence. 'Do you remember your fother?' asked the judge sternly, 'that fother whom you have disgroced?' The prisoner onswered, 'I remember him perfectly. When I went to him for odvice or componionship, he would look up from his book on The Low of Trusts ond soy, "Run owoy, boy; I om busy." My fother finished his book, and here I om.' The great lowyer had neglected his own trust with owful results."-Talmadae.

By Frances E. David

"Mother, why do you beat the cake so hard?" Asked little Mary as she watched her mother making a cake.

I'm too busy for questions this morning," her mother replied. "Run out doors and play."

The "too busy" mother failed to notice the wistful look in Mary's eyes as she closed the door.

In the next yard, Helen and her mother were busy together.

"Come and see our garden," called

Glad of the invitation, Mary quickly joined them. Helen proudly showed her the small patch of ground that was her "very own" garden, all ready for the seeds. Helen's mother placed a small stick at each end of the garden and tied a string to them.

"Why do you put a string there, Mother?" asked Helen.

"It helps us to keep the row straight," she answered as she showed them how to make a tiny trench for the seeds.

The girls took turns helping her to drop in the seeds and cover them with earth. To every question—and there were many—she gave a careful and satisfactory reply.

When the seeds were planted, Mary expressed a wish that she might have a garden, too, but she added with a sigh, "Mother's too busy."

In later years, Mary's mother was disappointed to find that Mary showed little interest in housework. Even her association with Helen, who still lived next door, did not awaken in her the desire to be of service in her own home. Her mother secretly envied her neighbor because of Helen's ability and love of home duties and openly lamented the lack of these qualities in her own daughter.

The "why" of Mary's early years had been too often unanswered and ignored. The beating of a cake, the planting of a seed—such trivial things to her mother—had been sources of wonderment to the childish mind. Her imagination, unassisted, could not determine the causes for doing certain things in a particular, approved manner. Her mother had failed to realize that her questions were not mere idle curiosity, but evidence of an active and inquiring mind.

Her "whys" gradually became fewer until she ceased to question regarding (Continued on page 28)

# HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED AND TRIED

#### HE FEELS AND KNOWS

There is a real source of comfort and joy in the knowledge that our Father's hand directs all that comes into our lives. Not believing this brings grief and sorrow. But knowing that, in the most severe affliction, the Lord knows and understands our case, calms the troubled heart. Knowing that He cares hushes every ruffled nerve. When He speaks peace, all is still and calm.

In the life of every believer on the Lord Jesus Christ, afflictions will come, sorrows will come, pain will come,

heaviness will come. But the servant is not greater than his Lord, and it is this same Lord that passed through the vale of tears before us. He can go with us into the depths of grief and pain and feel what we feel. He needs not to lay aside His divinity to share our afflictions. But Divinity took upon Himself humanity, "that he might be a merciful and faithful high priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people. For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted," Heb. 2:17, 18, for, "Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our

iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed," Isa. 54:4,5. What more could He do to let us know that He feels our afflictions?

"We have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need," Heb. 4:15, 16.

There is no depth to which He has not gone for us, therefore we may come to Him with any need, and He will understand just what to do about it. He is able to succor in any case. Knowing this, the trusting heart can look up and say, "Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulation," 2 Cor. 1:3,4. Again, in faith we can say, "I am filled with comfort, I am exceeding joyful in all our tribulation," 2 Cor. 7:4, for we have learned to cast our care on Him who cares for us, 1 Peter 5:7.

When Israel was suffering under Egyptian bondage, the Lord said to Moses, "I have surely seen the affliction of my people which are in Egypt,

and have heard their cry by reason of their taskmasters; for I know their sorrows," Exod. 3:7. Yes, He knew! and to know was to deliver. Through unbelief Israel has again been under very heavy and grievous burdens, but the Lord has promised them rest from their sorrows, Isa. 14:3. Will He then refuse us when we need His concern and care? No; His comforting and assuring arms are around us in every trial of our faith, which is precious in His sight, 1 Peter 1:7.—Gospel Herald.

#### THE GOD OF ALL COMFORT

S. C. BREDBENNER

"Shall I refuse to drink the cup of sorrow which the Father has given me to drink?" John 18:11, Weymouth.

Someone said God takes a thousand times more pains with us than the artist with his picture, by many touches of sorrow and by many colors of circumstances to bring us into the form which is the highest and noblest in His sight, if we only receive His gifts of myrrh in the right spirit-for no heart can conceive in what surpassing love God giveth us His myrrh. "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." God has a purpose in every sorrow that comes to His children.

The great apostle said, "Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus

Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God, 2 Cor. 1:3,4. God did not only comfort the apostle to make him comfortable, but to make him an able comforter.

God said to the prophet of old, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people," Isa. 40:1. Surely this world has many sad and troubled hearts. Who will comfort them?

The wise Quaker aptly said, "Ere thou art sufficient for this lofty ministry, thou must be trained. And thy (Continued on page 28)



#### WHAT WOULD I DO?

What would I do without Jesus?

To whom else in this world could I go?
Who would listen and answer me kindly
When I pour out my heart's grief and woe?
Who would help me to rise when I've fallen—
Lead me to the right path when I stray—
Turn my nighttime of sorrow to gladness—
Give me strength at the dawning of day?

What would I do without Jesus?
When I'm lonely, what other could say,
"Lo. I will be with you alway,
"Fear not, I will hear when you pray"?
Tho' friends may despise and forsake me,
And homeless this earth I may roam,
He has promised, this Blessed Redeemer,
That He never will leave me alone.

What would I do without Jesus?
Could I cross the dark river alone?
Without Him I could not make the harbor
Or enter that heavenly home.
So I'll strive every day to live closer
And more like the Master to be;
Tell Him morning and noontide and evening,
I could not get along without Thee.
—Mrs. Gilbert Lighty.

# Prayer Changes THINGS

## By Mrs. Russell J. Klinger

"But Ruth, I will not hinder your going to church. I will not care when you wish to go to prayer meeting. Please, Ruth, say 'yes' and let's get married. Make my furlough the happiest days of my life."

The speaker, a young sergeant named Ted James, was a typical American youth. God had blessed him with good health. His straight, muscular figure, black, curly hair, blue eyes and clean-cut features were enough to make any girl proud to be asked to be his wife. He was a morally-clean young man.

It was a lovely summer day. The couple was seated in the porch swing on the vine-covered porch of Ruth Leighton's home. Ruth's father was a farmer. All was peace and quiet. Ruth and Ted had been neighbors, but until the last few years had taken no notice of each other. But—let's listen—

"Ruth, you know I've never smoked nor drank. Sure I go to a good show once in a while. But I don't dance. I play cards now and then but I never gamble. I would not ask you to do these things."

Ruth, a tiny blonde with large, serious, brown eyes, bowed her head and was very thoughtful. She had known Ted as a bigh-school chum. He had taken her to a few of the Junior functions. They had graduated in the same class. When the rest of the couples petted, danced, etc., Ted had been the perfect gentleman and he and she sat together talking of college plans. She was going to her own church school while he intended going to another well-known school. Ruth had not known the couples would dance or she would not have gone. However, the driver of the car was one who enjoyed such; so she and Ted, refusing to participate, were left alone in one corner of the room. Ruth had appreciated Ted's friendship. He had been very proud of her when she had won the high shoool oratorical contest. He had excelled in athletics, being the

star basketball player. Yet- he had chosen her, the plain little girl who never wore jewelry, make-up or bobby socks. Yes, she appreciated Ted's friendship. When the army called, Ted had left college and she had been proud of the clean life he had led and thus was able to serve his country. But—was this really love? More than that—was Ted really saved? She knew she would not be happy without a Christian home. The suggestion came that he had not been raised as she had so he was excused for some things. Then the quotation from the Bible came to her: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." She did not want to hurt him.

Raising her head until her brown eyes fully met his blue ones, she said, "But Ted—you have twenty-nine more days furlough. This is only your first day home. Please let's not decide just today."

Ted's face was tense as he asked, "Is there anyone else, Ruth?"

"No one," the girl quietly answered.
"Then—may I come to see you while I'm home?"

"You may come some, Ted."

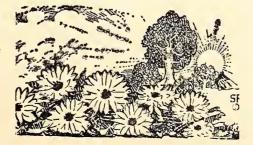
"Tonight?" he asked anxiously.

Ruth answered softly, "Tonight is prayer meeting, Ted. I never miss."

"Are outsiders permitted?"

"Yes."

"Well then, why can't I take you?" Fearing he did not really mean it she answered, "Maybe you would not enjoy it. Not many young people go. Our class leader is an older man but such a wonderful character. He reads



Scripture, we pray and testify. Unless the Lord leads otherwise, we are dismissed."

Ted's voice was a little shaky—"Ruth, I've been a few places where I really prayed. I have appreciated the few letters you had time to write me. I felt you were praying too. I appreciated that most of all. I think I'd like to go."

"All right, Ted. I'll be ready by seven. I am the pianist, you know, so I try to get there early."

"Until seven o'clock then," he laughed and ran to the car.

Ruth prayed as she dressed for service. She was glad she could meet her mother's anxious face with an open countenance as she spoke: "Ted is taking me to prayer meeting tonight, Mumsy."

Mrs. Leighton's face brightened. "I knew you would not miss the service, dear. I hope you have a nice time."

Ruth hesitated—then said, "Mother, if he happens to sit toward the front, as you and dad do, I wondered—he won't know anyone only us, and I have to play—"

Laughingly her mother replied, "Of course, dear, we'll sit with the boy if he chooses one of the seats near the front. Your father will introduce him if you are busy when others come in."

"Oh, I do hope Mary Alice, Jane Harry and Tom are there." Ruth mused. "I would not want Ted to know that once in a while I'm the only young person present.

A knock sounded on the door. "Oh, Mother, you get it—I've talked too much I guess."

As Mrs. Leighton hurried to answer the door, Ruth patted a stubborn curl in place and took a last look in the mirror. Then she ran lightly downstairs where Mr. and Mrs. Leighton were entertaining Ted in the living room. The mother and father realized as Ruth entered the doorway that their daughter was really a young lady now. A lump came in the mother's throat as she remembered that her "little Ruthie" had reached the age to make her own decisions- decisions which would influence her whole life. Decisions which would also influence their lives. The parents knew, too, that she made a beautiful picture in her simple, blue, cotton frock with the pink ribbon at the throat. Her hair was in soft waves around her face.

Ted stood, "All ready, Ruth?" (Continued on page 29)

# A Remarkable Answer to Prayer

Mr. Jay Gould once left his eastern home for a trip across the continent. After visiting the Pacific states he returned by the Southern route through Texas. In the western part of that state the train he was traveling on was halted for a few hours at a little town to make needed repairs on the engine. While this was being done, Mr. Gould, to pass the time, walked up the village street to view the place and see what was going on among them. On one corner a large crowd had gathered, as though something more than usual was taking place. Mr. Gould walked up and found a sale going on, and the auctioneer calling out, "Fourteen hundred and seventy-five dollars." He inquired of a man what was being sold, and was told that it was a new church house, and that the contracting builder had a claim on it for the work. It appeared that the limit had been reached, as no one wished to raise the last bid for the church house. Mr. Gould, to help the sale, offered fifteen hundred dollars, which the auctioneer called a few times without a raise, and the church house was sold to Mr. Gould.

Three gray-haired old men standing near watched the proceedings of the transfer and, going up to Mr. Gould, not knowing who he was, asked him what he intended to do with the church he had just bought.

"What is it to you what I do with it? It is mine now, to keep or to give away," said the millionaire.

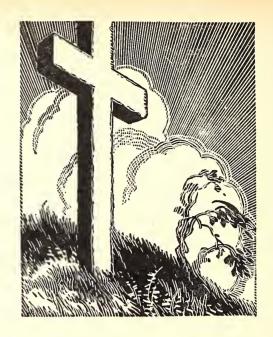
One of the men said, "This is what it is to us: we three men are trustees of that church house and were sent here to see and then report what disposal was made of it; and in the church, at this moment, the entire congregation, with the presiding elder and preachers, are down on their knees before the God of heaven, asking Him to divinely interfere in some way to save our church, so that it may not be lost to us. That is what it is to our people."

On inquiry, this was learned to be the fact. Then Mr. Gould said, "I believe you good people have more need of the property than I have, and will make better use of it." He wrote out a bill of sale, signed his full name to it, and handed it to the trustees, who were surprised to know that they were dealing with one of the wealthiest men of our land. They heartily thanked him, bade him a warm brotherly good-by and a safe journey home, and with a kind "God bless you," the rich man was gone.

The three men hastened to the church and found the congregation singing praises to God for victory.

They reported their great, and apparently miraculous success, and decided to write a formal letter of thanks to their generous millionaire benefactor. Mr. Gould sometimes showed this letter to his friends, and prized it very highly, for he said it warmed his heart more than any million-dollar bond he had.

This incident shows a remarkable providence. Mr. Jay (Continued on page 28)



"And he said to them all, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me," Luke 9:23.

#### THE CROSS

God laid upon my back a grievous load, A heavy cross to bear along the road. I staggered on, till, lo! one weary day, An angry lion leaped across my way. I prayed to God, and swift at His command, The cross became a weapon in my hand; It slew my raging enemy, and then It leaved upon my back a cross again! I faltered many a league, until at length, Groaning, I fell and found no further strength. I cried, "O God! I am so weak and lame," And swift the cross a winged staff became; It swept me on till I retrieved my loss, Then leaped upon my back again a cross. I reached a desert; on its burning track I still preserved the cross upon my back. No shade was there, and in the burning sun I sank me down and thought my day was done; But God's grace works many a sweet surprise, The cross became a tree before my eyes. I slept, awoke, and had the strength of ten, Then felt the cross upon my back again, And thus, through all my days, from that to this, The cross, my burden, has become my bliss; Nor shall I ever lay my burden down, For God shall one day make my cross a crown.

—Sheppard.



Standing left to right: Back Row—1. William L. Cook, Elba, Alabama; 2. Sanford R. Phillips, Woodland, Alabama; 3. Floyd Medlin, Caruthersville, Missouri; 4. Chester Skipworth, Joplin, Missouri; 5. John T. Bell, Cramerton, North Carolina; 6. Theodore Lott, Seminary, Mississippi; 7. James L. McBride (colored soldier), Red Springs, North Carolina; 8. Thomas Shamburger, Haughton, Louisiana; 9. Johonson, Wisconsin (first name and home town tre unknown).

#### TINIAN, MARIANAS ISLANDS

December 17, 1945.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Greetings in the name of our great Redeemer—even Jesus!

Sister Harrison, I suppose you will be surprised to hear from someone way out here on the mid-Pacific sland of Tinian in the Marianas, but thought I would write to let you know we are receiving the Lighted Pathway, and it is still proving a blessing to us.

Perhaps you might be interested to mow of the work we are helping arry on here for the Lord. When we rrived on Tinian, we found a group f full-gospel boys holding services in tent chapel which they had built hemselves. The two other Church of God boys, who came along with me, and I were certainly glad to meet up with this fine group of Christians. We are having glorious services here, meeting about three times a week. God has been meeting us at every meeting in a special way, and we cannot cease to thank Him for what He has done for us.

The other day, after our Bible class on Sunday afternoon, we had a picture made of the portion of our group who are still here, and we thought we would send it to the Lighted Pathway, thinking perhaps you might like to publish it, to let the folks back home know we are still carrying on for God; and perhaps it might help them to see that we still need their prayers, even though the war is over, that we might go on with God in this clean and holy way.

All of the group are really bornagain Christians, and quite a few of them have the precious baptism of the Holy Spirit. Although the boys shown here come from various denominations in the States, the majority of them are from the Assemblies of God and the Church of God; but regardless of denomination, they all love God, and we worship together in the beauty of holiness.

I am enclosing the names and addresses which I have of those, and perhaps you might want to publish the names under the picture. I am sure none of the fellows would object.

I regret that I couldn't obtain the first names and addresses of numbers 9 and 11, as they moved away from this island before we had taken addresses; anyway, we know their last names, and perhaps that will be sufficient.

(Continued on page 29)



# Bits of Inspiration

By Pauline Weaver Harding



When you are forgotten or neglected, or purposely set at naught, and you smile with your heart at rest that is victory. When your good is evil spoken of, your wishes crossed, your task offended, your advice ridiculed, and you take it all in patient, loving silence—that is victory. When you are firm in difficulties and superior to adversity; when you lament not the loss of that which you cannot return; when you know that each day is a new life and that yesterday is one hundred years old; when you are content with simple raiment, plain food, any climate, any solitude, any interruption—that is victory!

#### Did You Pray?

Did you think of me this morning, As you breathed a word of prayer? Did you ask for strength to help me, All my burdens bear?

Did you speak of faith and courage, For the trials I must meet?

Did you ask that God might help me, As you bowed before His feet?

Someone prayed, and strength was given

For the long and weary road;

Someone prayed, and faith grew stronger,

As I bent beneath the load;

Someone prayed; the way grew brighter,

And I walked all unafraid, In my heart a song of gladness. Tell me, was it you who prayed?

I want to help you to grow as beautiful as God meant you to be when He thought of you first.

#### Touching Shoulders

There's a comforting thought at the close of the day,

When I'm weary and lonely and sad, That sort of grips hold of my crusty old heart,

And bids it be merry and glad.

It gets in my soul and it drives out the blues,

And finally thrills through and through.

It's just a sweet memory that chants the refrain;

"I'm glad I touched shoulders with you."

Did you know you were brave?
Did you know you were strong?
Did you know there was one leaning hard?

Did you know that I waited and listened and prayed,

And was cheered by your simplest word?

Did you know that I longed for the smile on your face,

For the sound of your voice ringing true?

Did you know I grew stronger and better, because

I had merely touched shoulders with you?

I am glad that I live, that I struggle and strive,

For the place that I know I must fill; I am thankful for sorrows—I'll meet with a grin

What fortune may send—good or ill.

I may not have wealth, I may not be great,

But I know I shall always be true, For I have in my life that courage you gave,

When once I touched shoulders with

-Selected.

#### THE PEACEFUL HOUR

The shades are lang aut in the fields
As darkness draweth nigh;
The sun sinks lawer in the west,
I hear the lark's last cry.

Caal breezes stir among the trees, A chirping cricket sings. In meditation, I give thanks Far peace this haur brings.

Give me this quiet time of day When all my thaughts are best, When evening shadows gently fall Between my work and rest.

#### God Is in Every Tomorrow

God is in every tomorrow;
Therefore I live today,
Certain of finding at service,
Guidance and strength for the way;
Power for each moment of weakness,
Hope for each moment of pain,
Comfort for every sorrow,
Sunshine and joy after rain.

God is in every tomorrow;
Planning for you and for me;
E'en in the dark will I follow,
Trust where my eyes cannot see,
Stilled by His promise of blessing,
Soothed by the touch of His hand,
Confident in His protection,
Knowing my life path is planned.

God is in every tomorrow;
Life with its changes may come,
He is behind and before me,
While in the distance shines home!
Home, where no thoughts of tomorrow

Ever can shadow my brow, Home in the presence of Jesus Through all eternity—now.

#### Just a Little

It takes so little to make us glad, Just the cheering clasp of a friendly hand;

Just a word from one who can understand.

And we finish the task we once had planned,

And lose the doubt and fear we had, So little it takes to make us glad.

It takes so little to make us sad, Just a slighting word or a doubting sneer;

Just a scornful smile on some lips held dear,

And our footsteps lag though the goal seemed near,

And we lose the courage and hope we had.

This world that we're a-living in
Is mighty hard to beat;
You get a thorn with every rose,
But ain't the roses sweet?

—Frank L. Stanton

# A SHINING FACE

If you can do nothing else for God, you can carry a shining face. Somebody once said, "If you wish your neighbors to see what God is like, let them see what God can make you like."

—Selected

# The Paths of the Sea

# By Ken Anderson

Almost one hundred years ago a troop ship lost its rudder during a storm. It began drifting aimlessly over the ocean. The men could do nothing. Their rudder was gone, so they could not steer the ship.

The United States Navy became concerned. They wanted to search for the missing ship, but they had no idea where to look. There is a lot of water in the ocean, you know. But there was a man who came to the rescue. His name was Matthew Maury. For many years he had been studying the ocean. He had made many charts, both of the wind and of the water current. When the navy men came to him, Mr. Maury pointed to a spot on his chart. "Look there," he said, "and I think you'll find the ship." Sure enough, exactly where he said it would be, the missing ship was found.

Some of you may never have heard of Matthew Maury before. I suppose there are a lot of sailors and ship captains, too, who have never heard of him. But all those who know the history of the sea say that Mr. Maury did more to help sailors and ship captains than any other man.

He even helped farmers, too. And his discoveries are used by the airlines, even though Mr. Maury himself may never have seen an airplane. You see, he studied the wind and the waves. He made maps of them. With his maps of the wind, it became possible to forecast the weather. Using his maps of the sea, the big ocean liners had definite tracks to follow across the ocean.

You have all heard of cablegrams, haven't you? They are like telegrams—only they are sent across the ocean by means of cables which reach around the world. It was Mr. Maury who made a map of the ocean bottom to find the best place for the laying of the first trans-Atlantic (that means across the Atlantic ocean) cable.

People laughed at Mr. Maury. They said he was "a bit touched in the nead." But he went on working just the same. As I said, his discoveries became mighty important.

Matthew Maury was born in Virinia. He joined the Navy and for nine years became a son of the seas. He did not have much chance for school work, so young Matthew taught himself. For instance, he used chalk and made marks on cannon balls for his "homework."

He was especially interested in the sea. He was a Christian. He spent many hours reading the Bible, and he was sure there were many mysteries of God's greatness yet to be discovered in the ocean. He wanted to understand the winds and why they moved as thy did over the salty water. He wanted to understand the ocean current, too. By following a favorable current, instead of sailing against one, a ship could almost double its speed.

Matthew spent much time reading discarded log books. (Ship captains keep a record of every day at sea in their log books.) In these books he found many facts which helped him in his study.

Something came into Mr. Maury's life which, at first, made it look as though he was through. He was badly injured in a stagecoach accident and had to give up going to sea. But this accident only increased his work. He was made superintendent of an important department in the Navy. Here he had a chance to study more log books. He made his charts more accurate than ever. Also, he got a thousand sea captains to keep records of their sailing for him.

From each of these ships, he was sent information. They kept a record of the temperature, both of the air and of the water. They told him what direction the wind blew each day. They watched the sea currents. Bottles were thrown overboard and permitted to drift on the ocean. When they were picked up again some place else along the sea lanes Maury had found, they told many things.

When eight years had passed, Mr. Maury was able to make his famous "wind and current chart."

Some of you may wonder what part Mr. Maury's being a Christian had to do with all this. It had a lot to do! One day he was reading his Bible. He was reading the 8th Psalm. The last

two verses gripped his heart. "The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas. O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!"

"The paths of the sea!" God had made highways in the sea. By His power, the water moved in different directions. And with God's help, Matthew Maury was able to find those paths.

Matthew Maury's discovery not only helped ships to sail faster, but it saved many lives. For instance, there were many collisions between ships off the coast of Newfoundland. Sailing was safe there during good weather, but often there were dense fogs. He made a chart with two lanes—one for ships going one way, the other for ships sailing the opposite direction. There were no more collisions after that.

Mr. Maury was not satisfied to study the wind and waves. He wanted to know something about the bottoms of the oceans, too. He got especially interested in that, when he helped decide where to lay the cable.

He had heavy cannon balls fastened to strong lines. Soft wax was smeared on these cannon balls. Then, when the cannon ball reached the ocean bottom, many of the plants and small rocks would stick to the wax. In that way Mr. Maury knew what the ocean floor was like. So he was able to make a map of much of the ocean floor between Ireland and Newfoundland. This was the best place for the cable. You see, he would not let them put it down where there were sharp rocks and things like that, which might injure the cable.

As to his discoveries about the weather, one man said, "During the six years before cotton planters were given forecasts, they lost \$40,000,000. They lost this because of being given wrong forecasts. But now they can be almost certain of what kind of weather to expect."

Even more wonderful than his discoveries was Matthew Maury's faith in God. He was not ashamed of his salvation, as some Christians seem to be. He met many famous men. Probably every one of them heard him give his testimony. He could not understand how men could look at God's great creation and refuse to give their lives to Him.

Matthew Maury discovered the pathways of the sea. But before that, (Continued on page 25)

Which are you? There are many ways that we can be stepping-stones or stumbling-blocks to others. But space doesn't permit us to deal with all, so we are only taking up one topic, Love.

In these evil days in which we are living, surely it is the desire of every Christian's heart to be a shining stepping-stone to lead lost, weary, sin-sick souls to the Christ of Calvary. But without the love of God in our heart, it is impossible for us to bring souls to Christ. God is love, so if we have God, we have love, and if we love God, we have a burning love in our heart for the lost, and this love will force us out to do something about getting the lost to Christ.

We call ourselves Christians, and truly we are if we are followers of Christ, for to be Christian means to be Christ-like. We find that Jesus loved His father, and came down from heaven, not to do His will, but the will of Him that sent Him, John 6:38. Then our love to God is our greatest obligation as a Christian, and the greatest desire of our heart is to do His will. We find in John 4:34 where Jesus said to His disciples, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." It might be good for us to read this entire chapter. This quotation of Jesus was spoken immediately after His talk with the woman at the well. He had so much love for lost souls, and such a burning desire to do His Father's will, that His appetite for food was gone. Have you ever been so much interested, and so burdened for lost souls that you lost your appetite? Have you ever cried over lost souls? Jesus did, Matt. 23:37; Luke 19:41. "And when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it," Luke 19:41. "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," Luke 5:32. "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief," 1 Tim. 1:15. "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost," Luke 19:10.

So we see that the mission of Jesus in the world was to save sinners. This is the supreme business of every Christian in the world. Everyone we talk to about Jesus may not want Him, but we do know that Jesus says whosoever will, let him come, and, Christian, friend, let us let them come. Let us be sure we are not hindering anyone from coming, but doing all we can to lead them to Jesus. It is our business and responsibility to tell

# Stepping-Stones Or Stumbling-Blocks

MRS. J. F. LOWE

them that Jesus loves them and wants to save them. It is our duty to be able to tell them how to be saved. A real Christian is a shining steppingstone to lead the poor lost soul to a merciful and loving Savior. There are no selfish Christians. After we have found Christ so good and so precious to our soul, we have a desire to get someone else to taste for themselves and see that the Lord is good. When we cease to have the desire to win souls to Christ, and fail to put forth an effort to do so, we fail that much to be a Christian. Ezek. 33:8,9.

How much do we love God? Since our love to God is our greatest obligation, and more essential to our being successful soul-winners for Christ than anything else, do we really love God? We must love Him with all our heart, Matt. 22:37; Luke 10:27; Deut. 6:5. This is so important. We find in Matt. 22:38 that it is the greatest commandment. We must love Him more than our father or mother, son or daughter, Matt. 10:37. And to love Him with all our heart, and with all our understanding, and with all our soul, and with all our strength, and to love our neighbor as ourself, is more than all whole burnt offerings and sacrifices. The love of God in the heart will drive out all the love of the world. Therefore we hate sin. The love of God will make us have a godly conversation, make us love our brother, and we will want to be a blessing to everybody. We are hid away with Christ in God, therefore, we cease to want to be seen, but endeavor to let Jesus be seen in our every act, word, and deed. Friends, the only way that we can be stepping-stones to lead lost

#### ISN'T IT STRANGE

Isn't it strange that princes and kings and clawns that caper in saw-dust rings and camman falks like you and me are builders af eternity? Each is given a bag af taals, a shapeless mass, a book of rules, and each must make ere life is flawn, a stumbling-black ar a stepping-stane.

mmmmmmmmmm

souls onward, upward, to that hea enly city, is to be real true Christia: with the love of God shining o in our everyday lives.

Those who love God, love His people "By this shall all men know that yo are my disciples, if ye have love or to another," John 13:35. Please rea and reread this scripture verse. No my dear Christian friends, how ca we expect to be successful soul-win ners for Christ, and how can we ex pect the world to believe in the church, when we show such a litt love one to another? The average sin ner doesn't read the Bible much, an he depends only on what the preache tells him, and the church member shows him. The sinner is looking for something better than they have. The are looking for something that wi give them peace, joy, and happines They want that feeling of security their heart, that we know only th Christian has. But how can we brir them into the knowledge of our Lor Jesus Christ, when we don't have th love of God shining out in our lives We just can't.

Not long ago I heard a sinner sa "I am as good or better than the members of that church, for I don't go around backbiting somebody all the time." Now isn't this a shame? You this sinner was justified in saying what he said. No, this wasn't a persecution for Jesus' sake. The majority were guilty, including the pastor. On course, we know that not all members in any church are like this, but enoughwere guilty in this particular church to throw reflection on the who church.

It is true in so many churches the we are failing to show our love or to another, and how is the world know that we are Christians? W can't love our brother or sister ar be continually speaking evil of the to others. If we find our brother sister in a fault, let us do as the Wol teaches, "Ye who are strong, resto such an one in the spirit of meeknes considering thyself, lest thou also tempted," Gal. 6:1. Go tell him h fault, not someone else. Matt. 18:1 17. Notice it says the last step to taken is "Tell it to the church," n to the world. We should be very car ful about what we say about o brother or sister. If we hate o brother, we are a murderer. 1 John 3:15. How can we love our brother and murder his influence?

(Continued on page 16)

# Youth Personal Evangelistic Union

#### WISE SOUL WINNERS

Text: "The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life; and he that winneth souls is wise," Prov. 11:30.

Every real saint feels this urge to be a soul winner, but some are especially consecrated to be teachers, preachers, or missionaries. I believe this to be the biggest and most honorable job under the sun. It is greater to "convert a sinner from the error of his way" than to be president.

At the very outset of this message, let me say that to win a soul to Christ means a battle. Yes, it means a fierce conflict with at least four mighty forces:

SATANIC POWER. The devil is the greatest force in the universe except God Almighty. Satan, as king of the bottomless pit, has millions of demons under him, each battalion having a different characteristic, according to the various dispositions of men. There are at least seven types of these fallen angels. "They people the air and darken heaven and rule this lower world."

"But shall believers fear,
Or shall believers fly,
Or see the bloody cross appear,
Nor all hell's host defy;
Nay, by all hell's host withstood,
We all hell's host o'erthrow,
And conquering them through Jesus' blood,
We on to conquer go."

-Charles Wesley.

These demons work in unison and never tire or lose hope in trying to damn every son of Adam. If one fails, Satan immediately calls for another, a demon that may more fully understand your temperament. You can readily see that to rescue a soul from these diabolic forces means that we must have special grace and supernatural wisdom.

THE WORLD. Another great seductive power to be outwitted is this wicked world, with all of its rottenness and delusions. It is no child's play to grapple with the evil influences of sin, and win a soul.

POPULAR RELIGION is another subtle power that must be overcome. Multitudes of deceived church members and their carnal preachers have little or no use for old-time revivals. It requires great wisdom to undeceive them.

CARNALITY in our own people will put up a fight and hinder rather than help a deep revival. Hence, to be a soul winner, one must be more than a match for these four united forces. Above all, the main qualification is the unction that comes alone from the Holy Ghost. God grant it!

People say to me, "You have been preaching for over fifty years, that you do not need an outline now, for you know your Bible well." I might reply, "Yes, perhaps I do know a little about the Word and soul winning, but in every campaign I must have a special anointing of power from on High, or it is a tame meeting." Not only so, but in every altar service, yes, with each individual, special wisdom must be had, to know how to approach different temperaments. One person may be emotional, another

just the opposite. One may rather enjoy noise and handclapping, while with another this would be distracting.

I remember preaching in Glasgow, Scotland. These people are hard to move, but when they do, they stick. One night, out of a large congregation we had only seven to respond and go to the vestry for prayer. A nice looking business man declined to go, but came and sat on the front seat with his hand to his forehead. I said to myself, "I wish he would pray." I knew better than to urge a Scotchman. So I waited to see what would happen. He sat for half an hour without any apparent emotion, except tears were dropping. "Well," said I, "the Lord is dealing with him, though I would like to see him cry out and pray like they do in America." Finally, he took his hand down and with a radiant face said, "It is settled, and settled forever, that I am God's man." I believe he was as genuinely converted as any man whom I ever saw pray and shout. So you see we must study different personalities.

And now I must be specific! First, if you would be a soul winner, you must be *polite!* There is nothing gained in being rude. It is not wise to put your hand upon one's shoulder and say, "Man, you are going to hell!" This might reach some; with others it would utterly fail. A better approach might be to hand out a good, appropriate tract. This might open the way for a friendly conversation. Next,

(Continued on page 14)

#### WHAT WOULD'ST THOU HAVE ME TO DO?

I know not the plan that you have for my life, Nor the journey that I must pursue; The path is untrod and the journey is long. Lord, what would'st Thou have me to do?

I see many lives that are lost and undone, All alone in this world without you; But how can I reach them to tell them of Thee? Lord, what would'st Thou have me to do?

There are some who are helpless and needing a friend, They're lonely, they're sad and they're blue; They need courage to help them to go on with God. Lord, what would'st Thou have me to do?

I want to help someone along in the way That he might be brave and be true, That he might take courage and follow the Lord And know what You'd have him to do.

I'll give myself over to Thee, blessed Lord; Oh, take me, dear Master, please do, And make me a blessing to others today And teach me the tasks I must do.

Then I will know better the way you have planned As I walk hand in hand, Lord, with You; As I follow Thy leading, one step at a time, I'll do what You want me to do.

-Margaret (Lewis) Smith.

# Motto: "He That Winneth Souls Is Wise," Prov. 11:35.

March, 1946

#### WISE SOUL WINNERS

(Continued from page 13)

it is in order to press home the need of the new birth.

Second, Don't Argue! If you invite some men, they will want to argue about baptism, seventh day, or eternal punishment. It does not pay to argue with a loud-mouthed man. You could not convince him in a thousand years. Stick to the issue and tell him you are not there to argue, but to help him. If he tries to sidetrack you for a moment, say, "My friend, I am burdened for you; and suppose your theory may be right, yet you will lose your soul unless you seek and obtain heart purity."

Third, *Be Tidy and Clean!* "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord." You may not think that this refers to soul winners, but it does. Wesley said, "Cleanliness is the next thing to godliness." Let your whole demeanor be an invitation to come to Jesus. But they must first see in you a clean, lovely Jesus that makes them hungry.

Fourth, When and Whom Not to Urge! Many people need a little urge or push to get them started. They are waiting for a touch on the arm. or a persuasive look, and they will yield. But with others this will not succeed. They want to decide for themselves. They have a matter-offact disposition and must not be rushed. Say a word to them, but if they do not yield, come away. The next night they may decide without urging. To be a wise soul winner, one must not shake the apple tree until all the apples fall. No! But a gentle shake will bring the ripe ones down, and a little later the green ones will be ready. The late ones may be better keepers than the early ones. Lord, save us from getting ahead or behind the Spirit!

I remember seeing John Hatfield's brother getting saved. Andrew Johnson and myself were the evangelists at John's camp near Indianapolis. The last Sunday night I was to preach, and John came to me and whispered, "There is my poor drunken brother, who was once a class-leader in the Methodist Church. He has been drunk now for forty years, more or less. He is on the back seat. If you can do anything for my poor brother, do your best."

I preached with all my might and after getting the altar service started I said to myself, "I am going back to talk to this man." I did not go di-

rectly toward him, lest he should see me coming and leave. So I went in a round-about way, and laying my hand upon his shoulder, said, "How is it, dear man?"

He replied, "Don't talk to me! Don't waste your breath on me! I am a miserable old drunkard. There is no use of making a fool of myself as I have before. I am without hope." He was bitter and hard.

I took hold of his left arm and said, "What if you have started dozens of times? Don't give up! When you were a baby you fell many times over a broom handle or an upturned piece of carpet; but you got up and finally learned the center of gravity, so that now you would not stumble over a hundred broom handles." When all my words failed, God gave me tears and I said, "Dear man, don't get angry with me, this is my last message; I may never see you again, but I am greatly concerned about your soul."

Then he told me he was John Hatfield's brother. When he saw the tears falling, I felt a muscle in his arm twitch, and I said to myself, "Praise God, he is breaking."

Finally, he said, "If I thought it would do any good, I would try once more," and he walked down the aisle where we fought darkness and devils for one hour. At last his voice was gone and I was tired out. It was a fight to the finish. Oh, how nearly we failed when he said, "I must give it up! My voice is gone and I am too sick to pray." Here was when heavenly wisdom was needed, as to when to hold on and when to quit.

I said, "Let us hold on a little longer! God can hear a whisper."

The poor man whispered, the heavens opened, and he got wonderfully saved! He lived just a short time and died shouting. That last night of the camp we had a big shout. Yes, sometimes it pays to plead the Blood and hold on.

Don't Show Off. If anyone is out of the Spirit, it is when he tries to show off in the pulpit or at the altar. The instructor should be the contactor between lost men and God. Tears will do more than strut. Tell your experience if nothing else, but don't show off!

When To Quit! This is a great secret. Why spoil that which was well begun in the Spirit, by ending in the flesh? Sometimes it is proper to spend much time with a soul, then again it is best to dismiss him that he may learn

how to lean alone on God. It is not always best to tell all you had to give up; to tell all the restitution you had to make. Let God tell him some things and he will remember them longer. Don't stuff him too full, lest he cannot digest it all. Some people can take in more than others. It is a fine point to know your patient. Lord, give us heavenly wisdom! Yes, "He that winneth souls is wise."—E. E. Shelhamer, in God's Revivalist.

#### THE EDITOR'S MESSAGE

(Continued from page 2) it was that I found Him, and He is better than all, yes, better than all. His face would be wreathed in smiles, and tears glistening with glory would

Here is another illustration which shows us how God speaks when the lights of the world are turned low.

trickle down his cheeks.

A cablegram from heaven, reported by Dr. W. J. Schieffelin at the Chicago National Congress, shows how a Calcutta merchant met a misfortune in his business. A secretary of a British missionary society called on the merchant to ask his help in the work. He drew a check for two hundred and fifty dollars and handed it to the visitor. At that moment a cablegram was brought in. He read it and looked troubled. "This cablegram," he said, "tells me that one of my ships has been wrecked and the cargo lost. It makes a very large difference in my affairs. I will have to write you another check." The secretary understood perfectly and handed back the check for two hundred and fifty dollars. The checkbook was still open and the merchant wrote him another check and handed it over. He read it with amazement. It was a check for one thousand dollars. He said, "Haven't you made a mistake?" "No," said the merchant, "I haven't made a mistake." And then with tears in his eyes, he said, "That cablegram was a message from my Father in heaven. It read, 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth."

In looking at the stars through a great telescope, it is necessary first to put out every light until you are left in total darkness. Every light sets the air in motion, disturbs the focus, and blurs the vision of the stars. How often our vision of God is blurred and dimmed by the flames of self-consciousness and sordidness that float around us! How many times we have

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# NEWS FROM BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL AND COLLEGE By ... Helen Smeltzer

#### G. E. D. Tests Given to Veterans

The Tennessee Department of Education is cooperating with the United States Armed Forces Institute in a testing program which determines the high school status of veterans. The tests are entitled "General Educational Development Tests" and consist of five divisions as follows:

- 1. Correctness and Effectiveness of Expression.
- 2. Interpretation of Reading Materials in the Social Studies.
- 3. Interpretation of reading materials in the Natural Sciences.
- 4. Interpretation of Literary Materials.
  - 5. General Mathematical Ability.

The major purposes of the tests are:

- 1. To provide a more adequate basis for the educational and vocational guidance of those who have served in the armed forces.
- 2. To assist the schools in the appropriate placement in a program of general education of the students returning from military service.
- 3. To help the schools determine the amount of academic credit which should be granted students for their educational experiences in military service.

The tests are designed to measure the extent to which all of the past educational experiences of the individual tested—including the experiences gained in military service—have contributed to his general educational development.

Before registering for the second semester, sixteen veterans took these tests and some are now working toward high school graduation.

These tests may also be taken by members of the Armed Forces. We shall be happy to receive reports of scores made on the tests from the commanding officers. Each person taking the tests will be notified as to the grade he is qualified to enter in high school and the subjects he must take in order to graduate.

# Seventy-Six Enroll for Second Semester

The second semester of another great term of school began January 25 with seventy-six new students enrolling. Of this number twenty-seven enrolled in the High School Department, forty in Christian Workers, five in Junior College, and four in Music.

The total enrollment for the year now stands at 624. Before the end of the year, we are expecting the enrollment to reach the all-high mark of 650.

We were especially happy that a number of veterans enrolled, some of whom had formerly attended B.T.S.

Truly it is grand to be back in Bible Training School again. There aren't words to tell how much it does mean to be back at school. For this I shall always praise the Lord.

I have been over on foreign land, but always looked forward to returning to B. T. S. I could have enjoyed the pleasure of the world with many thousands of other boys, but I chose to serve God. I do thank God for His caring for me. I truly enjoy serving the Lord. Many times I did not have many friends, but I had Jesus, which meant everything to me. While in the Army, there were many times I did not know if I was going to get to come back. I thank God for allowing me to return.

Many have said that they would like to attend B. T. S., but did not know if they would like it. Well, you take it from me, it is a grand place to be. If you come, you will soon feel the same way.

May God bless you is my prayer.— Herbert Ambris.

As a veteran of World War II returning to the Church of God Bible Training School and College, after an absence of six years, I find a great change. So vast is the change that it almost scares me when I look at all the large, new buildings and many students.

It makes me realize that not only the work of Satan has progressed during the last four years, but God's work, also.

In coming back, after the experience of four years in the Navy, I find school to be much like a vacation to me. So much more pleasant are the surroundings that I find one must take an entire new view of his social life from that which he has just left.

It makes me see for myself some of the things I have been fighting for, and not only does it make me proud, but close to the Lord, when I am among people who truly love and worship Him.

Jesus is due all the praise and credit that I can possibly give Him, for it was He who stood watch and cared for me during the years that have passed, and gave me this wonderful opportunity to come back to school.

I find it very easy for a veteran to attend school on what the Government pays, as now I clear twenty dollars a month above all my other expenses. And my, what a happy job!

The Lord works in many wonderful ways, doesn't He?—Henry McClure.

#### Returned to B. T. S.

November 11, 1942, Uncle Sam decided that he needed me more than B. T. S. did. Everyone seemed to be heartbroken that a number of us students had to leave school, knowing some would not return. That wonderful spirit, "loving one another as we love ourselves," felt by us who had to leave fellow classmates and friends, gave me courage to take a solid stand for our heavenly Father.

Day by day I was reminded of young, ambitious B. T. S. students who promised to pray in my behalf. The prayers of others and my precious experiences of letting Jesus help lighten the load, made those battles easy.

Each month my desire to receive the Lighted Pathway and Evangel became greater as I knew they would bring news from the school of my dreams (B. T. S.). When I read about the school I left, my head was bowed to God for His guiding hand, which inspired the Church of God to establish an institution for the training of Christian leaders of tomorrow.

Absence made my heart grow fonder toward the place of "glory on earth," where I am privileged to be today.

I desire the prayers of you Christians that my life will be wholly acceptable to God, which is our reasonable service.—George Bragg.

"Oh give thanks unto the Lord for He is good: for his mercy endureth for ever."

I praise God for His great mercy, because it is through His mercy that I am able to be back in the greatest institution on earth—the Church of God Bible Training School and Col-

(Continued on page 25)

# Treasured Gleanings

Questionable Amusements

"I think a Christian can go anywhere," said a young woman who was defending her continued attendance at some very doubtful places of amusement.

"Certainly she can," rejoined her friend, "but I am reminded of a little incident that happened last summer when I went with a party of friends to explore a coal mine. One of the young women appeared dressed in a dainty white gown. When her friends remonstrated with her, she appealed to the old miner who was to act as guide of the party.

"Can't I wear a white dress down into the mine?" she asked petulantly.

"Yes'm," returned the old man. "There is nothing to keep you from wearin' a white frock down there, but there'll be considerable to keep you from wearin' one back."

There is nothing to prevent the Christian's wearing his white garments when he seeks the fellowship of that which is unclean, but there is a good deal to prevent his wearing white garments afterwards.—Church of Christ Advocate.

#### He Smiled

In Robert Louis Stevenson's story of a storm, he describes a ship caught off a rocky coast threatening death to all on board. When terror among the people was at its worst, one man, more daring than the rest, making the perilous passage to the pilot house, saw the pilot lashed to his post, with his hands on the wheel and turning the ship little by little into the open sea. When he beheld the ghastly, white, terror-stricken face of the man, he smiled, and the man rushed to the deck below, shouting, "I have seen the face of the pilot, and he smiled. All is well."

A sight of that smiling face averted a panic and converted despair into hope. So a sight of the Face of Christ averts a panic in life, and fills the soul with peace and hope. Therefore, to see God's face in Christ is to be at peace under the wings of the Spirit of God, and as the troubled waves of Galilee sank into calm beneath the Savior's feet, so there can be no dis-

quietude in His presence, beholding His face, sharing His favor.—The Bible Champion.

#### Memory's Part Dr. R. A. Meek

Memory plays a most important part in the salvation or wrecking of the soul. The crowing of the cock is emphasized in the account of Peter's reclamation. What did it have to do with it? It brought in a flood of wholesome recollections that overwhelmed him and made him see again the divinity of his Lord. And as a result, penitence and restoration quickly followed.

So does memory strengthen every good man by keeping before him the blessed experiences of the past. On the other hand, there is no curse that so persistently hounds one who has indulged in sinful pleasures as the memory of them. It gives Satan a ready avenue of approach to the soul in its weak moments, and is a source of peril to it as long as life lasts. Happy is the individual who has no such medium through which the evil world can make its powerful appeals! Herein lies one of the great advantages of never having strayed into wrong paths.

True Then: True Today

Beer never built a cottage. It never stuffed a hungry little stomach. It never inspired a kiss of purity. It never planted a garden or sent a happy little girl to swing upon the gate in anticipation of father's return. It never made a contented hearthstone or bred a yeomanry to inspire their country with sturdy pride.

It deals in mortgages and evictions. It wrenches bread from the fingers of childhood. It triumphs in blows and hate, in suspicion and fear, in lust and disease. It tramples upon the flowers, strikes the hinges from the gate and sends the little ones flying from the father's approach. Selfishness, hopelessness and decay smite the land in which it rules.—The Voice,

The Load of Sin As an Indian evangelist was

preaching, a flippant youth interrupted him, "You tell about the burden of sin. I feel none. How heavy is it? Eighty pounds? Ten pounds?" 🕴

The preacher answered, "Tell me, if you laid four hundred pounds' weight on a corpse, would it feel the load?"

"No, because it's dead," replied the

The preacher said, "That spirit, too, is dead, which feels no load of sin."— Guldax, in Southern Churchman,

Anyone desiring free tracts may write Mrs. John F. Thames, Route 5, Box 21. Favetteville, N. C.

#### SPECIAL NOTICE

We are not receiving enough money for the Army Fund to keep up our regular mailing list. It is true that papers will not go to many who have been on the list, but there is a goodly number who ask that the papers be sent to them yet. Letters are coming to us from chaplains and soldiers, too, who ask that we still send the papers to them. Many boys are in hospitals and they will enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway. We are depending on you, co-workers.

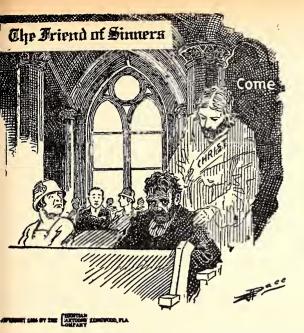
May God bless each of you and we thank you from the bottom of our heart for what you have done in the past.—Editor.

#### STEPPING-STONES OR STUM-**BLING BLOCKS**

(Continued from page 12)

In my opinion this is one of the greatest hindrances of Christian progress today. We fail to show our love one to another as we should, and by doing so we become a stumbling-block to lost souls, also our brothers and sisters. Prov. 18:19. A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city and their contentions are like the bars of a castle.

What to do? "Remember therefore from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do the first works; or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of his place . . ." Rev. 2:5. In the last days the love of many shall wax cold. Matt. 24:12. Pray for love. 2 Thess. 3:5. "Keep yourselves in the love of God," Jude 21. Let us start today being stepping-stones and not stumblingblocks, for "blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners," Psa. 1:1.



# Sinners' Page



# COME, PRODIGAL, COME

"O soul in the far-away country,
A-weary, and famished, and sad,
There's rest in the home of thy Father,
His welcome will make thy heart
glad.

Arise! and come to thy Father,
He'll meet thee while yet on the way;
Assured of His tender compassion,
Oh, why wilt thou longer delay?

"Although thou hast sinned against heaven,

And weak and unworthy may be; He offers thee full restoration, And pardon abundant and free."

# SOWING WILD OATS

H. L. HASTINGS

There is an ancient story of a man who owned a beautiful field which wily stranger vainly sought to purhase. The young man was firm in its refusal to sell the inheritance of its father. When every effort failed, he stranger offered to raise one crop maturity and harvest it, and then he lease was to expire, the property evert to the owner, and all the tranger's rights in the field were to ease.

The bargain was concluded, and the unning scamp sowed the soil with corns from end to end. The first ear they sprouted like leaves, the ext year they grew like scions, five ears they were slender rods, ten ears after they were thrifty saplings, wenty years and they were young rees, and so the crop grew on, until he young man became old and poor, nd weary with waiting; and when at ust grizzled and grey, broken with

many years, he sank into his grave, his once verdant field was a forest of lusty oaks, which lifted their giant arms heavenward to the sunshine, defied the summer drouth and the winter hurricane, and bade fair to survive the storms and winds and changes of centuries. And yet the lease was unexpired. The one crop had not become mature, nor had it been gathered to the garner, but the thoughtless young man lost his heritage; the land was his no more.

Just so in the fair and generous soil of youth, with its bounding pulses and its exuberant life, Satan says, "Let me sow just one crop, and gather it in, and then in a little while, when it is removed, I will ask no more. Pluck up the good seed sown at a mother's knee, buried by a mother's prayer and watered by a mother's tears; clear off the rubbish that has grown up from the influence

of home, amid the gentle loves of sisterhood, and the kindly powers of piety and grace; away with all religious mopings and godly nonsense, clear the field for a new crop, just one. Young men, you know, 'must sow their wild oats.' When this crop is off, then there will be time for other grains. Then in mature life, plant the seed of goodness, greatness, nobility, purity and godliness; all these may grow." Satan says, "Only let me first have one crop of wild oats."

And multitudes give heed to his wiles and consent to his proposals; but of all the mad delusions of mortals, theirs is the worst. Nothing grows longer or roots stronger than wild oats. And may God pity the man who has leased his soul to Satan for one such crop!

I have seen wild oats sown and grown, I have seen the harvest. I have seen the fatal brand of lust upon the countenance. I have seen the blear of drunkenness in the reddened eye. I have seen the restless twitching of the shattered nerves. I have seen the stiffened gait of the ruined debauchee, and the sneaking glance which told that nothing but brass could make him hold up his head before the world. I have seen the wasted form, the sunken cheeks, the hectic flush. I have heard the shattered voice, the hollow cough and sad confession, the vain regrets! Aye, I have preached Christ through grated windows, and in gloomy cells, and through long, stony corridors whence bars and bolts shut out the freedom and the joy of life, and I have looked on fetters, and knelt by the side of the young man whose hands were stained with his brother's blood, and amid it all I have said, "This is the harvest that comes of sowing wild oats."

Yes, there are dark, dishonored (Continued on page 28)

"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.—Psalm 37:5.

"Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you." 1 Peter 4:12.

I had often asked God to give me faith and patience, not realizing then, that there was a price to pay for it. Maybe it was because I was weak and sometimes disobedient and He could teach me in no other way. However, He took me through two years of testings, allowing me to come within the very clutches of death to teach me these things and many more; things that have benefited me spiritually, and for which I am more than thankful. In James 1:3 it says, "Knowing this, that the trial of your faith worketh patience." God used the Army and an overseas experience as a school of learning, and now I can say that never before have I experienced the peace and spiritual victory that I now have. At times I feel as David must have felt when he even exhorted the sun, moon, and stars to praise his God.

On my day of induction as I awaited the results of my examination, one thought prevailed in my mind continually. When Jesus faced the crisis in His life, his great trial, He sought His Father and said, "Father, let this cup pass from me, nevertheless not my will but thine be done." And I believe if that had not come to me I would have been "of men most miserable." Even Jesus thought his Father had forsaken Him, when hanging on the cross He cried, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Some Christians seem to think that all God's people should be exempted but if they were, I believe the world would have a poor conception of Christianity. A member of the church I attended prayed as her son was inducted that his blood would be rotten. I imagine if God would have answered that foolish prayer her son would be in bad shape the rest of his life. Some try to refuse altogether to take part; but Jesus "opened not His mouth." When He was seemingly forsaken on the cross, there was a purpose in it, and a very important one.

The most adequate words I can find to describe my feelings in the service at first are found in Rev. 6:10. "How long, O Lord?" That was my question. But God answered this later on in my experience. A few weeks

# God Walked With Me

#### A true testimony by Charles C. Renn

prior to embarkation, I saw one night in a dream, myself surrounded by fire, a scene of reunion and things pertaining to the building of God's kingdom, all of which have since come to pass. But the scene of fire brings to mind a scripture in 1 Pet. 1:7. "That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than gold which perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ." Because of this and other similar experiences I was beginning to realize that it was all part of God's plan. He knows what He is doing and what is best for us. Are we not precious in His sight?

But one thing that persisted in my mind was the fact that I was in a combat unit carrying a rifle. I did not want to take life and I believe that no child of God, being born of His Spirit would do such a thing. It may have been done in Old Testament times under the law, but we are now in the dispensation of grace. Jesus has since come and died on the cross to bring salvation by grace. Through that "born again" experience the Holy Spirit convicts us of these things and gives us power to overcome; something man could not do under law.

I had the privilege of complaining and a chance of being changed to a different branch, if I would fight for it, but I didn't believe that was God's way. So I took it to the Lord in prayer one night and He answered and led me. During that prayer I distinctly heard these words, seemingly coming from within: "Be still and know that I am God." On the following morning I opened my Bible to a list of helps and was directed to Psalms 46:10 as encouragement for a crisis. And there were the same words that had come to me in prayer and which have since become implanted within my heart. When we get into that place where we will wait on Him and not struggle in our own way, which is usually wrong anyway, then we have faith. So, knowing that if anything would ever be done it would be He who would do it, I put my trust completely in Him. Glory and honor unto Him who is above all.

I arrived in France ten days after the great invasion on D-day and was assigned to a combat engineer battalion. During the first week during construction of a bridge which had recently been blown up, two men were sent out on guard and about 200 feet into the woods were killed by Jerry snipers. I thought, at the time, that 1 could have easily been one of them. But then we should not be afraid to die if we are right in God's sight. Though in my case, I felt that I had failed Him so much and I wanted to come back and make up for the lost opportunities, that I would not be empty handed on "that day." And I made a vow that if He delivered me I would not fail to testify of it and that I would devote my life to His cause, something I had always wanted to do, but had not gone ahead as I could have.

Not long after this we experienced our first real scare. While working on a bridge close to St. Lo a man came racing back from the front in a jeep with news of a gas attack about three miles further up. It so happened that it was only an exaggeration, someone having seen the results of some smoke grenades, but before finding this out, if I ever had the feeling of being hopelessly lost it was then, for our gas masks and protective clothing were several miles away at our base camp. Even as we sped wildly down the road and thought we were out of the danger zone we saw others, soldiers and civilians alike, coming from other directions as if fleeing other gas attacks. But we found later that it

was only the reaction from the same rumor. From this incident, I saw a picture of what it is to be lost and helpless; I am speaking of eternal things.

I was later transferred to a replacement depot from which place I would later be assigned to an outfit closer to the front. It was during my stay here that I had the amount of \$76.00 stolen from my tent. Naturally, I worried a little, but afterwards these scriptures began to come to my mind, that Jesus had taught His disciples, "Take no thought of tomorrow"—"no scrip for your purse"—"lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth where thieves break through and steal." And ere the day was ended the thought of the loss of my money had vanished from my mind. Over there away from everything, He was bringing me into the place where I would learn to look to Him and obey Him. And without obedience we cannot be fit vessels for Him to use in His great work. Hebrews 5:8 reads, "Though he were a son (Jesus) yet he learned obedience by the things which he suffered."

I was in the European theatre just seven months altogether, which number, Biblically, is God's fulness of time. During that time I had no occasion to use a rifle although I was armed with one, as I was in combat engineers. But in the fifth month, on reaching Holland, I was reassigned to an armored outfit which participated in the spearheads with the infantry. Our work was to detect hidden mines, help to clean out towns of snipers and if occasion demanded, and it had previous to my arrival to fight with the infantry to take over towns. Now I knew my test had really come. I was going into the scene of killing, but I was certain God would soon deliver me or show me His will concerning using my rifle.

Some time during my first night in this division, which had just entered Germany, an enemy plane appeared in the darkened skies, dropping flares to illuminate our position. I was lying in a hastily dug hole in a patch of woods which was so shallow that it offered me little protection from shrapnel. Presently the plane hovered directly overhead and went into a dive. It was then I learned the meaning of "sweating out." But nothing happened and this was followed by three more dives in succession and still nothing dropped, although before leaving he strafed a machine gun emplacement a few hundred feet away, with no harm done. Oh, God is all-powerful!

We spent the next two nights in the cellar of a house, and in the morning would find small bomb craters in the backyard from personnel bombs during the night. Sleeping was quite difficult those nights as those kinds amount to anywhere up to fifty in one "dropping." And at regular intervals, those terrible 240 shells screamed overhead from the German lines which were now not far distant. And above all this our own artillery was set up just a block away in the town, and they were not idle.

Then on the third day we were informed that a group of infantry, guarding a town a few miles ahead against counterattack, had been virtually wiped out by air bursts: shells that explode in the air, rendering foxholes useless. We were ordered to replace these men.

In the evening as we moved cautiously along a street in a town that had just cleared, on our way to this "suicide job" no one realized what was to take place in the next few moments. But God knew. He, or His angel, must have been there beside me when it occurred. (Psalm 91:11, 12.) Every few seconds more of the dreaded air bursts whistled overhead, aimed at our artillery just behind us. And in answer, our shells came back in the opposite direction. On the outskirts of the town we had entered, lay many German dead beside their foxholes.

As I walked along, I carried a bedroll under my left arm, a box of ammunition in my right. I changed hands, and suddenly without warning, a mortar shell exploded in the street to my right and to the rear, shocking me into momentary paralysis and

throwing me to the pavement, which, fortunately, I could not feel. As I regained consciousness I saw my left arm covered with blood and my glove torn to shreds, and learned later that the extent of my injuries was complete loss of the thumb, a compound fracture of the forearm from the fall, and three other wounds in the wrist and arm. Shrapnel had just missed my body, striking my left arm and hand as it swung backward with my stride, and in which I had been carrying the box of ammunition. Behind me a man lay dying of internal injuries from the same shell. No doubt it was the same fragments that passed through his body that had struck me. They could do nothing for him and it was only a matter of a few moments. At first I had wondered if I was going to live and then the thought came to me of home, that this had happened for my deliverance. Had I not changed the box to my left hand probably I would not have been hit, but then maybe something much worse would have happened later. I often think back to that scene. One was dead, the other still living, and as far as I know he was not a Christian. It pays to serve Jesus, as we never know when our time will come. We have no assurance of the future. I learned later that not long afterward the great counterdrive occurred in this sector, which took so many American lives. Do you doubt that God was in this thing?

One more incident I must relate to show that God is faithful to His promises. On August 11, in what I at first thought to be an ordinary dream, a friend told me I was going to a "school." I asked him how long it (Continued on page 25)

## THE SPRING DIVINE

Across the far rim of the world
There comes a breeze with promise of a Spring
That is not of the slowly waking earth
'Tis more than scent of flowers or sight of bud:
The Spring Divine is here,
The wind before the footsteps of the Lord!
It bloweth now across the weary world,
And strangely moves the hearts of men to peace.
Rare, gracious deeds familiar grow;
Prayers rice from hearts of sweet humility:

Prayers rise from hearts of sweet humility;
Temples are built, and children joyously
Fare forth on life's absorbing quest.
Far off he comes, our King;
And we are swept upon our knees
As meadow grasses bow before the wind.

—Adapted. The New Century Leader.

# NATIONAL







Youth classes sing beautiful choruses, and plunge into class study with vigor. No efforts are spared by teachers in maintaining interest and stress on spiritual life. Teachers: Elbert Landreth, boys; Mrs. Regan, girls.



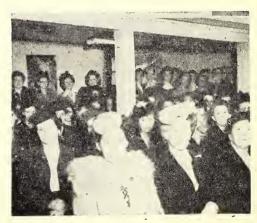
Great interest and fellowship characterize this men's Bible study class. Many of its members are pioneers who have seen the church come up from scratch. Standing at left, the pastor relaxes for "shot."

#### OUR VISIT TO GREENVILLE, S. C.

It was an inspiring feeling indeed, on the morning of Sunday, February 3, 1946, to be ushered along with our Editor-in-Chief of Sunday School and youth literature, Brother F. W. Lemons, and our Music Editor, Rev. Vep Ellis, into the largest Sunday School gathering I had ever witnessed in our church.

Despite the beautiful sunshine, the morning air was crisp and biting; but the people didn't stop coming. Sunday School officials greeted them at every door. Newcomers were directed to their classes and made to feel at home. Literature was distributed in an orderly manner. Winners who brought the most new students were ear-marked for prizes to be publicly awarded later in the immense auditorium above. Cars were sent out to bring in the aged and disabled, and those without transportation who lived farthest away. Everything was humming, and every one was busy, but every part of the machinery had been oiled and timed beforehand, and was operating smoothly.

The majority of the people in the Church of God know the man, who, in the midst of a program, timed to a split second, can be depended on to make a success of it. He is the pastor, Rev. Earl P. Paulk. Possessed with a dynamic personality, this seemingly tireless individual, although up until well after 2:00 a.m. the night before, is out for the early Sunday morning broadcast, and energetically starts the ball rolling for the day's activities. Determined and forceful, he makes punctuality a must for his coworkers and assistants, and gives them credit for being a most cooperative group of church workers, from the restive and efficient associate pastor, J. Frank



The ladies' classroom was packed out. Mothers holding infants in the hall outside made way for the cameraman. Class No. 3; attendance, 113; Mrs. Beason, teacher.



The band prepares to strike up a march air, under direction of Rev. J. Frank Spivey, Asst. Pastor, second from left.

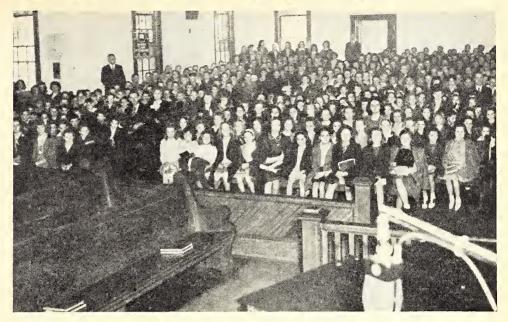
# SUNDAY SCHOOL NEWS

Spivey, to the old jonitor, who hos received the blessing since coming there.

The vost oudience, much lorger than the 1,013 Sundoy School ottendants, and having many of the large city's mill officials and civic leaders, who sympathize heartily with the great enterprise of soul-soving through radio and personal work, is most reverent, and attention is olmost unbelievable for a throng of this size; and as the different departments march to the places assigned them, there is perfect unison and order.

Lock of space is a decided hindronce, and full scale plans for an addition of twenty new Sunday School rooms, a nursery and postor's study at a cost of \$25,000, are completed; erection to begin at a cost.

(To be continued next issue)



Before the choir ossembles, comeraman bolonces adroitly on rostrum choir and shoots most of Junior Deportment across empty choir loft. Mike for public address system looms in foreground.

#### ANNOUNCEMENTS OF FORTH-COMING YOUTH CON-FERENCES

North Carolina State Pentecostal Youth Rally April 12, 13, Church of God at Charlotte

Among the guests expected are the General Overseer, B.T.S. President and National Youth Chairman, Youth Literature Editor, Music Editor, State Overseer, and prominent speakers from many places. Other Youth Committee members are expected. Rev. A. V. Childers, Church state chairman of Youth Committee, will be in charge.

## West Virginia Youth Conference and Convention

May 3-5, Beckley. For further information, write Rev. J. L. Goins, State Overseer.

#### Alabama State Youth Conference

July 7-9. (Place to be announced.) At least one member of the Youth Committee and other outstanding speakers expected, and so are you.

Maryland Youth for Christ Congress
July 23-26; place to be announced
very soon.

3. 3. Attendance for Month of				
November				
Weekly				
Group	State	Total	Av.	
A	S. C.	34,184	8,546	
В	Ky.	12,411	3,103	
C	Ilľ.	8,620	2,155	
D	Calif.	7,340	1,835	
$\mathbf{E}$	Kan.	2,512	628	
F	Maine	1,194	298	
G	D. C.	356	89	
· ·				

#### CORRECTION

Our good friend, little Joe Little, stamped into the room the other day and notified us that it was Georgia, and not South Carolina, as was listed on this page in last month's issue, which led in Class "A" for the Y.P.E. attendance. On checking the records we discovered that he was exactly right, for a mistake had been made in checking the General Overseer's records for that month; so we offer our apologies to all concerned, and promise that we will strive to do better. Joseph also notified us that it would also be Georgia, and not South Carolina, who would carry the "A" banner for this month, and on checking the records we discovered that he was exactly right. The diminutive superintendent of Georgia's Sunday Schools and Y.P.E.'s even suggested that it was very possible the record would remain that way all this year. As for me, I'm only an innocent bystander and cannot verify or disclaim his report. I'm one hundred per cent for the winner. I do know that South Carolina is another Church of God state in the South which has plenty of vim, vigor, and vitamins, and if Georgia means to stay on top, she'd better put the hustlers, rustlers, and bustlers all to work.

You will notice that Illinois is a top "C" state. Fact is, it promises to be *the* top state in that group. That state Sunday School and Y.P.E. superintendent is as prompt as they come, too. Reports come in here the first of the month for the last month's record, and we appreciate them that way.

Reporting a new Y.P.E., which started functioning in the new church, 12 South Kedsie St., Chicago, Ill., in December. Keep the good work going, Illinois.

# cember. Keep the good work going, Illinois. — — — — National "Big Ten" in Average At-

tendance, S. S. for December, 1'	945
Greenville, S. C.	577
Kannapolis, N. C.	524
N. Cleveland, Tenn.	392
Dillon, S. C.	341
Atlanta, Ga.	322
Canton, Ohio	300
Lenoir City, Tenn.	265
Greer, S. C.	264
Alton Park, Tenn.	235
Anderson, S. C.	

# National Leaders in Average Attendance in Y.P.E. for DecemberLenoir City, Tenn.329N. Cleveland, Tenn.262Leadwood, Mo.235Carmi, Ill.208

#### NOTICE

On next month's National Page we will carry a complete list of Sunday Schools by states, that have been added since the Assembly.

#### Y.P.E. Attendance for Month of November

			Weekly
Group	State	Total	Av.
Α	Ga.	22,644	5,661
В	Tex.	9,411	2,353
C	Ill.	6,840	1,710
D	Okla.	3,485	871
$\mathbf{E}$	Kan.	1,570	392
$\mathbf{F}$	Maine	1,005	251
G	Neb.	220	55

# V.P.E. LESSONS



Member, Sunday School and Youth Literature Board.

Note for the local presidents of Y.P.E.'s

Greetings in Christ! God bless you in your great work for the Master among the young people. The lessons for this issue are designed to cause us all to realize a little better what a privilege it is to be members of the Church of God. It is a privilege to be a member of a church that declares the whole counsel of God and the full gospel of Jesus Christ. We have briefly outlined a few of the prominent teachings of the church with the thought in mind that we are all supporters of this glorious gospel as members of the church. Let whoever is in charge of the services keep this objective in mind and let us all put special emphasis on the value of church membership this month.

#### CHURCH FELLOWSHIP

Opening Remarks

The history of many churches today speaks woefully of their departure from the original foundations of the faith. Where once prevailed a zeal and fiery enthusiasm for holy and consecrated lives to God, we are now beholding the results of a compromising with the world. Now the cold, ritualistic form has replaced the warmhearted appeal to men to return to God in repentance, and to live separated lives from the world. We, as members of the Church of God, should take a lesson from this tragic history and resolve in our hearts that it shall not be so with us, God giving us grace and strength. May we not cringe from taking our stand for the full gospel, and not shun to declare it in every service, both for the young and for the old, the rich and the poor, the member and the non-member.

This lesson is on church fellowship. In it we shall try to see the benefits gained in being "laborers together with Him."

## I. ASSOCIATION WITH OTHER CHRISTIANS. 1 Cor. 15:33

The church is God's medium on earth for the association of His people with one another. Dr. Moffatt's trans-

lation of the above scripture reads like this: "Make no mistake about this: bad company is the ruin of good character." How true this is. It is often that young people are tripped up in their Christian experience because of the wrong kind of company. It isn't that we should shun our sinner friends, but we must take care that we are not overcome by evil influences; rather that we should overcome them. The church affords us the right kind of companionships.

An old minister was once taking members into the church, after a revival, and he said, "Make friends of Christians; it will always pay." This is good advice indeed. Church membership gives the Christian the privilege of unrestrained fellowship with others of like faith. There he can mingle voices in prayer, testimony, and song with fellow Christians. It is here that we let our requests for prayer be made known, that we may better understand each other's problems and thus pray more intelligently for each other. This fellowship is a relation that no other organization on earth knows. The seal of God is upon it; ready to protect its members are His angels they encamp about them. The ties of this communion are bonded in holy love. Surely every Christian wants the full fellowship of others of like faith.

### II. SHARING COMMON INTERESTS. Acts 2:46, 47

The strength of any group lies in their unity of effort. The Church has the greatest task to perform that any organization ever had, that of spreading the gospel of Jesus Christ. It is great because of the importance of its message. It is the message of salvation, of deliverance from sin, of the higher things of life. These great aims call for united efforts and concerted action. The Church is the very place for one who wants to unite his efforts with others of the same motives. God has provided this wonderful channel through which we all can bless the world. It was said by a light bulb concern the other day, that one 100-watt bulb will give a third more light than two 50-watt bulbs. The reason for this is the channeling of all 100-watts through one unit. This same reasoning will work for the Church. Take the apostles, what if each of them had gone about preaching the gospel separately from the other? Do you suppose that they would have ever caused the politician to remark that they were turning the world upside down? No, they wouldn't have, but by their

united efforts they gave the world the greatest organization ever to grace its sinful sphere. Every local church has a mission to perform. Disjointed effort will never do what Christ intended for it to do. Let us unite our works, combine our faith, and God will surely crown us with success.

III. SUPPORT OF COMMON DOC-TRINE. Acts 2:42

The Church of God is what is termed a Pentecostal church, because we believe the baptism of the Holy Ghost is for believers today. This, of course, is not taught by many others in this day of apostasy which, in turn, puts us in a minority among Christian churches. It is a strange thing, but God's chosen ones have always been a minority. Since there have been many other instances where His people were a minority, there is nothing for us to fear nor to be ashamed of. It is a glorious blessing to be a member of a church that will declare the whole counsel of God, and to support such a ministry with our every means.

We will take up the doctrinal study of the baptism of the Holy Spirit in a later lesson this month. It is mentioned here only because it is the cardinal point of doctrine that separates us from the nominal church of today. This, along with other teachings dear to our hearts and true to the Bible, surely makes us apreciate being a member of the Church of God.

#### TRUE REPENTANCE

Opening Remarks

Sin is the separating factor between God and man. It is the only thing that keeps them apart. It is the only thing that breaks their fellowship. Of course, this is not on God's part, but on the part of man. It is entirely his fault and since it is his transgression it becomes his obligation to take the proper steps to bring about the reconciliation with himself and his God. Left alone, man would never have found a way to God, but God in His mercy and love toward man provided a way, and it is for the man to accept it. It is the duty of God's Church to proclaim the truth concerning man's approach to God. When we think of the results of man's becoming reconciled to God we will think no longer of it as a duty but rather as a most glorious opportunity. Now let us proceed with this wonderful Biblical doctrine of true repentance.

#### I. DOES GOD COMMAND REPENT-ANCE? Luke 13:3

As important as this subject is, the

fact remains that it is a missing note in much of the preaching of the modern pulpit. How sad it is when another way is substituted for God's way. It will, inevitably, bring disaster to souls in their quest for God. Notice the plain, easy-to-be-understood statement that Christ makes in this instance. "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." Then we readily see that the answer to our question is positively, Yes, God does command that men everywhere repent.

In the instance from which our scripture is taken, some people had come to the Lord with the awful tale of the Galileans whose blood was mingled with the sacrifices by the order of Pilate. They had supposed that the fate of these Galileans would be more terrible than that of any one else. But my! what a surprise they received when Christ answered them that unless they repented of their sins, they, too, would meet a similar fate. This is the way He looks at sin today. It matters not if it is found on the boulevard or in the backwoods, on main street or tin-can alley, God still commands that all must repent or perish.

# II. WHAT IS TRUE REPENTANCE? Acts 3:19

True repentance consists of three important elements. The first of these three is a conviction for sin, realizing the need of God in one's life. It is seeing the sinfulness of sin. One must become aware of the fact that he is wretched, wicked, vile, and lost, without hope, without God, a stranger to Christ, and a foreigner to everything heavenly. Very little true repenting will be done until the sinner sees these things in all their awfulness. The Holy Spirit in His work of convicting the sinner brings these things to him.

The second phase of repentance and the result of the first will be a genuine, soul-felt, godly sorrow for sin. This is a vital part of repentance, for we only react as we are impressed. We must become concerned over the fact that we have disobeyed God and have transgressed His laws. 2 Cor. 7:9 gives us a true picture of godly sorrow for sin.

The third element is the natural reaction as the result of the previous two; that is, a turning away from sin. Matt. 3:8. The work of repentance is not, nor can be, complete unless the repenter forsakes the principle that brought about the need for his repentance. God and sin are at opposite poles

and when we turn from one we will, inevitably, turn to the other. The sinner who completes his repentance will turn from the error of his way to God and cast himself upon His mercy who deals with us in love, and we are made free and clean by the shed blood of our Lord and Redeemer.

## III. WHAT ARE THE RESULTS? Isa. 1:18 and 1 John 1:9

The results of true repentance are these. (1) We are made free from the penalty of sin. Rom. 6:21-23. We no longer have the pronouncement of doom upon us. It is removed and instead we have the promise of everlasting life. Not a looking forward with fear and despair, but the hope of heaven now fills our hearts. (2) We are made free from the power of sin. Rom. 8:1, 2. The power of God now gives us strength to resist sin and to overcome it. As we walk by the leadings of His Spirit, there will be no condemnation but rather a joyous freedom from the terrible sense of guilt before God. There will be peace with God, a peace that is unspeakable, giving us confidence in prayer that we may boldly come before Him. (3) Last, and assuredly not least, we are promised final freedom for the very presence of sin. 1 Cor. 15:51-57. Yes, some wonderful day, Jesus shall return to take His own out of this sinful habitation and shall carry them far above the principalities and the powers of the darkness of this world. These are the results of true repentance. Then shall we offer to Him perfect praise perpetually for providing for us this approach to His own glorious self.

#### THE CONSECRATED LIFE

Opening Remarks

One of the most blessed themes in the Scripture is that of the consecrated life to God. It is important that we understand the value of a consecrated life. The best advertisement a church can have is a membership that is completely devoted to God and His cause. The sinner is convinced of the reality of salvation more readily by the life of a child of God than any other means. He may listen to sermon upon sermon and song after song, but when he sees the life the song and sermon tell of in actual, everyday practice, it becomes more real to him and it is easier for him to accept it in the same manner his fellow man did before him.

Two boys were hiking through the fields one day. They came to a stream that had washed out a deep gully.

One of them was reared in the country and one in the city. The city lad became guite concerned about how they would get across the deep ravine, but the country boy, without so much as a thought, began running toward it and with a leap he sailed right over. The city boy stared in wonder at first and then he, too, ran with all his might, gave a great leap, and over he went with all ease. They continued on their hike, with the city boy feeling proud of the fact that he had accomplished the same deed the country boy had, but the lad from the country never even sensed the fact that he had inspired the friend from the city to do something he would never have had the courage to do alone. This is the principle that is involved many times when the poor bewildered sinner sees the child of God bridge the deep ravine of doubt and faithlessness to overcome and live a consecrated life for God.

#### I. HOW TO ATTAIN IT. 1 Cor. 6:17a

To be consecrated to God is to be dead to the allure and the call of the world and all its evil charms. The word for separate in this passage means to be set apart by a boundry line or fence; to be set apart by a fixed or set line of separation. There is another word for separate in the New Testament that means set apart only by space, but the Holy Spirit did not use it here because God wants His people to be very definitely set aside from sin and evil for His use and His glory. Note that the command is for us to come out and be separate. There is an obligation upon the Christian to do everything in his power to deepen his experience with God. To do this he must assuredly walk in the light of God's Word as it falls on his pathway. When we walk thus we will be fulfilling the will of God as revealed in Rom. 12:1-2.

To attain this high standard of Christain living should be the goal of every Christian. Begin by earnest prayer to God and an honest searching of your heart and life. The results will certainly be gratifying, your life will count for God, and your friends who know not the God whom you serve will soon see the blessings of God upon you and will long to know your Saviour too. God has promised that He will draw nigh to them who draw nigh to Him. This is His way of saying He will meet us "half-way." Surely, we can do no less. To be able to do our part in this consecrating of ourselves to God, we will have to be willing to follow the leadings of His Spirit and to do His bidding.

#### II. HOW TO SUSTAIN IT. 1 Cor. 6:17b

There are many who have at one time or another made a real consecration to God, but failed to keep up this consecration. It is not enough to begin right, but we must continue with Him. We must not turn again to the things we left behind to attain this wonderful state. Here again we will see the need of earnest prayer. By constant resource to Him in private prayer, we find the strength so often needed in the hour of trial, and we will find this strength in no other way, for there is no other approach to God.

The grace of God is an ever-flowing stream into our lives, if we will keep the channel clear and not allow anything to obstruct it. This state of consecration is best sustained by a busy life for God. Idleness breeds sin. The Christian who is active in God's work will find no time for the things of the world, but his delight will be to follow in the footsteps of his Lord who went about doing good. It is too often that such worthy activities as visiting the sick, the prisoner, the non-Christian home, and so forth, are left entirely to the minister. If we as Christians and church members would busy ourselves in these spiritual activities more, we would find it easier to sustain the consecrated life that is pleasing to God and a blessing to mankind. A good formula is the now-famous motto that goes like this:

Christ—first.
Others—second.
Self—last.

III. THE BLESSING OF IT. 2 Cor. 6:18 What a wonderful thought that the Almighty of heaven can be our Father if we will but make this consecration to Him. Isn't it a glorious thought to you that you and I can be children of God? To be His child is to be His heir. Yes, heir to all that heaven is and means, to the protecting and guiding care of his angels, to the fellowship of all the holy family of God. Surely, when we think of these wonderful rewards, we are inspired to go deeper with Him and to make whatever "seeming" sacrifices there may be for us to make in order for us to be the recipients of the great promises of the Lord. In the following chapter and the first verse, Paul exhorts us to cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and to perfect holiness in the fear of God, since we do have these precious promises of the Lord. The

happiest life on earth is the completely consecrated life to God. It brings a feeling of satisfaction and contentment found in no other way, to know that God is our Father and we are His children and whatever concerns us also concerns Him, that He cares when our hearts are torn within us. Our slightest need, He knows. Our every burden, each care, all that may trouble or bring us anxiety, God in heaven cares for us and sympathizes with fatherly devotion, when we return that devotion with completely consecrated lives.

# THE BAPTISM WITH THE HOLY GHOST

Acts 1:8

Opening Remarks

The power of the Church is in the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit. The abundance or the lack of His presence determines the efficiency of the work we do as a church. It is expedient that each local church have this mighty source of power, and, for the church to have it, the individual members must be filled with the Spirit, for the church is only what the members are. Since this is true, doesn't it behoove the earnest Christian and the sincere church member to fully understand what the Scripture teaches concerning the wonderful baptism with the Holy Spirit? This is the purpose of this lesson.

#### I. THE PROMISED BLESSING Acts 1:4

Christ was God's gift to the Church. John 14:16, 17 very plainly states that the world cannot receive Him. These disciples to whom Christ was talking were not of the world, for Christ Himself said so, John 17:16. The promised blessing, then, is for those who have renounced the world and sin, have repented, and turned themselves over to God in complete consecration. There are some conditions we must meet if we are to have this blessing from God. One, of course, is to believe that the promise is to you. It was this belief that prompted the disciples to wait for the coming of the Comforter. Christ said He would abide forever. Next, we must be willing to wait for the promise. Why wait? It is in the period of waiting before God that the final and complete consecration is made. Here we will search our hearts and minds and commune with the Almighty as we have never done before, until every vestige of self is drained from us and we enter a holy state before Him. To follow God in this manner, there must be a real thirst for God. Isa. 44:3. When our bodies thirst for water we search for it until; our thirst is quenched. Jesus said we would be filled when we hungered and thirsted after the things of righteousness. The soul of man thirsts for God. If you will believe, wait, and thirst, your soul will be satisfied by drinking of the Holy Spirit.

### II. THE INITIAL OUTPOURING Acts 2:1-4

In obedience to the last command of Christ, one hundred and twenty retired to the upper room in the city of Jerusalem to wait for the coming of the promised blessing and to lay the foundation of the infant Church. After a period of waiting of about ten days, God kept His promise and these wonderful events transpired as recorded in the second chapter of Acts.

It is to be noted here that they were not brought to this state by any effort of the apostles or themselves, such as by sermons or by lessons taught; but spontaneously, "suddenly there came from heaven." This blessing was directly from the hand of God on high. Here are a few of the outstanding facts at this great occasion. They were in one accord. This is an absolute necessity, if we are to receive the Holy Spirit into our lives. They did not lose their own individual personalities, but they were so bonded together in mutual love and fellowship that the Holy Spirit blessed them all alike and they were ALL filled. Also, notice that everyone who was filled was aware of the fact for himself. They knew this was the fulfillment of the promise of God and they were the happy recipients. The results of this experience are amazing to the reader of the following sequences. It transformed this little church of 120 members into one of over 3,000 in that one day. The mighty workings of the Spirit of God in their midst stirred the entire world, their fame spread everywhere, and people began to call for the news to be told them. This is the inevitable consequence when God's Church is full of the Spirit. There will be rapid spiritual growth, the lost will cry out, "What must I do to be saved?" the sick will be made well and the gospel of Jesus Christ will be preached in power. Lord, send thy power!

## III. WAS IT FOR THE APOSTLES ONLY? Acts 2:39

Many deny that this Pentecostal baptism was intended for any but the apostles. The Scripture tells us that the number of the names that were together in the upper room were about 120 and nowhere do we see that any of these withdrew from the group, but the record says they "ALL" were filled with the Holy Ghost and spoke in other languages as the Spirit gave them to utter. The above verse plainly declares its universality and its perpetuality. In the multitude to which Peter spoke were over seventeen nationalities, representative of almost the entire known world at that time. He did not single out a select group, nor place himself in such a group as to say that the experience they had was solely for them. He declared to this mixed group before him that the thing they saw and heard was for them and their children and even all who were afar off, to all whom the Lord would call. This is as all-inclusive as John 3:16. It is as broad as Matt. 11:28-30. It is also a fact that always after that day, whenever the apostles heard of some converts anywhere, they were anxious to let them know about and for them to receive the Baptism as they had themselves, and even sent special messengers at times to see that it was done. There is not a single instance where the apostles ever assumed the role of a favored, select group that were entitled to blessings not intended for someone else.

The Church of God is still proclaiming this great doctrine today, and her ministers fear not nor shun to proclaim that the promise of the Father is for all who will come humbly, believing and thirsting, for verily they shall be filled.

#### THE PATHS OF THE SEA

(Continued from page 11)

he had discovered the Way which leads to life eternal. That is the greatest discovery anyone can make! Jesus said, "Broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: Narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

In 1873, Mr. Maury became seriously ill. He never got well again. Perhaps he thought much of his life at sea during those last moments. He thought, no doubt, of the great Pilot, the Lord Jesus, who had guided him through life. He may have thought of when he had watch duty on board ship. He would go about and call, "Six bells! All's well!"

When Matthew Maury went to be with the Lord, the last words he said

were, "All's well!" All was well, for he was a Christian, and the ship of his soul had followed God's pathway to the harbor of heaven!

#### NEWS FROM B. T. S.

(Continued from page 15)

lege. I feel this way deep down in my heart. Words will never let me express how happy I am to be back.

Feeling the need of Bible school, I came in 1940. Because of conditions at home, I had to leave. Then came the war, and I entered the Service in 1941, trusting God's will to be done. Shortly, letters began to come in, telling me that the Church, Bible School, and Christian people were praying for me. This made my heart glad. The God we serve is everywhere. I found Him in Africa, Panama, Australia, the Philippines, islands of the Pacific, and Japan.

I often thought of the day that I would be free to attend Bible Training School again. After seeing the poverty and idol worship in foreign lands, and the slackness and lethargy in the lives of our own people, I am here with greater determination and zeal than ever before.

Truly we serve a great God, and a great church. My prayer is that I shall be a worthy student. "Take my life and let it be consecrated, Lord, to Thee."—Rufus R. Platt.

#### THE EDITOR'S MESSAGE

(Continued from page 14)

to put out the light of self-seeking, earthly ambition, and false pride of position in order to look upward, and in the clear, still air know where God's lights are leading us and what God will have us to do.

Every one who has heard the sacred hymn "In the Cross of Christ I Glory," loves it, and it adds to the beauty to learn about how it was written. St. John Bowring, the noted naturalist, linguist, statesman, financier, was the author. This gifted man was at one time the governor of Hong Kong; it was he who invented the florin, a two-shilling piece greatly used in England. He could write in thirteen different languages and dialects. His education was of the right sort, for it led him to a deeper worship of the Crucified One.

One time when he was in the Orient, he was gazing at a tract of land which had been devastated by an earthquake. He noticed the tower of the church standing among the ruins, and on the top of the tower a cross. The sight of this prompted him to write the great hymn.

As he gazed at the cross, he thought of the cross of Calvary, and he penned the lines which will be sung until the end of time.

Some would try to do away with the cross, but it stands, and ever will stand, for without the cross there would be no crown. Without the cross there would be no glad resurrection morn.

The words of the hymn speak for themselves; the song is a benediction for all times, joy as well as sorrow.

#### GOD WALKED WITH ME

(Continued from page 19)

would take and I remember hearing him say, "six months." I still have a letter I wrote home telling of it, that I believed I would be home in six months. At first I told a few of my friends of it mostly in fun. But I began to think. Had He not revealed things to me in previous years that had come to pass? And, furthermore, I had prayed to that extent, that He would show me something of my future, although I did not fully believe it was His will to do so in this case. Sometimes we do ask strange things when we get into tight places. It so happened that I was wounded on October 11, and after going through the Army's evacuation system, I was returned to the States, and on February 5, I was honorably discharged; just one week short of six months, from the night of the dream. Call it what you will, but it came to pass.

Now God has taught me what it is to trust Him, and I am thankful for my experience because of what it has meant to me, spiritually. Through these incidents and others in previous years, God has proven to me that He still lives and watches over us and guides us if we will let Him. If only people would realize the truth of this fact, they would have more faith and watch their lives and walk closer to Him. I am back as a living witness that God answers prayer and delivers men from the battleground or any other place of peril. But I believe some of us doubt too much. When Jesus returned to His home town it says, "He could do there no mighty works because of their unbelief." Gen. 18:14 says, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" No, not if we believe. On one occasion there was a storm at sea. The disciples came to Jesus, worried and

(Continued on page 26)

excited and fearing they would die. Jesus calmly said, after stilling the tempest, "Wherefore didst thou doubt? Why is it that ye have no faith? (Mark 4:36.) So then to fear these things is not pleasing to God. "Without faith it is impossible to please God." (Hebrews 11:6.) He said, "Fear not, I am with thee." Again I say, if people would only realize what it means, they would not fear.

You might say I can easily exhort to faith and speak against fear and worry because I am back here away from the danger. But my brother is over there. He embarked a few weeks after I returned, and is in the frontline medics. But I can truthfully say that I am not at all worried after what God did for me. And I believe He is training him as He did me, that He has a work for him to do. Already he has won souls over there and has been a help to many others. I had the same privilege of being a spiritual help to others. And since returning I have learned through the mail that one acquaintance has not only yielded to the Lord but has felt the call to the ministry as the result of a talk we once had. Another case is that of a Jewish boy who had come to a knowledge of Christ. So wherever there are men there is work to do.

Jesus can give us power to overcome fear and worry. He preached that continually when He was here. In closing I want to quote a short poem which gives a very good picture of us humans with our worries.

Said the Robin to the sparrow, "I would really like to know

Just why these anxious human beings

rush about and worry so."

Said the Sparrow to the Robin, "Friend, I think that it must be That they have no heavenly Father such as cares for you and me."

-Robert Tate

There is a clause in my discharge which reads, "Excellent character." But what I am anxious to hear are those words from Jesus, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Someday we will be separated from this life and this earth, but thanks be unto God for that hope of what is to be after a while when all these earthly things are ended.

"All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose."

Why worry?— God is still on the throne.

#### AS YE WOULD BE DONE BY

(Continued from page 4)

bad about staying at home, her eyes might get worse."

"Milly, you are a very brave little girl, and I'm sure you will have a good time entertaining Mabel. Take some of your new books with you, and you can read to her."

Milly sped quickly on her way, hoping sincerely that she might not meet any of the school children gathered for their afternoon outing. However, as she neared her destination, she heard her name called. Turning, she saw two of her companions running down the street.

"What fun we are going to have," they cried as they joined her.

"I'm going to stay with Mabel," Milly told them quietly.

"Not going to the woods?" exclaimed one of her friends. "I think your mother is just mean."

"Mother, did not hinder my going," explained Milly quickly, "but Mabel can't go, and I thought it would be right for me to visit her today. You know, girls, we should do to others as we would have others do to us."

"Mabel is selfish if she wants to keep you from having a good time," argued the girls.

"I think I would be the selfish one if I were to try to have all the fun myself and leave her alone. Don't pity me, because I really want to stay."

As Milly entered the house, Mrs. Dean whispered, "Don't let Mabel hear you talking. She feels so bad about not being able to go with you to the outing. Her brother rushed in at noon and in his excitement mentioned about the holiday before he thought. Otherwise I should have endeavored to keep the matter from her."

Milly quickly explained her errand, and received a hearty welcome. Soon the two little girls were laughing merrily together. Milly read several interesting stories to her friend.

The girls did not hear the telephone ring because they were so interested in their play and because the door was shut. Neither did they notice that a car had stopped at the gate. Milly looked up in surprise as her own mother entered the room followed by Mrs. Dean.

"Your Uncle Howard is outside, Milly," explained Mrs. Watson. "He is going to take us all for a drive. I telephoned the doctor and he says Mabel may go."

"Oh, I am so glad," cried Milly as she dashed away to find her coat.

Mabel was wrapped in shawls and blankets and Uncle Howard carried her to the big car, and placed pillows comfortably about her.

"I'll put in my basket of lunch. We may feel hungry before we get back," said Milly.

After driving for some distance Uncle Howard stopped at the top of a big hill, the sides of which were heavily wooded.

"Now, Milly," he exclaimed, "we are going to leave these folks in the car for awhile and we will make a voyage of discovery into the woods."

Milly leaped from the car and danced merrily along at her uncle's side. After a time she returned, her arms laden with red and white trilliums and yellow dogtooth violets. In her basket she had bunches of anemones, hypaticas, and white and purple violets.

"Aren't they wonderful?" she cried, as she approached the car. "I didn't bring any of the bloodroot because, while the flowers are lovely and white, the juice stains dreadfully. These violets are especially for you, Mabel. Don't they smell sweet?"

"Indeed they do," Mabel said as she clasped the delicate flowers in her thin hands. Milly was rather afraid that the lunch she had brought would not be sufficient, but Uncle Howard had a bag of oranges and Mrs. Dean had brought a box of dainty sandwiches, so everyone had plenty.

When Mrs. Watson kissed her little daughter good-night several hours later, Milly exclaimed,

"Mother, I have never had a happier day in all of my life. I was satisfied to stay with Mabel, because I would have felt bad if I had gone away and left her; but wasn't it wonderful how Uncle Howard happened to come along and take us to the woods, after all?"

"Do you think he just happened to come, Milly?" questioned her mother. "I believe that Jesus put the idea into his mind, as a reward to a little girl who acted most unselfishly."

"Oh, Mother, I didn't expect a reward!" said Milly quickly.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," quoted Mrs. Watson, softly. "Don't you know that Jesus said that a cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple would not go without a reward? The Master is never slack concerning His promises."—Gospel Herald.

# -:- Mission Page -:-

## THE YOUNG PEOPLE VISIT OUR "MIRACLE MISSION" IN HAITI

By James Willis Archer (Continued from last issue)

It didn't take us long to get here after the news of those fresh fish waiting for us. And they taste just as good as we imagined they would—of course we're not having all the trimmings to a supper like we're used to back home, but for a hungry man like me, this "hits the spot." That was a fine welcome they all gave us at the gate to the home as we came in, too. The pastor, Brother Remus Arbouet, lives here with his family, and he holds Bible School here all year round and a fine day school for the children of the people of our churches in this district. Brother Remus is in charge of eleven churches and twenty-seven preaching stations. and has twenty-seven full-time workers and seventy volunteer workers to help him, and has six schools and ten teachers. This past year has been a record year of 1,478 new converts in his district and an average of about 5,000 people being reached each week in their services. His churches consist of about 400 members and are noted for a fine missionary spirit.

What time is it, Brother Kluzit? Did you say, 3 o'clock Sunday morning! Yes, I slept fine with the ocean waves rocking me to sleep, but what did you say was all that other sound? People praying! So early in the morning? Oh, they have been coming in all night long for the convention. Oh, I see, from all the missions and stations in this district. And some of them have been walking all night long! Maybe they will sleep now; they must be all tired. Most of them will pray right on for the rest of the morning! Well, that is good to see how they love to pray and talk to Jesus. We'll join them ourselves in lifting our hearts and voices to our Lord.

We're moving fast this morning, John. An early breakfast and here we are at almost sunrise at the shore ready to baptize. Yes, that's a long line—about sixty, most of them in white robes and dresses. Some of the robes are the same ones we used yesterday and they are still damp, but if they didn't have the robes, they would not have any other clothes to change into after the baptism, and many of these poor folks have walked a long

distance to get here to be baptized at this convention. Look at those people in their little boats! They have anchored just about where we're planning to baptize. They must have seen many a baptism here. Everyone is very respectful and orderly. That's the prayer to start the service. Now everyone is singing "Just as I am, without one plea." I can tell it by the music, but I never would have been able to guess it by the words they're using. Isn't this beautiful! just as the sun is rising, too!

Did you like your visit to Petit Goave, Mary? and you enjoyed the services in the church? No, there weren't any people that came forward for conversion in the morning service in church, because the building was packed with our members and believers; but there were eighteen converted in the evening service. You would have liked to stay over one more night at our Church of God Headquarters at Petit Goave because of the ocean air and the sound of the waves at night. Yes, I would have liked that, too, but we rushed home during the night to prepare for another trip to the district convention at Cayes. We could have gotten the gas to make the trip by car, but our tires were not too good for that long trip—a whole day's journey by car, over 180 miles of the same kind

of roads that we have been traveling since we have been here. Besides, the flat we had on our way back last night settled it, and we are going to get permission to go by airplane to Cayes. Oh, no—these will be small U. S. army planes, owned and operated by the Haitian Army, which they open for civilian use when they have room.

Well, here we are at the airfield once more. But this time we don't ride one of those big silver birds, we go in those small army planes you see there, and say, notice what is printed there on the plane's side! It says, "Capacity crew weight 400 pounds, with extra tank of gasoline," and I weigh 210 alone! You know, we didn't think to ask how much baggage we are allowed either, for this is Brother Kluzit's first trip in one of these little planes. But it couldn't possibly be the regulation of fifty-five pounds. Look at us, with suitcases, song books, accordion, and what not! Oh, oh! the army officer says the limit is ten pounds, and the charge for excess baggage is 40 cents a pound. Why, it would cost me \$16.00 extra just to take my suitcase. Brother Kluzit says, "Here's where we unload, folks. We'll have to send our baggage by truck!" Now, isn't that just like some folks trying to get to heaven. They want to take all of their earthly riches with them. But it just can't be done. When the trumpet of the Lord sounds for our "takeoff" out of "time into eternity," we will just have to unload all the perishables—all the earth-

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Brother and Sister Kluzit in middle. Outside of our church in the mountains at Cadets.

#### SOWING WILD OATS

(Continued from page 17)

graves in potters' fields, where lie the buried hopes of fathers, the joy of mothers' hearts, the pride of brothers, and the love of sisters fair: and in the rank of tangled weeds that sprout and flourish there, feeding on the corruption of the untimely dead, we see the result of "sowing wild oats."

Young man, possessed of the grand opportunities of youthful life in this swift speeding age, can you, will you, lease your soul to Satan for him to raise a crop of "wild oats"? Will you sell your birthright for a summer's purchase? Will you, in the beastliness of lust, in the vortex of pleasures, in the red gleaming of the wine cup. in the deadly hallucination of narcotic drugs, in the poison of tobacco, in the pleasures of riot, in the foul pestilence of disease, in the madness of the gambling table, will you drown all there is about you of purity and nobleness and principle and manliness, and become a poor, degraded, wretched thing?

Would you find your youth a fond delusion, your manhood a fruitless struggle and your old age a vain re-Would you spend a weary, worthless life, and see your sun go down at noon? Would you feel that existence has been a mournful failure, never to be retrieved? Would you come before the Giver of your powers to receive His condemnation and His curse? Would you miss that glad and glorious immortality which is the heritage of all the sons of God? Would you come forth in the last harvest day to shame and everlasting contempt? Then "sow wild oats."

You cannot eradicate the crop. The adamantine chains that bind together cause and effect will link you to the results of your actions here. Some things are already gone beyond recall. In God alone is there pardon for the past! In Christ alone is there salvation from the guilt already incurred. In the blood of sprinkling alone is there cleansing from the deep stains that now pollute your soul. In the Holy Spirit alone there is renovating power that shall revive and renew the wasting vigor of your moral life. In God's Word alone is there a lamp to guide your feet in your perplexed and dangerous path. In God's love and grace alone is there deliverance from all your iniquities. Rejecting these you will bind the millstone of sin about your neck as with chains of fate, and

plunge hopeless in the dark billows of despair. Beware what you sow! "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall be also reap."—Gal. 6:7.—Sel.

#### WHY?

(Continued from page 5) those things she did not understand. When problems had to be solved she struggled alone. To some extent, she thus gained independence of thought but by no means enough to compensate for the lack of a mother's guidance.

On the other hand, Helen's mother was repaid a thousandfold for the time and thought given to her small daughter's numerous inquiries. No question had been too trivial nor time too precious for an intelligent answer. Just as a tiny plant grows with sunlight and warm rains, so Helen's capabilities had unfolded and developed with a mother's thoughtful care and attention.

#### A REMARKABLE ANSWER TO PRAYER

(Continued from page 8)

Gould had to return through Texas; the trouble with the engine happened at the right time; the stop was made at the right town, where God's people were praying. Mr. Gould was led in his walk to the auction room, and he came at the right moment, and thus Providence worked in answer to prayer. So it is still, and so it will be, as long as God's children trust the Lord.

"Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not," Jer. 33:3.

"Behold, I am the Lord, the God of all flesh; is there anything too hard for me?" Jer. 32:27.—Tract.

#### THE GOD OF ALL COMFORT

(Continued from page 6) training is costly in the extreme; for to render it perfect, thou, too, must pass through the same afflictions as are wringing countless hearts of tears. Thus thine own life becomes the hospital ward where thou art taught the divine art of comfort. Thou art wounded, that in the binding up of thy wounds by the great Physician, thou mayest learn how to render first aid to the wounded everywhere.

"Dost thou wonder why thou art passing through some special sorrow?

Wait, and as time passes thou wilt find many others afflicted as thou art. Thou wilt tell them how thou hast suffered and hast been comforted; then as the tale has been unfolded, and the anodynes applied, which once thy God wrapped around thee, thou shalt know why thou wast afflicted, and bless God for the discipline."

Many years ago Carrie Judd Montgomery wrote:

I had a tiny box, a precious box, Of human love, my spikenard of great price;

I kept it close within my heart of hearts

And scarce would lift the lid

Lest it should waste its perfume on
the air.

One day a strange, deep sorrow came with crushing weight

And fell upon my costly treasure sweet and rare,

And broke my box to atoms.

All my heart rose in dismay and sorrow at this waste,

But as I mourned behold a miracle of grace divine—

My human love was changed to heaven's own

And nouned in healing streams on

And poured in healing streams on other broken hearts,

While soft and clear a voice above me whispered,

"Child of Mine, with comfort wherewith thou art comforted,

From this time forth, go comfort other lives;

And thou shalt know blessed fellowship with Me."

Jesus said: "And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever," John 14:16.—Gospel Herald.

#### SPRINGTIME

When the redbud is o-blooming And the dogwood's obout to stort, And the gross is daily greening Over each and every part, And the creeks are all o-hurrying With the rain from every shower, And the trees ore oll o-swelling Fragront blossoms by the hour, And the birds are all a-building For the future ones to come Without waiting for priorities From that high official one, And the plowman is o-plowing To prepare that sod in time, And the borefoot boy is fishing With a pole and hook and line,

#### TINIAN, MARIANAS ISLANGS

Continued from page 9)

We are having a Bible class here also on Sunday afternoons. Sometimes when the weather is favorable, we go out under the trees near by, and fix up seats out of boxes and planks, and have our Bible class there. The Lord has definitely met us in our Bible studies, and we feel the knowledge and wisdom gained thereby will be of use to us when we come back home to help out in the church work. In our Sunday evening evangelistic services, different ones of us speak; thereby we are gaining experience that will help us in doing work in our own home church. The chaplain from a general hospital located near by, donated an organ to us for our services (and we have several boys with musical talent), which is being put to use for the Lord.

On Tuesday nights we all meet out in a sugar cane patch for a time of tarrying and waiting upon the Lord in prayer. God has been blessing us in these meetings, and there have been many victories won there, as we prevailed in prayer on our bended knees.

With the war over, I had supposed the people who had been praying for the Service men might have a tendency to think there was no need to pray so much for the boys overseas as before. It is true, there isn't as much danger now, but we still need prayer. All around us are our thousands of fine young men, going on without God and without hope. Do pray for us, and tell the other Christians to pray, that we might be a light to some benighted soul out in sin, as we strive to lift up Christ to them.

A good many of our boys have already gone home, and others are scheduled to go in the very near future. As the boys leave for home one by one, we are glad for the hope, that if we never meet again on this earth, we shall meet in that fair city built by Jesus, where we shall never have to part again.

We believe that Jesus is coming soon to catch away the faithful ones. Let us occupy in usefulness for Him until He comes or calls.

I want to say "Hello!" to all my Church of God friends back there in the States, and ask them to pray for me. I hope to see you all in 1946 at the General Assembly!

Yours in His faithfulness, Cpl. William Floyd Medlin.

#### PRAYER CHANGES THINGS

(Continued from page 7)

"Ready, Sergeant," she laughingly replied, and picking up some music on the piano, they went out the door.

Mr. and Mrs. Leighton's eyes followed the couple. Ted so tall and straight was handsome in his uniform. Ruth, whose head barely reached the boy's shoulder, was a picture of pure girlhood.

"Mother," Mr. Leighton spoke first, "they make a nice-looking couple. I wonder if Ted knows what salvation is."

"That's my concern, Daddy—we must pray. Ruth has made some hard decisions. So far she has made the right kind. She has held true since she was saved when she was sixteen. She is in college now, and I feel she is still making the right decisions. We must pray that God will guide her."

Two weeks passed. Ted had been a regular attendant at prayer meeting and all the Sunday services. He had even testified at the last prayer meeting, saying that he had appreciated God's help when flying over enemy territory. Ruth was encouraged; still she knew that Ted had need of really being saved. She did not know that he had visited her pastor several times and sought information as to how to be saved. Rev. Shelton was a wise pastor. He listened to the story of the young sergeant's life and had answered honestly every question as to the future life. He had given him a catechism and a discipline to study. They had prayed together in the minister's study. Then the pastor had secretly prayed for Ted's salvation. Wisely, he had confided in no one but his wife. Mrs. Shelton was a woman of much prayer. She, too, made Ted's salvation a topic of much prayer.

Then the Sunday night came when the church college choir was to have charge of the service. Many of the young people had decided to go to school during the summer months so the Dean of Music had organized a choir, and on week ends they traveled and took charge of services in various



churches. "A week from Wednesday," Ruth kept saying, "Ted will be gone. "O God," she prayed, "help me not to care too much. Help me to do right!"

Ted took Ruth to the parsonage in time for her to help Mrs. Shelton and the other women and girls serve lunch to the members of the choir. Rev. Shelton and the boys were busy running last-minute errands. They immediately put Ted to work. A pleasant time was had by all the young people. Ted could feel that even though he had not seen a show or played a game of cards while on furlough, still the boys in the choir had something he did not have. He could not quite understand.

In the evening service, the choir director asked for testimonies. Nearly all of the members of the choir testified that they were saved and sanctified, also many of the members of the congregation. But the boys Ted's own age, who were in the choir, were the ones who really held his attention.

At the close of the service an invitation was given. Ruth was standing beside Ted. She bowed her head and prayed silently. Rev. Shelton made his way to Ted's side. Placing his hand on Ted's arm, he said, "My boy—God wants to satisfy the longing of your heart." That was all Ted needed. The boys of the choir gathered with the church folk and Ted found peace and pardon in Jesus' blood.

On the way home Ted told Ruth, "I always wondered why you did not do some things. I see it now, Ruth. I always admired you for your stand. I see now why you were that way."

She answered, "I couldn't do any other way when Jesus had been so good as to save me—to forgive my sins."

They drove in silence. Then, "Ruth, my parents go to church but not to your kind of church. They miss quite often, too. They asked me why I did not go to Sunday School with them. I told them I was seeking a religion that really worked like I'd seen yours work at school. I remembered how the students made fun of you after you were saved. You came to school without make-up on. You had worn it before. You quit wearing jewelry. You were a better student. The principal put you in charge of his office. You asked several of the teachers and students to forgive you for things you had said and done. I have always wanted a religion like that. I thank God that I know that He saves me, too."

Ruth's eyes gleamed with unshed tears. "I'm glad and thankful too, Ted," she said. In her heart she thanked God that she had not yielded to Satan's temptations while in high school.

They had reached Ruth's home and went inside. Ted turned on the radio but all he could find was jazz. Turning it off, he said, "Ruth, play and sing something. Some old hymn that is restful and yet happy. I am not familiar with them." She crossed to the piano and softly played and sang:

"My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,

For Thee all the follies of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Savior art
Thou,

If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now."

God's presence was very real in the room as Ruth played and sang the complete hymn. As she finished the last verse, Ted, sitting on the bench beside her, said, "That's the way I feel, Ruth. There is just one more thing to make me perfectly happy. Do you know what that is?" he questioned.

"I'm not sure, Ted," the girl replied.
"Ruth, the folks are having a party
for me this Friday night when all the
college kids I knew can come. Ruth—
I can say now— I'll go to church with
you. Please say you will marry me
before I go back. Let me introduce
you as my fiancee. We could be married on Saturday or Sunday. I could
take you to Chicago with me—we'd
have Monday and Tuesday together
before I go. I leave from Chicago this
time and go East. Please, Ruth."

Again Ruth felt the need for divine help. For an instant she bowed her head. She wondered—she hated to even think of this—but had Ted gone to the altar just to win her? No—surely he was really saved. Praying for wisdom she knew that if Ted were saved and if he loved her, he would be willing to wait until they were both sure. Facing him she replied, "I'll be glad to go to the party as a friend. But please let's not rush into marriage, I have one more year of college."

Knowing there was no use to plead more, Ted agreed. "You are sure you will let me come for you for the party?"

"Yes."

"You are still sure there is no one else?"

"I am sure, Ted."

"I am glad you will be at the party. I'll need your help. I told mother no cards and no dancing. She said that was all right. But the college crowd hasn't seen me yet. They are different than the college students in your school."

Smiling, Ruth answered, "We will pray, Ted. God can work when no one else can."

"Well, I'll see you Wednesday night, Ruthie. Our last Wednesday night together and we'll go to prayer service." "Yes, Ted."

Prayer meeting had come and gone. So too had the party. For the crowd it was an unusual one. No dancing, no drinking, no cards. Just talking and singing, with Ted making most of the conversation because all were anxious to hear of his experiences. Mr. and Mrs. James had seen the change in their boy. They knew his life had been clean, but were ashamed to think that he had to ask for permission to have family worship. They were surprised and taken off guard by his questions on the Bible. Then when he had taken such an interest in Ruth instead of some of his college friends, they were really amazed. But as Mr. James said. "That little Ruth Leighton with her quiet, unassuming ways was a heap more attractive than those loudmouthed, painted-faced dolls from school. Good parents, too. Mr. Leighton is a good farmer. Always tithes. I can't see it like he does-but he always manages to have all he needs and gives some away."

All too soon the last Tuesday came. The evening just before Ted's departure, Ted and Ruth were playing ring toss on the porch. Tiring, they walked to the setee under the rose arbor.

"Ruth, I want to give you a little gift before I go away," Ted said as he handed her a package. "I hope you will accept it as a gift from one who loves and admires you. You have helped me so much. I did not know just what to give you. I hope you like it."

Opening the box, Ruth found a lovely compact. "Oh, Ted," she cried, "thank you so much. I shall carry it always."

Pleased, Ted answered, "I am glad you like it. I didn't want one with rouge and lipstick in and so many things that looked like compacts were cigarette holders. However, I finally found this one."

"This is perfect, Ted. I do thank you

so much. Come into the house. I have a little gift for you, too."

As they entered the living room, Ruth presented Ted with her package. When he opened it he found a small Testament and a pocket-sized devotional book. "Just what I will need to help me through the hard places, Ruth," he said. "I'll be glad if I can know that as I read and pray, you will read and pray with me."

"I promise to do that, Ted. Let's read the devotional book every day. That way we'll read the same. I'll help you all I can."

"You'll write to me?"

"Yes."

"I wish I could call you Mrs. James. If anyone comes along, be sure to tell me, will you?"

"I will. There is no one now. You finish your job to make the world safe for democracy and I'll finish my schooling."

"Well, I guess I better move toward home. I leave at 12:30 a.m. for Chicago. Then out of Chicago at 3:00 a.m. for New York. So good-by, Ruth, and pray for me."

Ruth walked with him to the door. "Good-by, Ted. Read the Bible every day you can and don't forget to pray. God has never failed."

\* \* \*

Weeks and months passed. This was May, almost a year after our story began. Ruth was still in college. She and Ted had kept up a regular correspondence. Then—abruptly—in January—his letters stopped coming. Mrs. James had written her that the war department had informed them that Ted was missing in action over Germany. Last week she had received the last letter she had written him. Ruth was puzzled. Would God let her pray for Ted's protection and give her such assurance that He did protect, then have Ted missing? But she continued to pray and trust in God. Her parents, Rev. and Mrs. Shelton, and others prayed, too. They knew God's way was best.

Then May 8 came and the announcement that Germany had surrendered. How thankful Ruth was. But still she wondered—where is Ted? "O God," she still prayed, "Thy will be done." At last, May 15, she received a cable: "Been in a prison camp. On way home. Ted." Ruth ran to her room, fell on her knees beside her bed and thanked her heavenly Father for His care and protection. She knew now—she did love Ted. But she knew, too, that she had to know just how he

was getting along spiritually. She had determined long ago to have a Christian home. She wondered if he had stood the tests of army life.

Graduation was secondary in her thoughts as she counted the days when she thought he would be home. However, she graduated with honors, and the college president told her he felt the world would hear from her some day in some way. Mr. and Mrs. Leighton were proud of their daughter on graduation day. On their arrival home late that evening, Ruth ran upstairs to her room, donned a fresh, print house-dress and came down again to help her mother. Mr. Leighton had gone to the barn to milk the cows.

"Oh, it's good to be home, mother," she cried.

"Yes, dear, it's good to have you here," her mother answered. "Now go to the piano and play something for me while I get supper. I haven't heard you play for so long and we are just having a light lunch this evening so I will not need you to help me."

But, Mother, I thought you'd be tired!"

"Not that tired, Ruthie. Now run along."

Wondering, the girl went to the piano, and as she wondered where Ted was, she thought of that night he had asked her to play and sing. She began to play and sing "My Jesus I Love Thee" when suddenly someone's hands were over her eyes.

"Dear me, who could that be?" she questioned. Reaching up her hand touched a much larger and rougher hand than hers. "Ted!" she cried as she jumped up.

"None other," he answered as he turned her around to face himself.

"When did you arrive?" she asked. "Just yesterday, Ruth. I've been riding three days and the train was so crowded. I wanted to fly—but no room unless there was sickness on this end of the line. I tried to make it for your graduation, but I arrived here yesterday and had to report at Camp Nottingham at ten o'clock this morning."

"That's all right, Ted. I'm so glad to see you."

"There's a question in your eyes. I'll answer it right now. Yes, Jesus still saves me. More than that, the Holy Ghost abides. I had to have something more to make me love the enemy when I was in the prison camp. I needed a second definite work to make me love and forgive those who mistreated us, for they did mistreat

us, Ruth. I can say I know the time and place when He saved and sanctified me. The Testament and devotional book were such a help to me. I depended on your letters until I was taken prisoner. Then I had to depend on God. I've learned a lot of things, Ruth."

"I believe you, Ted. But you look so tired and you're not quite so heavy as you were. Are you well?"

"Yes—except for what rest and country air, plenty of milk and eggs will do for me. They gave me a good checkup this morning."

"You have the silver star and the oak leaf cluster. Do you want to tell me about it?"

"Not now, dear. I hope I may call you dear. You see I was so afraid you would be changed. You haven't changed though, have you, Ruth?"

"No, Ted. I was so afraid you would be changed, too."

"I have a deeper experience than I did have, dear. I understand better than I did about spiritual things."

Taking her arm, Ted led Ruth to the davenport. "This seems almost too good to be true. I only wish all of the boys, especially my buddies, were enjoying such an evening as this."

Just then Mrs. Leighton announced that lunch was served. Ted needed no urging to stay to lunch. Mr. Leighton called on him to ask the blessing. All could feel God's presence as he prayed.

Ted left shortly after lunch. Ruth and her mother had a long talk that night. In answer to Ruth's question, Mrs. Leighton told her how she felt that Ted was making a real Christian.

The next evening found Ted and Ruth again on the setee under the roses. Ruth was wearing a simple white dress with pink and blue flowers. She had pinned a pink rose in her hair. Ted, even though a little thinner than last summer, was still erect and handsome in his uniform. Placing his large hand over her tiny one, Ted said, "Ruth, I'm glad you have finished your college course. I am thankful you did not consent to marry me when I was not saved. I loved you then, but I love you more



now than I did then. I believe that if we had been married then that I would never have been saved. You would have gone your way in some things and I would have gone mine. I see now—that is not the way God plans for couples to do. The Army is giving me an honorable discharge. I have more points than I needed for one. I do love you, Ruth. Will you marry me? We could live in the little house on dad's farm this summer as his hired man. Help is so hard for him to find. I have enough money saved to buy our first furniture. The M. D.'s told me that by fall I would be my old self again. This fall I'd like for us to move close to your churchschool so I could finish my college. I cannot finish the course I started though. I feel the Lord is calling me to preach. I cannot offer you the home I had planned to. The officers told me I should have been a chaplain. Will you marry me, Ruth, for love and what the-minister's life means?"

Slowly the girl answered, "Yes, Ted, I will."

Reaching into his pocket, Ted brought forth a package, "I knew, dear, you would not care for a ring, so I give you this as an engagement gift." Opening the box, Ruth found a tiny watch and written on the card, "With my love—Ted." Her eyes met his. "It is beautiful, Ted. I'm so glad you chose a watch instead of a ring because it is so useful." Then laughing, she continued, "I guess you will have to put it on my wrist; I can't seem to understand the fastener."

That night Ruth thanked God that He had helped her to make the right choices. She knew that as she and Ted planned their lives together that their Savior would never fail them.

# The Young People Visit Our "Miracle Mission" in Haiti

(Continued from page 27)

ly things, which some of us are carrying around as excess baggage.

These little planes start out with a rush and get into the air in a hurry, don't they? The big ones take off slowly and bouncy-like, just like a pelican; but these little fellows shoot out like a flushed quail. Here's a plaque fastened to the window sill next to my seat, that says, "Made in Wichita, Kansas." And to think, just a few years back, the fastest man-made thing Kansas had ever seen was a "prairie schooner hauled by oxen." But in the millennium we will be as far

ahead of this plane as it leads the wagon. Away up here in the air, circling around like a bird; oh, I guess we must be about 2,000 feet or so above the sea, we can readily see at a glance why this country was named "Haiti." That's the Indian name for "mountains," and as far as the eye can see, back from the bay of Port-au-Prince, it's just one mountain range after another. Aside from the Sugar Plain of Port-au-Prince, there doesn't seem to be a plain of any considerable size and fertility in view. So, it's just mountains and more mountains!

There's our destination—Cayes! We're circling the airfield already, and now we're landing as quickly as we took off. Look at Brother Kluzit smile! He says, "This is more like it! Here we are in three-quarters of an hour, clean and fresh for the first day's conference; whereas by car this same trip would have kept us on the dusty road from early morning until late at night, and then we would be too dirty and tired to see anyone." Yes, we can understand why he is smiling. And I can imagine that looking up at us sailing over their heads, were hundreds of weary travelers to this same conference, afoot, or on burro, horse or muleback, who have been all day long plodding over twenty miles, or much less, on some of those steep mountain trails, trying to get here for the opening service.

The taxi is bringing us into the city. Now this is more like my idea of a mission compound! Α beautiful, spacious, tree-covered haven on the edge of town, with its parsonage, church, Bible School and dormitories, a day school, and a big outdoor tabernacle built of bamboo posts and rafters covered with coconut palm leaves! Don't you feel that heavenly atmosphere? It's a Haitian camp meeting! Look at the mountain and country folk pour in! There has been a steady stream of them all day, afoot and on pack animals. Each one has to bring some grass for the animals, food, and pots in which to cook. They are bringing in corn, bread, cooking bananas, sweet potatoes, and a flat, tasteless root, cooked and eaten like a yam. You can see their little campfires, mostly smoke, going everywhere. Don't they look happy though, with their black faces shining, as they gather in groups to chat, and Sister Kluzit is as busy as a mother at a family reunion! These precious black folk surely do love our brother and his wife-and with reason, for the Kluzits love them, and have given of their lives for them.

Robert, when you get married, be sure and pick a wife like Brother Kluzit did (or maybe she did the picking); but anyway, what I mean is, you must notice how they complement one another. Brother Kluzit is all business and details, working long, hard hours, tending to every case with the knack for detail of the professional doctor, yet with the doctor's tender solicitation for the varying symptoms and prescription needed for each patient. Mercy tempered by professional wisdom! While Sister Kluzit is like a home nurse, adding that loving touch which makes all men seek and love a mother. If he is too hard, she "puts in" and tempers the judgment, with a woman's intuition. If she let's a woman's tenderness and love overrule intuition, justice and judgment, then he applies the "brakes." "I know, honey, but we just can't afford it. We haven't the money now," or "Sure, we must be merciful, but this case must be an example for the future." See what I mean, they balance each other, and make a perfect missionary team.

Here we are, Sunday, July 15, at the last and biggest day with a full program. Yesterday a score of couples were married (it happened to be on Brother and Sister Kluzit's fifteenth wedding anniversary, too) and now, 267 converts are to be baptized in the river there just beyond the pastor's home. There were to have been some six hundred, but our recent severe drought, followed by too heavy rains, has left tens of thousands hungry, for each family depends on its acre or two of ground for its entire livelihood. Then we are to receive all the baptized converts as members into the Church. All the in-between-meeting spaces will be filled in with conferences with the sixty-eight ministers and workers of this big district of thirtyfour churches, about sixty preaching stations, and about 2,500 members. In this district alone, over 46,000 people are being reached by our churches with the gospel, and last year over 4,000 were converted here. All of these workers must present their most pressing problems and their latest reports, and receive their promotions and appointments for the new year.

There comes the sun up over those huge, beautiful, green trees, and we have already been up two hours. But who could have slept when the power began to fall so at 3:30 this morning,

after they had been singing so joy ously all night long? I tell you, si hundred voices raised at once, wit the anointing of the Holy Spirit, woul cause anyone but a hardened sinner to "get up and join up." We will not know how many received the Hol Spirit until all of these folk get hom and report to their pastors.

All morning, more and more of ther have been coming in and now ther must be more than 2,000. Smell that coffee! I'm ready for a good break fast, aren't you? Well, would you look See what's coming there! three bridge couples on their mules, with their attendants. Don't the brides look nice all decked out in white dresses an bridal veils! They have been econo mizing very hard to meet this grea day for them. I imagine they stoppe up the road a ways to change so the could enjoy an impressive entry. Of oh, one of the brides has to stop an nurse her baby! Eh? Oh, that; why you see, in these Latin-American coun tries the poor cannot afford expen sive weddings, so they just get par ental consent and establish a home But when they get saved, they hav to be married before they can b baptized. But now the Governmen has authorized free marriage license for the poor country people, which will be a great help to many of ou Church converts.

Out here in Cayes is where Brothe Tharp helped baptize 450 all at on time, several years ago. This rive has flowed on in an endless strear ever since then—so also has life, an so also, like an endless river, ha flowed this great Haitian revival. Thi is our largest district. Our preser yearbook report on Haiti does not be gin to tell the story. It is the Churc of God which is actually setting fir to this revival, and reaping a great harvest for the Lord, under the efficient and Spirit-filled guidance and direction of Brother and Sister Kluzi

This last day of the great convertion of Cayes ended with a healin service in which several hundred were anointed and prayed for. The peop have all started on their long journer homeward—some will walk all nigl long. But here, we have been talking too much. It's past midnight not and Brother Kluzit is just coming from his last meeting with the miniters, tired, but very happy, for the harvest is in and counted and the plans are laid for a great extension the work in the district for the year.

ahead. The pastors and evangelists and workers are all looking forward with renewed zeal and encouragement to do still more for the Lord in the coming year.

And now, young folks, a short four hours of sleep, then to the airport, and another quick flight takes us back to Port-au-Prince, and we'll say goodbye once more, you to return to your work and studies in the good old U.S.A.; I to return to our Church work in the Dominican Republic, and the Kluzits, like their 1940 mission car, worn and in need of repairs from overwork, must stay on in the wearying but glorious harvest in Haiti, praying as they work, that God will send the proper re-enforcements.

#### IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE

(Continued from page 3) had returned to the table, as the head of the house was instructed to do, explained why they sat at the Feast:—

"Our Fathers, when they took the Feast for the *first* time in Egypt, my son, took it *standing*, with their loins girt, and their staff in hand, for *they* were starting on that great journey that eventually lasted forty years. But we, their descendants, eat the feast today, *sitting* at our ease, as a symbol that our people have been delivered from the cruel bondage."

Then the *first* Hallel was repeated—Psalms 113, and 114. The *second* cup of Blessing was taken by each. Then Cohen asked a Blessing on each kind of food on the table. Then he carved a portion of lamb for each one, they took their seats, and the meal began.

The children were excused from eating the stinging bitter herbs. But Cohen, Rachel, and Zillah, each took a little with their lamb and unleavened bread.

Conversation became fairly general over the meal, except that Rachel's sullen anger increased, and she kept silent.

At the conclusion of the meal, the third cup of Blessing was drunk, and Cohen repeated the 115, 116, 117, 118, Psalms. At the close of the Hallel, the fourth, and last cup of Blessing was taken. The Feast was over.

A sudden silence fell upon them all. No one moved, no one spoke, for a moment. Suddenly Zillah broke the dead silence. She had a glorious voice, and she let it ring out in that wondrous song:—

"Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away our stain."

No one interrupted. Cohen could not, for the thrall of some strange, new power was upon him. His wife was furious—but kept her fury bottled up. The children were delighted, they loved to hear their aunt sing, and to the amazement of their father and mother—joined in the singing, for, with other children, they had often of late been to the evening meeting for Jewish children. And Zillah, who had talked with them, believed that they loved the Christ.

Without a break, the three voices sang on:

"But Christ the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer Blood than they.

"My faith would lay her hand
On that meek head of Thine,
While as a penitent I stand,
And here confess my sin.

"My soul looks back to see
The burden Thou didst bear
When hanging on the accursed tree,
And knows her guilt was there.

"Believing we rejoice
To feel the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And trust His bleeding love."

Again, for full thirty seconds, as the glorious song finished, there was an absolute silence, save for the ricketting of Rachel's chair, as she moved in pettish anger on her seat.

Zillah had kept her eyes fixed upon Cohen's face all the time she was singing, and had seen a strangely wondrous light slowly gather in his eyes. She had known, for days, that he was very, very near to the point of acceptance of Christ. Even as they had gathered at the table of the Passover, she was not sure, but that in all but profession and testimony, he was a Christian.

Now he suddenly broke the silence. "Sing the last two verses again, Zillah," he said.



"My soul looks back to see The burden Thou didst bear When hanging on the accursed tree,

And knows her guilt was there." Zillah's glorious voice rang out. And now, even to her wonder, Cohen's deeper tones joined hers. Her heart leaped as she noted the emphasis he put upon the "My soul."

She sang on. His voice sang on too. Then came the last verse, and in a perfect burst of triumph, his voice rang out:—

"Believing I rejoice
To feel the curse remove;
I bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And trust His bleeding love!"

It was a strangely ecstatic moment for Zillah. Tears flooded her eyes, she tried to speak, but her emotion choked her.

Cohen stood up. His face was ablaze with the wonder of the revelation that had come to him. He spread his hands upward, and his eyes were lifted in the same direction, as he cried:—

"Thou loving Christ! Thou precious Jesus! I am Thine—Thine—THINE—!

Then he remembered his wife.

"Rachel, dear heart," he cried, as he moved to her side. "Rachel, wife of my heart, Jesus is the Messiah!"

"Bah!" she cried. With a thrust of her hand and foot, she kept him from her. Then in tones of withering scorn and disgust she cried:

"Meshummad!"

He bent over her very tenderly, stooping to meet her eyes, and trying to take her hand.

The two children clung to Zillah, and the boy suddenly began to pipe out, in his clear treble, the hymn so beloved of Jewish children who attend the mission meetings.

"Come to the Savior, make no delay."

Rachel shot a fiercely angry glance in the boy's direction, then without looking at her husband, she thrust at him, to prevent his taking her hand, as she cried:—

"Accursed! Meshummad! Don't touch me!"

"But, Rachel!" he began tenderly.

She flung herself sharply round upon him and spat full in his face. Then she turned sharply from him again.

A full half minute went by. The room grew so eerily still that it startled her. She turned to gaze where the quartette had been.

The room was empty save for herself!

With a cry she started to her feet. They could not have gone out of the door for her chair had all the time stood right in the way. What was this then that had happened?

Her breath came hot and labored. Her eye-balls bulged horribly! A reeling sickness began to steal over her. She dropped back, terrified, into her chair, gasping:—

"Zillah said this morning "The Christ will come soon, suddenly, then those who are His will be taken, unseen, unheard, from the world!"

With a sharp, anguished cry, she let her bulging, terror-filled eyes sweep the room again as she cried:—

"And my children, too!"

Her eyes were tearless, but dry, hard sobs shook all her frame.

The next moment a kind of frenzy seized her. She rushed to the front door, and into the street. She would find out if any one else was missing.

A little crowd was on the pavement. A hansom cab stood by the curb. The fare was standing on the front board. He was a minister of some kind. He wore an M.B. waistcoast, a clerical collar, a soft, wide-brimmed, black, felt hat. He glanced up at the driver's seat, as he cried:

"But someone, surely, must have seen what became of him. If he fell off his box in a fit, where is his body?"

"I seed him one hinstant," cried a voice from the crowd, "I war lookin straight at 'im, 'cos I sed to myself, 'Taint often as yer see a kebby wear a white 'at, now-a-days.' Then, while I wur I starin' at 'im, he sort of disappeared, the reins fell on the roof o' the keb, the 'oss stopped, an—"

"He's gone!" shrieked a woman's voice.

It was Rachel. Bare-headed, dressed in all her festal finery, she had just rushed down the steps of the house, and heard the question and answer as to the disappearance of the hansom driver. The crowd turned and faced her, her shrill tones had startled them.

"He's gone to Jehovah!" she screamed again. "My husband, my sister, my two children—we were at Passover—we—"

With a piercing shriek she flung up her arms, laughed hideously and fell in a huddled heap on the bottom step of the flight.

(To be continued)

#### December Prize Winner

Gladys Warden, Canton, Ohio, is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5 for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.

#### LIGHTED PATHWAY RATING

LIGHTED PAT	HWAT KAI	ING
	Sold for Jan.	Total
Alabama	3.079	16,845
Alaska		35
Arizona		1,125
Arkansas		3,798
California		
		5,537
Canada		1,453
Colorado		247
Connecticut		31
Delaware		595
Florida		14,807
Foreign	371	2,077
Georgia	<b>5,128</b>	27,103
Idaho	154	761
Illinois		9,009
Indiana		6,794
Iowa		929
Kansas		3,299
Kentucky		12,638
Louisiana	400	
		2,352
Maine		2,079
Massachusetts	40	161
Maryland		6,335
Michigan		5,449
Minnesota	88	382
Mississippi	966	5,910
Missouri	1,613	7,400
Montana	142	1,000
Nebraska		156
Nevada	5	23
New Hampshire		20
New Jersey		747
New Mexico	260	1,068
New York		727
North Carolina North Dakota		32,476
		1,123
Ohio		16,234
Oklahoma	464	3,272
Oregon		828
Pennsylvania	904	4,463
South Carolina		43,644
South Dakota	182	951
Tennessee		18,515
Texas	1,801	9,230
Utah		1
Vermont	1	2
Virginia		7,966
Washington	247	1,866
Washington Washington, D.	C 76	378
West Virginia		8,336
		366
Wisconsin		
Wyoming	4	37
	56,498	290,580

#### LIGHTED PATHWAYS FOR MEN IN SERVICE, ETC.

Amount sent from each state to the Publicity Fund and to the fund for sending Lighted Pathways to men in Service from December 25 to January 31.

01.			
Missou	ri	.\$8.	50
14110000			
Texas		8.	4(

South Carolina	8.00
Georgia	6.50
Illinois	5.50
Michigan	5.25
California	5.00
South Dakota	3.55
Florida	3.00
West Virginia	2.10
Alabama	1.70
Pennsylvania	1.35
Tennessee	1.25
North Carolina	1.00
Delaware	1.00
Ohio	1.00
Louisiana	1.00

\$64.10

December Honor Roll

Gladys Freeman, Greenville, S. C. Margaret Varner, Baltimore, Md. J. L. Barfield, Greenwood, S. C. Leonard Price, Kannapolis, N. C. Rev. E. E. Winters, Flint, Mich. Pauline Albro, Louisville, Ky.

#### A LAW IN THE HEART

From the inner reaches of New York harbor, out through the "Narrows" to where deep water begins, there is a channel which is called "The Ambrose Channel." It is sixteen miles long. It is not so very wide. For ships, in storm and fog, it is not so very easy to navigate. There is danger upon either side. Every method known to the harbor authorities of setting up lighthouses and installing bell buoys had been tried, up to a few years ago. Yet in spite of them all, owing to the dangers on either side, many vessels came to grief.

Then someone suggested laying an electric cable right in the center of this channel and energizing it with what is called "an alternating current of electricity" from the shore. It was done. This cable, like the channel, is sixteen miles long.

This cable emits sound waves. Ships equipped with audiphones, attached to the hull, pick up the sounds sent out by the cable until by their strength they know they are right over the cable. Now they follow this cable to safety. It is the ship's conscience.

Seek to keep constantly in touch with your conscience, as the ship keeps constantly in touch with his electric cable, in order to avoid damages and come safely into port.

No one but we ourselves can make our lives beautiful; no one can be pure, honorable and loving for us.

# COOPERATION



REV. A. M. PHILLIPS, Pastor Hemphill Ave. Church af Gad, Atlanta, Ga.

Deor Sister Harrisan:

Rejaice with me that the Lard has helped us to reoch another great goal for His glary, and to help the many that will receive the blessings from the Students' Laan Fund.

I am writing you this because you show that you are very much interested by the number of times you keep it befare the peaple in the Lighted Pathway, so I wanted to share the blessings with you.

A few days aga I started the campaign far the Loan Fund by announcing a special service at five of the good churches in Georgia. The first, Grant Park, with Sister Largin as pastar, helped us in a great way. The Hameland Harmany Quartet, one of the finest in the South, helped with the singing. All the singers from the Hemphill church were there. Our offering there was \$250. Then to the Riverside church, where Bro. Godwin and the church helped us. With the singers mentioned above, all came to this church here in Atlanta, and the affering was \$260. Then to the Roswell church, and Bra. Odam, and the fine people there helped us with a good affering of \$110, and were very glad to help in the warthy cause. The Rame church and Bra. Richard gave us o great welcome. The affering was \$130. We surely had a great time there. The singers fram the church here went with us and the Lard met with us. The Lindale church and Bra. Cax gave us a hearty welcome. We had a fine service and the affering was \$140.

Then we had a big night at the Hemphill Avenue church. I went to several business men af the city and asked them to help. They did. Mr. J. J. Petersan gladly gave me \$100 in memory of his brather who died same weeks aga. He is in the wholesale and retail gracery business. He surely has been a blessing to aur church. Mr. and Mrs. Sam Crane, awners of the Crane Auto Parts Ca., gave \$100. They

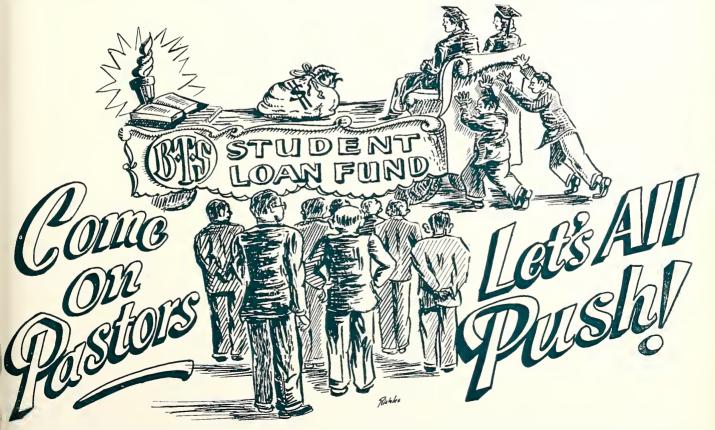
also are great lavers of the church work. Mr. Glenn, of the Exposition Cattan Mill, when I tald him what I was daing, asked me, "Rev., can you use \$100?" I said, "If I had thot amount I would leave happy." So he gave it to me.

I tald Mr. Ward Hurt, of the Lawe-Hurt Chair Ca., of Chattanoaga, Tenn., what was daing and he sent me o check for \$100. Alsa, Sister Harrisan, I knaw a man in Tiftan, Ga., Mr. J. B. Davis, who awns a nice cafe there, and wrote him, telling him the stary. He wrate me and I quate from his letter: "Thank you far the opportunity you offer me. I trust the attached check will help sameone." He enclosed a \$100 check. So when we completed the night at the church here, with the singing of the Hameland Harmony Quartet and the singers of the church, the affering ran over \$500. When all the expenses of advertising and singers were paid, I was happy to present the school with \$1,560.

To me, this is same of the eosiest maney to raise ever. Think, if anly ane hundred pastors would do as much, that would mean over one hundred thausand dallars. Then all the worthy ministers would be able to go to aur Bible School and Callege. I trust this will encourage same who can get the job done.

Very sincerely,

A. M PHILLIPS.



Thanks, Brother Phillips and all these other goad pastars. We see what caaperation will da. We want to thank all those other donors who have given smaller gifts. God sees everyone of us who could not do so much. We could all take part in the penny-a-day drive if we would try, and we could soan go aver the top. Of course, it is going to take some large donations to make up for those who fail to respond to this drive. Again I say the training of our workers is the most important task before the Church today, aside from the salvation of souls. Thanks to the Homeland Harmany Quartet, also.—Editor.

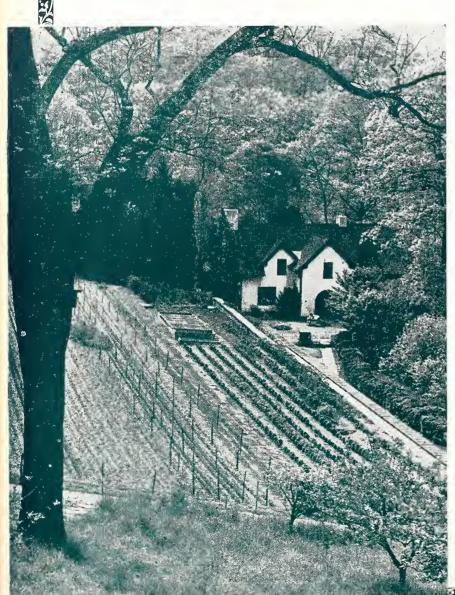
# On a Mountainside

By Gazella Stevens Sharp

Safe sheltered by a friendly rock, Shedding a fragrance rare. It seemed to blossom just for us And Him who set it there.

We climb a rugged mountainside
A better view to find,
Leaving each trace of roadways,
All verdure far behind.

Quite unexpectedly we found,
Almost beneath our feet,
A little evening primrose,
Root, leaves, and flowers complete.





#### I SEE HIM EVERYWHERE

Warren Bruce Farris

In all my work and in my play, In every moment of each day, In every joy and in every care, In every word I breathe in holy prayer, I see Him everywhere!

In every tree and every flower, In every breeze and every hour, In every brook and in each rock, On mountain tops and in ships at dock, I see Him everywhere!

In every train and aeroplane,
In silent woods and country lanes,
In each despair and in each hope
anew,

At dawn of day, in fresh morning dew, I see my Savior everywhere!

In even's sunset and in each closing

In memory of things long gone away, In lightning's flash, in thunder's roar, In my Bible and in my mother's door, I see HIM everywhere!



# Lighted Pathway

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

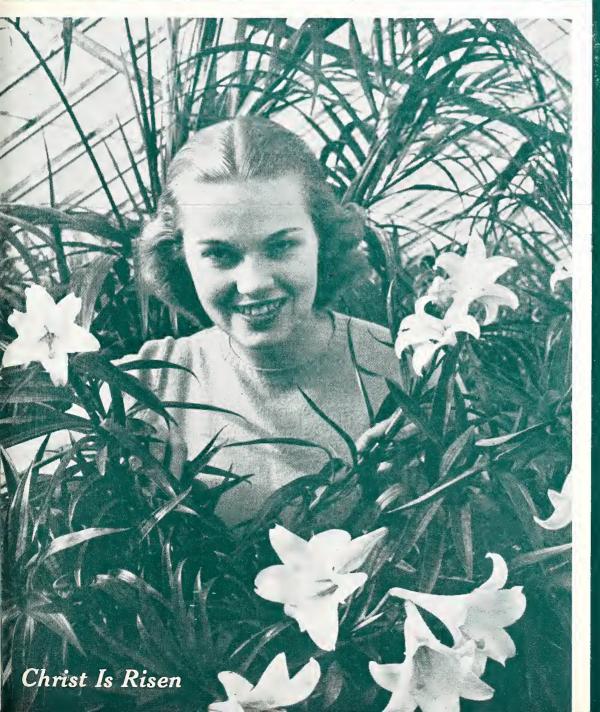


Vol. 17

APRIL, 194

No. 4





"Thy Word is 8 Light Unto My Path"

Psalm 119:105

### TOR'S EASTER MESSAGE

\*

#### A PRAYER

\*\*\*\*

Great God, who art ever mindful of thy children, help me not to forget the suffering of my fellow men. In Thy kindly providence I have been spored much. Forbid that good fortune should make



me insensible to the poins and disappointments of others, and enable me to be sympothetic and helpful. Equip me spiritually to go into each doy with o will troined to respond promptly ond wisely to the needs of the unfortunote. I would be linked with Thee in a service that constantly grows more beoutiful and more generous: fill me with the compossion of Jesus Christ. Use me, 1 humbly beseech Thee, to comfort the sorrowing ot this Eoster time, to strengthen the weok, to encourage the disheartened, to guide and inspire those who ore younger and more inexperienced than I. Help me so to live in the presence of Jesus Christ that my coming and going moy leove o troil of light behind, in the wormth and beneficence of which the hearts of oil Thy children everywhere moy be strengthened in Thee. I osk it in Jesus' nome. Amen.

Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

Beautiful springtime has come again, the time when the birds sing, the trees put forth their green leaves, and the earth is covered with a beautiful carpet of green. The flowers are peeping out and showing the wonderful handiwork of God. We wonder how there could possibly be an infidel in the world, as they look on the marvelous beauties God has prepared for us. Last winter they died and now they are coming forth from the grave to live and to bless our lives again.

With springtime comes the celebration of the greatest day on the calendar of God. Dear ones, we do not stand alone at this Easter time, but by our side stand Faith and Hope. Ever since the first Easter morning they have stood beside the open grave, smiling, looking upward, and pointing to the stars. What comforting words our Savior spoke when He said, "Because I live ye shall live also," John 14:19. What hope these words bring to our hearts as we think of the loved ones gone on before.

Knowing something of the pain that goes with sorrow and the loneliness of grief, I pray that in my short message to you I may interpret the truths of Easter, that it may cause you to realize the presence of these two guests of ours, Faith and Hope.

In many homes where this message shall go, there are vacant chairs, but hope is answering, "In my Father's

house are many mansions." Mothers will read this message whose arms are aching for a babe who is gone, and who would give all their worldly possessions to press that baby form once again to her breast. Hope is saying, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." It may be that you are thinking of that boy who went away to fight for his country who never came back. Faith and Hope stand beside you at a time like this.

We are talking to boys and girls who are thinking of father and mother who have gone on before. In their ears are echoes of songs that are sung no more. They are thinking of the tender words from lips that are dust, but Faith and Hope stand by and say, "I heard a voice from heaven saying, 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.'"

Some precious wife is lonely and sad because of a departed husband. She wonders how she can go on living, but Hope whispers that, "Your loved one lives beyond the grave that has no victory and the death that has no sting."

Then there is a husband who is walking through paths of memory and thinking of days gone by. He sees once more that sweet face of long ago and feels the touch of her vanished hand; and he is asking, "Did death still her precious heart, and hush the laughter and song of her soul forever?" and Hope answers back,

> "In golden robes, a queen, a bride, She standeth at her Sovereign's side: She sees His face unveiled and bright, A lesser light amidst His light."

Perhaps those who are in the evening time of life will read these lines, old soldiers of the cross who are experiencing a sort of home sickness of the soul and, like Paul, have a desire to depart and be with Christ which is far better. They are thinking that perhaps before another Easter morn they, too, will have explored that unknown country, and Faith speaks to them, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil. Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

These two friends of ours, Faith and Hope, transform the grave into a triumphant arch through which our loved ones have passed to their heavenly home, and it is with songs of praise that we remember our departed loved ones to whom we once said, "Farewell, dear one, until we meet again." Yes, we have visions and dreams and many a golden fancy of their life since they have been unclothed from the weary weight of the body. We know that their faces are aglow from the presence and the fellowship of God. Yes, Faith tells us, "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

There is an old story of a German princess, who, dying, ordered that her grave be covered with a granite slab and surrounded by solid blocks of stone clamped together with

> iron bands and bearing the inscription: "This burial place purchased to all eternity must never be opened." A single acorn chanced to be buried in the princess' grave. It sprouted and a tiny shoot stole through a crevice. Slowly it gathered strength through the passing years until at last it burst the iron bands, unheaved the solid blocks of stone and left her dust exposed as a monument of folly, and there stood a victorious oak above her rent and ruined

(Continued on page 25)



# In the Twinkling states of an Eye

By Sidney Watson

(Used by permission of Fleming H. Revell Company)

(Continued from last issue)
"THIS SAYING SHALL
COME TO PASS"

Tom Hammond greeted his *sub* most heartily. Ralph had been away, in Paris, for a fortnight, partly on business, partly for a change.

As soon as their greetings were exchanged, he turned eagerly to Hammond, as he said:—

"But I say, old man, what on earth is all this jargon you wrote me about, the return of the Christ, and—"

He paused suddenly. His eyes had just caught sight of the great placard. His gaze was riveted on it. He read the two words aloud:—

"TODAY? PERHAPS!"

In a voice of wondering amaze, he gasped:—

"What's that, Tom? What does it mean?"

Tom Hammond repeated, in a few sentences, what he had previously written to his friend, as to his conversion, then, passing onto the subject of the Lord's second coming, he said:

"I am so impressed, Ralph, with the imminence of our Lord's return, that I have had that placard done to arrest the attention of callers upon me, and give me an opportunity of speaking to them about their eternal destiny. Today, too, I have been impressed so with the necessity of speaking to the world—"The Courier's world, I mean of course—on this great, this momentous subject, that I have made it the subject of my 'Prophet's Chamber' column.'"

He gathered up the sheets of his MS. he had written, and passed them over the table to Ralph Bastin.

"You will see, I have written it in the most simple, almost colloquial style, Ralph," he said. "I wanted it to be a man's quiet, earnest, simple utterance to his fellow man, and not a journalist's article."

Ralph Bastin's eyes raced over the papers. His face was a strange study, while he read, reflecting a score of different, ever-changing emotions, but amid them all never losing a

constant deepening amaze.

As he finished the last sheet, he looked Tom Hammond hard and searchingly in the face.

"My dear Tom," he began. His voice was very grave, very serious. "You'll ruin The Courier! You will ruin yourself! The world will call you mad—!"

"They called my Lord mad, Ralph, and they have called His servants mad, over and over again, ever since."

There was not a shadow of cant in his voice and manner, as he went on:—

"The word of our God, Ralph—which is the *only real* rule of life, tells us that Christ, whose name I profess, said:—

"'Whosoever shall confess me, before men, him will I also confess before my Father which is in Heaven.... If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: but whosoever will lose his life, for My sake, the same shall save it. For what is a man advantaged, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul. . . .

"'For whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words,' ('Surely I come quickly,' Ralph, is one of His very last recorded words) 'of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when He shall come in His own glory, and in His Father's, and of the holy angels.'"

Tom Hammond leant forward in his chair to lay his hand on the wrist of the other, to plead with him. But, with an exclamation of angry impatience, Ralph, cried:

"Hang it, old man, you must be going dotty!"

With an expression of annoyance, almost amounting to disgust, he swung round on his heel.

"Look here, Tom," he began.

He swirled back to meet his friend face to face.

Then, with a startled cry, he stared at the chair, in which, an instant before, Tom Hammond had been sitting.

The chair was empty! "Good God!" he gasped.

Instinctively he knew what had happened! Involuntarily his eyes traveled to the placard, and in the same moment he recalled the closing words of Tom Hammond's MS. which he had just read:—

"'Then shall it come to pass, that which is written, One shall be taken, The other left.'"

A strange, unnatural trembling seized him. He dropped into the chair he had been occupying, and stared at the empty revolving chair opposite.

"Good——God!" He slowly repeated the words. There was no thought of irreverence in the utterance. It was the unconscious acknowledgement of God's Presence and Power.

For a time—he never knew how long—he sat still and silent like a man stunned. Then, as his eyes traveled slowly to where the sheets of MS.'s lay, he smiled wearily, drew them towards him, and took his stylo from his pocket. Putting the most powerful pressure of his will upon himself, he began to write after the last words penned by his translated chief:—

"(P.S.—Written by the sub-editor of 'The Courier.' By the time this printed sheet is being read, the world will have learned that a section of the community has been suddenly taken from our midst. The Editor of The Courier, the giant mind and kindly heart of Tom Hammond, has been taken from us.

"The writer of this postscript, who was in the room, when the 'Prophet' of The Courier was taken, was in the act of scorning his message as to the nearing of the great translation. 'In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye' he was gone.

The writer has not left the room since, and has no means of knowing who else among those known to him are missing,—not many personal acquaintances, he fears, since one's personal clique has never shown any very marked signs of what one has hitherto (Continued on page 32)

#### 

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# CHILDREN'S DAGE

#### THE COCOON

One day Alva Dell and her mother were walking through the woods. Alva Dell saw a cocoon hanging on a low branch of a tree. She did not know what it was, and was just about to knock it off with her walking stick. Her mother stopped her and said they would take the cocoon home. Alva Dell wanted to know what mother wanted with such an ugly, brown thing. Her mother told her to watch it carefully and one day it would teach her a beautiful lesson. Mother took it home and fastened it to the bookcase in the library. After a long time of watching, one day Alva Dell saw something moving near the cocoon. Looking closely, she saw a beautiful butterfly. She ran quickly and brought mother to see the lovely surprise. "Isn't it beautiful, mother?" she exclaimed. "But what is the lesson it is to teach me?" "Just this, dear," said her mother, "that beautiful butterfly was once a worm. The worm had lived as long as it could live as a worm. The worm part of him had to die. So he wrapped himself up in this little brown case, which became the grave for the old worm-self. Now after all this while he has come forth as you see him, a beautiful butterfly." "Oh, I see the lesson now," said Alva. "When we have lived as long as God wants us to live in these bodies, then we die and are put into the grave, which is like a cocoon. One day Jesus will come and call us forth with beautiful, new bodies, and we will live with Him forever!" That is a sweet lesson for us to learn, too, is it not? Jesus was the first one to come from the grave with a wonderful, new body.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a girl of twelve years and I'm in the seventh grade.

My home receives the Lighted Pathway monthly and we all think it is a grand paper. I enjoy every word of it, especially the Children's Page. Please put my name on the M.O.H. Club. I do thank God my home is a Christian home. I was saved at an early age but our home can be made happier by the M.O.H. Club.

I read the story of your life entitled "Mountain Peaks of Experience,"

which I enjoyed very much. Please pray that I will be filled with the Holy Ghost in a great way.

The New Year's resolutions in the January issue were truly interesting. They helped me to make better resolutions.

I thank you for the wonderful work you have done for the young people of America and wish you the most successful year for the Lighted Pathway you have ever had.

A friend in Christ, Billie Rae Holland, Robbinsville, North Carolina.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a girl eleven years of age and in the fourth grade. I enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway. I would like to join the M.O.H. Club. Please mark my name on the list.

My mother and father are members of the Church of God at Tifton, Georgia. I have one brother and one sister. Pray for us all.

May God bless you and your work.
Lavada Bradley,
Tifton, Georgia.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have recently started to reading the Lighted Pathway and enjoy it very much. I especially like the Children's Page. I am ten years old and in the fifth grade. I would like to join the M.O.H. Club. I like the tract, in the Lighted Pathway entitled "Will It Be Good-night or Good-bye?"

My mother, daddy and I are members of the Church of God here in Henderson, North Carolina. I like to go to Sunday School and Y.P.E.

Your friend,

Roger Jackson Gupton. Henderson, North Carolina.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a girl ten years old. I am in the fifth grade. I go to the Church of God at Gettysburg, South Dakota. I enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway. I would like to join the M.O.H. Club. Please put my name on your list.

My mother is saved and goes to the Church of God at Gettysburg, South Dakota. My father is unsaved and I have three sisters and two brothers unsaved. Please pray for us all.

May God bless you and your work.
Roberta Barrett

Box 714,

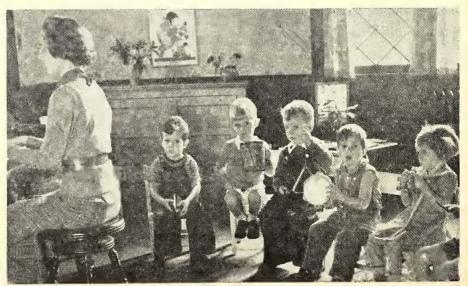
Gettysburg, South Dakota.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a little girl eight years old and I am in the third grade. I have the Holy Ghost and am a member of the Church of God. My two sisters have the Baptism and are members of the Church too. I want you to mark my name on your M.O.H. Club list. I enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway.

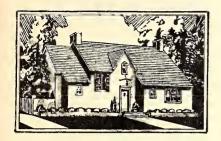
Caroline Reece,

Franklin, North Carolina. (Continued on page 29)



Make Others Happy Club. (Eph. 4:22.)

# HAPPY HOME (IRCLE



#### ANNIVERSARY

FAITH FREEBURN TURNER

Everything went wrong. Ruth Williams, harried young housewife, winked hard to keep back the tears as she sopped up the milk baby June had spilled on the rug. She knew she shouldn't have left the baby alone with the big glass of rich Jersey milk,

but she had smelled the odor of scorched potatoes from the kitchen and left her just for a minute. She dumped the ruined potatoes into the little red and white garbage can, and returned to find the milk was sending out dozens of little streams from the lake it had formed when the glass tipped from the table of the high chair. Baby June clapped her chubby little hands with glee. To her innocent mind the white puddle on the living room rug was an amusement —entirely for her benefit.

The front door slammed with a bang. "Is that you. Jimmie?" Ruth's voice was hopeful. She could send her four-year-old to the corner grocery for a can of wholegrain corn. Her husband liked that and perhaps he wouldn't miss the potatoes.

"Yup, it's me, I guess." Ruth's eyes widened as her son walked slowly into the room. His freckled face was smeared with mud, and his right eye wore a perfect ring of black and blue, while a little trickle of blood mixed with the mud on his cheek.

"Jimmie! What happened? Are you hurt?"

Jimmie shrank from his mother's caress and under the mud plaster his face flushed

"No'm. I didn't run in the street and I ain't hurt-much." He faced her defiantly. Then he blurted it out.

"I bin in a mud fight, and I didn't dodge quick 'nough." There, it was out. The four-year-old squared his shoulders manfully but his voice quivered.

"I 'spect you'll put me to bed, but I couldn't help it. That mean ol' Tad threw a ball of mud at me n' I threw one back n' he threw 'nother one n' hit me right in my eye."

Ruth Williams struggled between laughter and tears. She glanced at the clock, and laughter left her. The hands announced the time to be just exactly twelve o'clock. Joe would be home for dinner any minute andthe dinner was ruined. She bit her

#### A MESSAGE TO MOTHERS

"The world would be a better place, More wishes would come true, If everybody else could have A mother just like you."

Can that be said of you? Are you that kind of a mother? Can that be said of you? Are you that kind of a mother? Now honestly, would the world be a better place if there were a few more just like you? I pray that it would. Just what are you doing to brighten the corner where you are? Do you hold aloft the banner of Christ as your standard of conduct, or is the way of the world, with its greed and its glitter and its false glamor, good enough for you?

hold aloft the banner of Christ as your standard of conduct, or is the way of the world, with its greed and its glitter and its false glamor, good enough for you?

Perhaps you are one of those many overworked mothers—and aren't we all—who are tempted to get fretful and peevish and cumbered with the cares of the home, and are apt to exclaim, "Oh, what can I do to make the world better!" You can, like Paul, glory in tribulation, knowing that tribulation worketh patience. Did you ever pray for patience? Look out! The answer to that prayer will be tribulation. "And patience, experience." Of course, we need experience. How else could we sympathize with and help the other person in his problems if we had never had any of our own. "And experience, hope." Rom. 5:3, 4. Oh that blessed hope of a returning Savior Who will solve every problem, Who will wipe away every tear with His own precious hands.

Is it a better place to live because of your cheerfulness in spite of physical handicaps? How a happy disposition drives away the clouds of discontent. A cheerful smile, a kind answer, a nice comment from mother will keep many a family spat from going on to the quarreling, wrangling stage.

Do you make the world a better place by your faith in Him and your faithfulness to Him? In Hebrews we read, "Faith is the substance of the things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." We cannot see the "why" of things; we cannot understand the "how" of all the happenings to us, but through faith we can know there is an all-wise Father over us Who is so interested in us that He numbers the very hairs of our heads. He loved us so much that He emptied heaven that we might be filled with the best heaven had to offer. Shame on us, ten thousand times shame, if we do not reverence and serve a God like that.

Speaking of service, why not form a Mother's Home Circle in your community and you mothers get together—not to spend the time in idle talk, but to pray and seek God's guidance? Pray for one another's children, who are having to ensnar

blessing from on high.

Have faith, dear mother; be faithful, for "all things"—sickness, sorrow, yes, even death itself, poverty, wealth. "all things work together for good to them that love him." The psalmist says, "No good thing will be withhold from them that love him." Mother. do you love Him?

lip, grabbed Jimmie by the arm and marched him to his room.

"Now listen, Jimmie, I haven't time to clean you up or talk to you. You know very well you shouldn't be fighting on the streets. Stay in your room until your father gets here. After he sees you and hears your story, then I'll clean you up. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, getting all messed up like this just when I needed your help. This is our anniversary too, and I wanted a nice dinner so much, but now you have just helped to ruin it."

With a sigh Ruth slammed the boy's door and ran to the kitchen. Had she been less worried about her own troubles she might have detected tears in the big blue eyes, and the puffiness in the black and blue area.

Hurriedly she patched the dinner together as best she could and placed it on the table.

"I'm so disappointed with the way things have gone," she muttered to herself as she placed a napkin by Joe's plate, "that I almost wish I hadn't even tried. I know I lost my patience with baby June and Jimmie, but who wouldn't with things going wrong like that. I'll try to be nice to Joe to make up for it, but it's hard because I feel all crosswise inside now."

> Quick steps sounded on the porch and Joe bounded into the kitchen. "Hello, wifie," he kissed her warmly, "how is everything?"

> Try as she would, Ruth could not return the caress. He had not even mentioned their anniversary. Had he forgotten? Numbly she placed the food on the table. He surely didn't care as much for her as he should if he could forget the things she held most dear like their anniversary.

> "Joe," her tone belittled an icicle, "Jimmie's been fighting and I put him in his room. I left him just like he was so you could see how naughty he really was. You'd better see him now so he can eat dinner with us."

Joe's happy smile left his face, but he said nothing as he walked toward Jimmie's room. Ruth was in one of

(Continued on page 29)

# HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED AND TRIED

### "CELIA, WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH ME?"

BEULAH M. BOWDEN

"Busy, Phoebe?"

"No, Celia, I'm through. I was just signing my name to a letter. Come in."

"I can't stay long. Thought I'd drop across the lawn while little Carol is asleep. I wish you had been at church this morning. Our pastor gave us such a comforting sermon."

"I was too tired to care for sermons, Celia."

"But you would have gotten so much out of this one. Mr. Carver took for his text those words of David's, 'Rest in the Lord,' Psa. 37:7. He said we could never know true rest till

we found it in God."

"Rest! Don't talk of rest to one who has to work like a slave from early morning till late at night!"

"I know, dear, but you know it was to 'all ye that labour and are heavy laden' that Jesus extended His invitation 'Come unto me . . . and I will give you rest.' Mr. Carver remarked this morning that the Lord Jesus did not offer us rest from labor but rather rest in labor," Matt. 11:28-30.

"Oh, I suppose the Bible refers to heart rest or something of that sort. Idealistic and beautiful to talk about, but that is as far as it goes. There just isn't such a thing as rest for a widow who has to worry day and night about where she will get enough bread to feed two hungry children.

"But Mr. Carver reminded us that it was when Asa was right in the midst of trouble from which there was no possible human way of escape that he rested on God. He prayed, 'Help us, O Lord, our God; for we rest on thee,' 2 Chron. 14:11. And you remember that God didn't fail him. And he won't fail you if you but dare to trust yourself to His everlasting arms."

"Well, even if I knew that my children would not suffer from malnutrition, just tell me what heart rest could I possibly expect, overwhelmed as I am with incessant, gnawing grief.

You seem to forget, Celia, that it is not eight months since my husband met his death in that horrible accident. Oh, that I could find some way out of this turmoil!"

"I know, my friend, you feel like the Psalmist when he said, 'Oh, that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest!' Psa. 55:6. But you remember God didn't take Moses out of the turmoil of life. Instead, He assured him, 'My presence shall go with thee and I will give thee rest,' Exod. 33:14—rest right in the midst of most untoward circumstances. After all, there is nothing like the consciousness of the Lord's presence to bring peace and rest to our troubled

"When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.
For I, the Lord thy God, will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not I will help thee."

Isaiah 43:2, 4:13

IN THE GRIP OF GOD

5.

#### THE NAIL-RIVEN HAND

BENTLEY C. ROBINSON

The hand that was riven is reaching to you, Ta lift you fram bandage of sin. It was nailed to the cross when none else

cauld da, To pardon and lift fallen men.

The hand that was riven has lifted my saul, Fram quagmires of sin and disgrace. It has cleansed me fram sin, made me happy and whale,

The hand that is freighted with grace.

Oh! sinner behold now this nail-riven hand, Is beckoning for you to came.

It will guide you through life to the beautiful land, The land called "heavenly home." "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me . . . and ye shall find rest unto your souls!" Mr. Carver suggested that His yoke so adjusts the weight of our cross that the cross ceases to be an intolerable burden. His yoke relieves us of the fret and galling pain; then, being harnessed with Christ, we become so engrossed in communion with Him that we are no longer absorbed in the hardships of the way."

spirits. You remember Jesus said.

"More beautiful figures! But I tell you, Celia, if you had to wear my shoes a while you would feel very different about things."

"Well, dear, I see Carol has awakened and is out looking for her moth-

er; I must go."

Left to herself, Phoebe Gardner buried her face in her arms. Why had God taken the husband and father from the home and left her with sorrow and distress and thwarted plans? And why did God's Book mock her by speaking of peace and rest? There was no rest!

Phoebe came to with a start. That was what the Bible said of the wicked! She had learned those verses as a child: "But the wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked," Isa. 57:20, 21. Why must that come to mind? She was not wicked. She was supposed to be a Christian. And yet, like the wicked, she could not rest.

She had enjoyed no true rest even while her husband still lived, but had flitted from one worldly amusement to another just because she was restless and nothing satisfied her.

Celia Parks, her one-time schoolmate, had experienced the same sort of restless, discontented existence till five years before when something had happened to Celia; Phoebe couldn't understand what. Celia had said that she laid her all on God's altar. That sounded like fanaticism. But the restlessness and fret and fume, and complaining all went out of Celia's life, and

(Continued on page 31)

# Clark's Call

. . . An Easter Story . . .

Nellie L. Harrington

"Nervous?" asked Clark Weston.

"Rather," admitted his brother, Ralph. "I didn't suppose it was going to be like this."

"Oh, you'll feel better when you



really get before an audience, I imagine."

"I hope so. It doesn't give a fellow much confidence—much chance for inspiration, either. Seems sort of cold-blooded. At least that is the way it strikes me."

"Well, you've been learning to make sermons, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes, we've been studying their structures, if that's what you mean. But all that would be about as interesting to a congregation as it would if a doctor should bring a skeleton into a sick room to show his

patient where his own trouble was located. The framework is necessary but I can't seem to get beyond the skeleton stage this time."

"Easter sermon, too, isn't it?"

"M-mh," lugubriously. "That makes it all the more terrible. The one message of the year that should be filled with the life and power of the risen Lord! And then have it fall flat. Fairly dust and ashes!" and he groaned.

"Don't take it so hard, Ralph. Perhaps a little more prayer will give you the unction for your message. That's what the preachers call it, isn't it?" His brother nodded. "I'll join you," Clark went on. "You remember the promise, 'Where two are agreed . . . "

"Thanks a lot, Clark. Sometimes I

feel that the Lord meant that call for you and I got in the way. I'm sure you'd make a better preacher than I ever will."

"No, that call is all right. You do the preaching and I'll stand back of you with the finances. The Lord gave me the ability to make money. And every man is responsible for his own talent, you know. From what I see on every side, I'm sure that consecrated millionaries are few and far between. I'll back you whether your church does or not. But don't be scared next Sunday, Ralph," he urged again.

"I don't believe I'd mind so much if they were sending me to a mission church here in the city. Or if they had asked for *me*. They are all absolute strangers. And I don't know country people. The city and the shore make up the sum of my experience, except the seminary, of course. I'm not a mixer, you know. I can't meet people like you can."

"Oh, but folks are just folks, in the country as well as the city," insisted Clark. "And sin is sin, no matter where you find it. And there is salvation in no other name than that of Jesus Christ. The world needs that message today as it never did before, I think. You haven't lost your religion, have you?"

"No," said Ralph, slowly, "but I tell you it would be easy to get so absorbed in the technique of sermon building that you would lose the spirit."

"Well, pray a little harder, is the best counsel I can give. What time of day do you go to your little church?"

"It isn't a church, not really," explained Ralph. "It's only a dinky little schoolhouse. If there's a half dozen people out it will probably be a record crowd. The service is to be at half past two in the afternoon. Milton Letts offered me his car for the trip. It's an ancient Ford, but I guess it will get me there all right."

(Continued on page 30)



Breaks the joyful Easter dawn, Clearer yet, and stronger; Winter from the world has gone, Death shall be no longer. Far away good angels drive Night and sin and sadness; Earth awakes in smiles, alive With her dear Lord's gladness.

Roused by Him from dreary hours
Under snowdrifts chilly,
In His hand He brings the flowers,
Brings the rose and lily.
Every little buried bud
Into life He raises;
Every wild flower of the wood
Chants the dear Lord's praises.

Open, happy flowers of spring,
For the sun has risen;
Through the sky glad voices ring,
Calling you from prison.
Little children dear, look up,
Towards His brightness pressing;
Lift up every heart, a cup
For the dear Lord's blessing.

-Lucy Larcom.



#### Treatment of Enemies

Rev. Tileston F. Chambers, himself a Baptist pastor, states that "during the war of the American Revolution, the Rev. Peter Miller, pastor of a Baptist Church in Pennsylvania, appeared in the city of Philadelphia to ask from General Washington the life of a man sentenced to death for treason. He had walked the entire distance from his home, sixty miles, to urge his plea. His request was refused. Washington said that he was sorry he could not pardon his friend. 'My friend!' Miller exclaimed; 'I have not a worse enemy in the world.' The general, in amazement, asked, 'Will you please tell me why you have walked sixty miles to try to save your enemy's life?' The minister declared that he was endeavoring to carry out the Savior's commands, and Washington was so impressed by his genuine Christian spirit that he signed the desired pardon and handed it to the suppliant. When Mr. Miller put the pardon into his enemy's hand, and his enemy learned how it had been won, he broke down completely, and shed tears like a little child."

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head," Rom. 12:20.—The Young People's Witness.

#### Returning Good for Evil

The late Dr. Arthur T. Pierson used to tell the following story of General Robert E. Lee: "Hearing General Lee speak in the highest terms to President Davis about a certain officer, greatly astonished, said to him, 'General, do you not know that the man you spoke of so highly to the President is one of your bitterest enemies, and misses no opportunity to speak evil of you?' 'Yes,' replied Gen. Lee, 'but the President asked my opinion of him; he did not ask for his opinion of me.'"

—The Young People's Witness.

## One Good Reason for Soul Winning

Even if I were utterly selfish, and

had no care for anything but my own happiness, I would choose, if I might, under God, to be a soul winner; for never did I know perfect, overflowing, unutterable happiness of the purest and most ennobling order till I first heard of one who had sought the Savior through my means. No young mother ever rejoiced more over her first-born child, no warrior was so exultant over a hard-won victory.—

C. H. Spurgeon.

#### Rising Among the Commonplace

A college girl, a fine scholar and a noble spirit, was spending the summer as counsellor in a girls' camp, and among her other duties she was expected to help out in the kitchen. One day she was busy peeling potatoes when the head of the camp came and spoke to her. "It's too bad," she said, "that a young woman of your education should have to peel potatoes." The college girl looked up brightly. "But, Miss Baldwin," she said, "I don't have to think about the potatoes while I am peeling them."

That was a Pauline utterance. "Whatsoever things are lovely, . . . think on these things." Our minds are ours, though our fingers may be hired out. Drudgery, fortunately, may be done, and well done, automatically. We can "sweep a room as by God's laws" because God's laws, and not the dust, may be filling our minds as we sweep. And even if our humdrum tasks require constant attention as we work, there is an upper self that may be living at the same time, and communing with the angels!—Amos R. Wells, in Devotional Yearbook.

#### Powerless Churches

When Thomas Aquinas visited Rome, and was shown the gorgeousness of the papal palace, the pope, it is said, remarked to him, "Well, Thomas, the church in our day cannot say, 'Silver and gold have I none.' "No," replied Aquinas, "neither can she say, 'In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and

walk." Ah! how often has it been the case, that when the church has been increased in riches and worldly wisdom, she has correspondingly decreased in spiritual power and piety!

—Young People's Witness.

#### Keep the Reflectors Clear

A man visited a great lighthouse once, and he asked the keeper, "Are you not afraid to live here? It is a dreadful place to be constantly in." "No," replied the keeper of the lighthouse, "we are not afraid. We never think of ourselves here." "Never think of yourselves! How is that?" The reply was a good one. "We know that we are perfectly safe, and think only of having our lamps burning brightly, and keeping the reflectors clear, so that those in danger may be saved." That is what Christians ought to do. They are safe in a house built on a Rock, which cannot be moved by the wildest storm. In a spirit of holy unselfishness, they should let their light gleam across the dark waves of sin, that those who are imperiled may be guided into the harbor of eternal safety in Christ Jesus.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Young People's Witness.

#### An Infidel's Death

Altamont, that learned and defiant French infidel, made the members of his infidel club promise to come to his deathbed when they should hear he was dying. How he boasted to them that they should see him meet death boldly, without the least reliance upon the blood of Christ.

When he was about to change worlds, his club came. They said, "We have come to hear how it is with you in the dying hour." As he fixed on them a look of fear and horror, shivering and shrieking with terror, he exclaimed, "Oh, if you had one-half the mountain upon your souls that is upon mine, you would struggle with the martyr for his stake, and would bless God for a flame that is not unquenchable, for a fire that is not an everlasting fire." After uttering such language, stretching his hands above his head, and gazing upward in awful agony, he cried, "O Thou merciful but blasphemed and insulted God, hell itself is a refuge if it but hide me from thy frown." He then fell back on his pillow, dead.—Publisher Unknown.



# The Tale of a Radiant Easter

"Philip! Awake now, my boy, I have news for thee."

Sleepily the boy turned over, stretched his slim figure to full length on the narrow mat that was his bed, opened his dark eyes, and lay for a moment smiling up at his mother.

"It must be good news, Mother. Hast thou found a bag of gold with which to pay the tax?" He asked mischieviously.

"A way has been opened," she answered. "Last evening there came a servant from the house of Abidan. He, with his family, will start this morning for Jerusalem. He cannot take his mother who is old and of little strength, and he would have me stay in his house and care for her."

"Oh, Mother, I am glad for thee," said the boy quickly, and I will care for little Rhoda. Thou knowest I will let no harm come near her."

The woman's eyes filled with quick tears. "I know thou art always kind to our poor little blind one."

A sleepy cry from a corner sent Philip hastening toward a child who sat up now in her white robe, a tangle of soft, dark curls forming her rosy face, two dimpled arms stretched out toward her brother.

Tenderly he carried her over to a low seat and proudly began to dress her. The mother, watching, smiled through her eyes that were heavy with a pain that had never quite died since she knew that her little daughter was blind from birth.

But the child herself was happy. She ran lightly across the floor for a good-by kiss and stood by Philip waving her hand as gaily as if she, too, could see her mother turning at the crook of the road for a backward look at them.

"Now thou shalt have breakfast, next we shall feed the pigeons, and later thou shalt stay with a neighbor while I go to the spring for water."

The boy walked swiftly down a path that skirted the city, toward Elisha's

By Montange Perry

spring, sweetened so long ago by the prophet. As he neared the spring, he came to a group of women waiting to fill their jugs.

"He is a Nazarene, but some call Him the Messiah," a woman said as Philip came up. "He doth marvelous deeds. I have a friend, who hath a kinsman who hath followed Him for months. He declares that the Nazarene hath healed lepers and—"

"Who is this ye speak of?" Philip asked, edging closer to the woman, "some new healer?"

"Hast thou not heard of the Naza-rene?"

"I have heard of Him, but He worketh in distant places."

"No, He is here in Jericho on His way to Jerusalem. But be not excited."

In the boy's eyes she had read the flash of longing. "This man is but a poor peasant, with a band of roughlooking followers."

"Nevertheless," declared a bold-looking woman, "my uncle who lives at Jerusalem saw at the feast of tabernacles a beggar healed as he sat by the temple gate, a beggar who had

been born blind. For years my uncle had known the blind beggar, and now he sees."

"Oh—oh," cried the boy. He waited for nothing more.

All night and all day the boy stayed quietly at home, neglecting no observance of the holy day. All night and all day he pondered, and when the last banner of the Sabbath sunset had been furled in the west, then, with little Rhoda's head devoutly bowed beside his own, he had said the prayer of the closing day, he began quietly and steadily to make preparation for a journey.

Twilight was graying the pastures, purpling the mountains, and filling the valleys with mist of pale lavender, as the pair stepped out on the old caravan road.

They were less than a mile on the highway when night shut down, blotting out everything but the yellow thread of dusty road. Little Rhoda began to whimper with weariness and he sat with her until she fell asleep, her curly head nestled on his shoulder. Then trudged on, bravely fighting his own fatigue, now resting, now marching, now drawing aside in the shelter of bushes as an occasional group of travelers passed, now on once more.

Just as the first rays of the morning sun began to light up the eastern sky, Philip and his helpless charge came at last to a slope overlooking the Holy City, the temple, and the stream of people making their way up to the gate.

His keen eyes searched the crowd and he shouted to a motherly looking (Continued on page 26)

# STHE CROSS ~

The Christ made atonement for sin; Of the wonder and cost of redemption That the world through His love He might win; I remember the word by Him spoken, "Take your cross, follow me," once He said. Did He mean His disciples to follow Though the path to Calvary led? In the darkness of sin men are dying, Life abundant is Christ's priceless gift; And earth's sad, weary, desolate children Need His help as their burdens they lift. From the glory He calls to His church; May the vision He gave not grow dim. Dare we follow our Lord's great commission Though it mean crucifixion with Him? As I think of the cross where in anguish





# Bits of Inspiration

By Pauline Weaver Harding



#### **Building Cathedrals**

Three men, all engaged at the same employment, were asked what they were doing. One said he was making five dollars a day. Another replied that he was cutting stone. The third

said he was building a cathedral. The difference was not in what they were actually doing, although the spirit of the third might quite possibly have made him the more expert at his task. They were all earning the same wage; they were all cutting stone: but only one held it in his mind that he was helping build a great edifice. Life meant more to him than to his mates, because he saw further and more clearly. The farmer may be only planting seed, but if he opens his eyes he is feeding the world. The railroad man, the factory

hand, the clerk in the store. likewise are building their cathedrals. The investors in stocks and bonds, the executives of great corporations—they are building cathedrals likewise, if only they can catch the vision. The housewife does not count the dollars she receives for her exertions. If she did, her life would be unhappy indeed. The rest of us, the great figures of the industrial world more than the humble ones, are thinking too much about such things as cutting stone and making profits, fully to be realizing the beauty of life.—Omaha Bee.

#### I Shall Not Fail

I shall not fail if you believe in me, Though life may lead the way across the sea—

Of billowing waves, of wild and fierce intent—

Of hard, steep paths that leave me bruised and spent.

I shall surmount all doubt and fear, With added courage face each coming year-

No goal too great, no crest too high shall be,

If only you keep faith and trust in me.

#### **Great Grace**

His grace is great enough to meet the great things,

The crashing waves that overwhelm the soul.

The roaring winds that leave us stunned and breathless,

The sudden storms beyond our life's control.

His grace is great enough to meet the small things,

The little pin-prick troubles that annov.

The insect worries, buzzing and persistent,

The squeaking wheels that grate upon our joy.

#### Compensation

Who never wept, knows laughter but in jest;

Who never failed, no victory has sought;

Who never suffered, never lived his best;

Who never doubted, never really thought;

Who never feared, real courage has not shown;

Who never faltered lacks a real intent;

Whose soul was never troubled, has not known

The sweetness and the peace of real content.

#### Christ

He is a path if any be misled; He is a robe, if any naked be; If any chance to hunger, He is bread; If any be a bondman, He is free; If any be but weak, how strong is He;

To dead men life He is, to sick men health:

To blind men sight, and to the needy wealth:

A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth.—Giles Fletcher.

#### Christ Arose

Christ arose!
Proving His power—
Proving God's love,
Proving His sonship
To the Father above.

Christ arose!
Giving us faith—
Giving us hope—
Making us sure
Of a heavenly home.

Christ arose!
Leaving this earth—
Returning above—
Sending the Holy Ghost
To those He loved.

#### **But God**

I know not, but God knows;
Oh, blessed rest from fear!
All my unfolding days
To Him are plain and clear.
Each anxious, puzzled "Why?"
From doubt or dread that grows,
Finds answer in this thought:
I know not, but He knows.

I cannot, but God can;
Oh, balm for all my care!
The burden that I drop
His hand will lift and bear,
Those eagle pinions tire;
I walk where once I ran,
This is my strength, to know
I cannot, but He can.

I see not, but God sees;
Oh, all-sufficient light!
My dark and hidden way
To Him is always bright;
My strained and peering eyes
May close in restful ease,
And I in peace may sleep;
I see not, but He sees.

#### The Critic

A little seed lay on the ground,

And soon began to sprout.

"Now which of all the flowers around,"
It mused, "shall I come out?"
The lily's face is fair and proud,
But just a trifle cold;
The rose, I think, is rather loud,
And then its fashion's old.
The violet is all very well,
But not a flower I'd choose;
Nor yet the Canterbury bell—
I never cared for blues."
And so it criticized each flower,
This supercilious seed,
Until it woke one summer hour,
And found itself—A WEED!

-Sel.

Why should we read inspirational literature? Think over the field of reading and try to answer the question for yourself before reading the following suggestions. Inspirational literature gives new and high standards of living. A knowledge of the experiences of others lends courage for facing our own problems. It gives new ideas, new ways of looking at things, and most of all, new friendships.

So often today young people think that inspirational literature is all uninteresting and dull. Perhaps one reason for this idea is that the field of such reading is limited. There are many unexplored lands into which you may go and find much of real interest. There are two types of books that ought to be part of every young person's daily life. Of course, the first is the Bible. Have you learned how to make that vital? Make a real trial this month. Choose a great Bible character, preferably one you do not know very well; find out all you can about him—his daily life, his family, his town, the problems he faced. Take one book in the Bible and try to make it come to life by discovering its background, message, and meaning for today. Choose a favorite passage and translate it into modern terms.

giving its old meaning in the setting of the present. The second type book is one of a devotional character, preferably one with suggested

Bible passages, followed by a prayer or meditation. New interpretations at the beginning of a day give added strength throughout the day.

At least every week go exploring in other books. Try to read books which give you a fresh view of life, and ways of meeting it courageously. Read the stories of people who have accomplished fine things and who have faced life squarely, the stories of our great men and women whose lives have blessed the world. Here are two of them: Henry Morton Stanley and David Livingstone, missionaries to Africa.

How can you tell whether or not a book is worth-while? Here are a few guides. A good book should present a workable standard for daily living and thinking. It should arouse you to serious thinking. It should give ideals toward which to work. The story should be logical and real, not a series of improbable thrills. It should bring an appreciation of truth, of fine literature, of beauty, of expression. Its philosophy of life should be constructive, not cynical. It should bring a deeper realization that life is controlled by God. It should leave the reader with the desire to make his own life better; to help others more, and to serve God with deeper conscration.

Hamilton Mabie once said: "To get at the heart of books you must live with and in them; you must make them your constant companions; you must turn them over and over in thought, slowly penetrating their inmost meaning; and when you possess their thought you must work it into your thought. The reading of a real book ought to be an event in one's history; it ought to enlarge the vision, deepen the base of conviction, and add to the reader whatever knowledge, in-

#### OUR NEW PAGE

I am giving you a new page this month. Some of you will remember that we carried this page before our paper was cut. We want you to use this in connection with your Y.P.E. and Y.P.E.U. A good encyclopedia will give you a history of these great lives and you can get the biography at the Church of God Publishing House in Cleveland. Read these and you may bring your inspiration into your Y.P.E. and inspire others to read. You can acquire a good education by reading. If your English is bad, it will help you to read good English. These two characters, Livingstone and Stanley, are products of personal evangelism. How would you like to win some like these?

I think I will suggest that we begin right where we were when our paper was cut to sixteen pages. I was looking over an old Lighted Pathway and it rather inspired me to start our Reading Circle again. In one of our papers we had published three hundred members. I think that was fine. Here are the qualifications for membership: First, that you will read the Lighted Pathway through each time and one good book each month. We will suggest your book in each issue, but if you desire to read a book of your own choosing, it will count, and read one chapter in the Bible each day. Occasionally I ask someone this question, "Did you read so-and-so in the Lighted Pathway this month?" "No, I didn't," is the answer. Well, I feel rather discouraged because I had worked so hard to find inspirational material that would be a blessing and then to think that it was not even read. Then perhaps in the next mail a letter like the ones on another page in this issue would come and discouragement would give place to a feeling that God was still on the throne. Read these letters on page 17.

If you would like to read the Bible through this year, send for leaflet to American Bible Society Dept., (W.B.R.), 450 Park Avenue at 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y. This would be good along with your other reading.

sight, beauty, and power it contains."

#### APPRECIATING THE BEST

John Ruskin, when a boy, was trained to seek for the beautiful in all things. When he was four years old his father started taking him on a trip through Europe, showing him the best in architecture. As soon as he was able to read, his mother made him read the Bible every day, until he had become familiar with many of its great passages.

When he grew up he became a great critic of art and a writer of literature himself. He had trained himself to appreciate the best in life around him

To be able to appreciate the best in life is an ideal that every youth should have. There are all sorts of things in life, some good, some bad, and some neither very good nor very bad. Hosts of young people miss the best things, because they have fixed their attention on lesser things. So the finest things in life they never see. The youth who has learned to look for the best in music, in art, in literature, in his associates, and in himself, will get the most out of life.

#### **JEWELS**

Longfellow gave a young friend this advice: "See some good picture-in nature, if possible, or on canvas—hear a page of the best music, or read a great poem every day. You will always find a free half-hour for one or the other, and at the end of the year your mind will shine forth such an accumulation of jewels as will

astonish even yourself."

This is good counsel for any Christian who would learn the lesson of gladness. To this may be added: Take into your heart every day some cheering word of God. Listen to some heavenly song of hope and joy. Let your eye dwell on some beautiful vision of divine love. Thus your very soul will become a fountain of light and joy, and gladness will become more the dominant mood of your life.

#### Membership Notice

If you can qualify for membership in our Reading Circle, write and let us put your name on our list. Who will be the first?-Ed.

### W.

# THE DISCERNING MIRROR

"Thou God seest me," Gen. 16:13.

Do I still think that my natural characteristics of love, patience, and purity have earned me some right to God's grace in Christ?

Is God saying to me, "You' are not in love with Me now; I remember the time you were"?

Why do I resist the suggestion that I need to go deeper with God?

Have I an inner conflict against another soul? against myself?

Am I thankful for the heartbreaks, the disillusionments and tribulations that force me to my only refuge, God?

Why cannot I take praise, blame, persecution, or commendation with the same evenness of faith? What is the "great sin" in me that blocks the Holy Spirit from getting all of my life?

Do I know enough of the guidance of the Holy Spirit not to proceed when doubt makes a conflict?

What do other people's criticisms do to me?

When I leave a group of people, do I leave an impression of myself, or of Jesus?

Have I forgotten how to be sorry?

Am I easily overreached, easily ignored, easily snubbed?

Do I discern the faults and fail to see the fibers of strength and great promise in people?

What do I want most, life or God? Do I play Indian with God, now giving my promise of "all," now taking myself back in parts?

Do I chafe, not understanding that conflict, contact, and change are necessary for spiritual growth?

Have I known joy and growth through the mastery of my dislikes and frictions?

Can I receive an affront of smarting rebuke in silence?

Do I realize that I gain the strength of the temptation I resist?

When I correct my child, do I produce in him a sense of disgrace or a feeling of resentment?

Am I more concerned with putting across my own holiness or the power of God?

Can I stand in the light of First Corinthians 13 or do I have to shuffle?

Have I a disposition that is never lustful, spiteful, or evil?

Where do I find my reality, in God or in people?

Is the best I have the product of suffering?

Am I truly willing to cease from self?

Does my intercession take hold until my friend's soul gets into contact with the life of God?

Is my will bowed in sad submission, or lifted up in glad humility within the will of God?

Does adversity bring me self-pity or an admiration of the good things that can and do result?

Have I found that my penitence for another's sins brought him to repentance for himself?

Do my friends call me stubborn while I think myself determined?

Is my idea of the church that of a witness for Christ, or of a group who hold the same opinions and prejudices?

Am I aware that self can rise up

within myself a host of competitors with "calls" that seem as good; as God's still, small voice?

Am I seeking tags of honor and office?

Has my bitter trial left me face to face with God, not with myself?

Am I one man in a thousand who is able to maintain my spiritual life in a controversy?

Am I ready to have God stamp out of me my personal ambitions?

Do I have a sympathetic capacity of understanding people's hearts?

Am I so bound up that I refuse to yield to the power of love?

Have I allowed the sense of failure to corrupt my next step for God?

Do I have attachments that could not stand the scrutiny of God?

Am I making life hard for anybody?

—Evangelical Visitor.

Question

Can I stand and can you stand before this mirror and be satisfied with what we see?—*Editor*.



# Easter Time

(Taken from Luke 24)

I love to think of "Easter Time," it means so much to me; 'Twos on that day my Lord arose, His weeping loved ones to see. They hurried to the tomb that morn, when doy begon to down-I know it made their hearts oche, when tald their Lord was gone. And filled with fear and trembling, I can almost hear them say, "It must have been on angel who rolled that stone away." Then, two men in shining roiment oppeared to them and soid, "You must be seeking Jesus. Why look for Him omong the deod? He is not here but risen. Come, see the place where He loy. Did He not tell you in Galilee that He would rise the third doy?" Two men were hurrying to Emmous, "We'll find Him there," they soy, When Jesus Himself drew neor them, wolked and talked along the way. He osked what made them look so sod. To this they soon replied, "Hove ye not heard the story of how our Lord was crucified? Moreover, we have been told by angels, who linger where He loid, That Jesus has risen, and that is why we feel ofroid." At lost they entered the village; the day was then for spent. They begged Him tarry for a while. To which He gave consent. He blessed the bread and brake it as they sat at meat that night; He then reveoled Himself to them, and quickly vonished out of sight. They hurried bock to Jerusolem. Methinks I hear them soy, "Did our hearts not burn within us as we talked with Him today?" Next, to the disciples He oppeared os they also sot at meat, Soying, "Doubt no longer, children, Behald, my honds and feet." He told them He must ga away, this time to the Fother obove; That He would send His Spirit that would fill them with His love. He led them aut one marning as for as Bethony, And looking upword soid to them, "My blessing I give thee." It came to poss while blessing them, to heaven He was corried away. Such is the blessed story of the first glad Easter Day."

-Mrs. Homer E. Cole.

# Youth Personal Evangelistic Union

#### THE RESULT

(Extract from article by Dr. Jas. McGinlay at Winona Lake conference. In Gospel Call.)

When I was a pastor I trained 150 to 200 people in personal work just as salesmen are trained, and then on Monday night we would visit a certain section of the city and two by two go from door to door. We knew our purpose and in a dignified manner spent the entire evening in visitation work. That is scriptural. We did not ask the people to attend our church or Sunday School, but we told them of their spiritual need.

One woman said to me, "O Mr. Mc-Ginlay, I would like to work for the Lord, but honestly if I ever went up to a door and rang the bell and a sinner answered, I'd faint."

I said, "Go ahead and do just that. If you ring the bell and a big fellow opens the door and you faint, he will no doubt say to your friend, 'What's wrong with this woman?' And your friend will answer, 'She was concerned about you and came to ask about your soul's welfare, and this is what happened.' That sinner will help you in and get you some water to revive you. and whether you believe it or not, down in his heart he will be saving, 'I've lived here for twenty-five years, but this is the very first time anyone ever became so concerned about my soul that she fainted."

So she went. As her friend could not go with her, she had to go alone. In the first home she visited there lived a railroad conductor. She knocked at the front door and when there was no answer, she went to the back and found the man watering his flowers. As soon as she opened her mouth, he said, "You're from McGinlay's church and that is one fellow I never had any use for." (I have always told people never to defend me and to pay no attention to what might be said about me.) He continued: "My wife is in the hospital and as I have four children to look after I am busy."

She remarked, "Your wife is in the hospital? Would you mind if I prayed for her briefly?" As he replied that this would be all right, she closed her eyes and stammered out a short

prayer that God would make his wife well. When she looked up at the conclusion of her prayer, she noticed a tear on his cheek as he said, "I wish my wife could have heard that prayer."

That man became a deacon in my church. His wife also was saved, and through attending our Sunday School his four children all found the Lord. The woman who did that personal work never needs to be coaxed to come to the prayer meeting on Wednesday night. The people who are out working for the Lord on Monday night are counting the minutes till they can come to the prayer meeting to tell about it.

Preachers, let us wake up! I know this thing works. I am not talking about some theory. If we put the people to work, we will eliminate ninety per cent of our troubles, because the difficulty is that our members have spiritual gout and arthritis

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#### STIR ME

Stir me. Oh, stir me, Lord—I core nat how, But stir my heart in possian far the warld. Stir me to give, to go, but mast ta proy; Stir, till the blaad-red banner be unfurled O'er londs thot still in heathen darkness lie, O'er deserts where na cross is lifted high.

Stir me. Oh! stir me, Lard, till all my heart Is filled with strong campassian far these souls;

Till Thy compelling "must" drives me to proy;

Till Thy constraining love reaches to the poles

For north and south, in burning deep desire; Till East and West ore caught in love's great fire.

Stir me. Oh! stir me, Lord, till prayer is poin;

Till my proyer is joy—till prayer turns inta proise;

Stir me till heart and will and mind, yea, all is wholly Thine to use through all the days; Stir till I learn to pray "exceedingly"; Stir till I learn to wait expectantly.

Stir me. Oh, stir me, Lard! Thy heart was

By lave's intensest fire, till Thau did'st give Thine only Son, Thy best beloved One, E'en to the dreadful crass, that I might live; Stir me ta give myself so back ta Thee That Thau con'st give Thyself agoin thra' me.

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and everything else, and these spiritual maladies have been brought on in our fundamental churches especially by overfeeding and overstuffing the souls with wonderfully deep truths, which is all right, but the people have failed to go out and exercise afterwards.

### HOW SEVEN SOUL-WINNERS DID IT

A business man in Wales spoke to his office boy about his soul, and from that word a work began that won his entire office force for Christ.

A merchant in England determined that no day should pass without his speaking to someone about Christ. In one year he led scores to the Master.

An invalid Christian woman in Australia, for thirty years unable to put her foot to the floor, by means of her pen and prayer led forty people to Christ in a single year.

A Christian gentleman spoke to his caddie while they were waiting together on the golf links; the boy became a Christian and later on a minister of the gospel.

A Sunday School teacher took one of her class of boys for a walk on Sunday afternoon when the session of the school was over; she told him of her concern that he should become a Christian, and had the joy of seeing him take his stand for Christ.

A father traveled one thousand miles to tell his son that he was concerned about his soul, and had the joy of winning him to the Savior.

A business man in one of our largest cities makes it the rule of his life to speak of Christ to all with whom he has business dealings, if there is the slightest possible chance for him consistently to do so; he has always been thanked for his kindness, and never has been repulsed.

As the followers of Christ we have the only cure for sin, the only hope for those in despair, and we are privileged to point out the only way that leads to eternal life, and having this inestimable privilege we are called of God to speak and not be silent, to work and not be idle, to pray and not fail

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# "He Is Not Here"

When we walk through a cemetery and look at the tombstones, we find a common heading, "Here Lies." Then some name follows, with perhaps some praise of the good qualities of



the deceased. But the epitaph on the tomb of Jesus is quite different! It is not carved in stone: it is spoken by an angel, and it is exactly the reverse of what is on other tombs: "He is not here!" And

just to make sure there should be no misunderstanding as to what had happened, the angel hastened to make this climatic statement, "He is risen!"

Earth's most famous shrines are spots esteemed sacred because they entomb the ashes of great men whom mortals have reverenced, followed, loved, and often worshiped. They are sacred because the honored dead are there.

The emperor of Japan travels in state yearly to the ancient capital of Nara to worship at the graves of the imperial ancestors—the gods from whom the Japanese believe themselves descended. The earliest historic emperors were buried there; and to them food, wine, and perfumes are offered, because the dead are entombed there.

The English race has one Westminster Abbey, where kings have been buried; and there are statesmen, missionaries, poets, singers—the notable. To Britain, Westminster is Westminster because her dead are there.

Few people would want to go to Washington, our nation's capital, and leave without visiting Mt. Vernon—the one-time dwelling place of the man, who, above all others, guided and safeguarded the establishing of our country's independent government. Everywhere around the place are relics and possessions of the once master there, and all are interesting; but the chief emotion, the deepest reverence of every American, focuses

By J. D. Gree

upon the simple tomb. All that is material, all that the earth could hold of the nation's "father" is there.

Other nations have their honored dead. Millions of narrow houses of death, marked by white crosses, dot the countryside throughout the earth. How hastily the cities of death have widened their boundaries to receive the vast populations newly naturalized!

Since Adam, the man who should have been immortal, sinned and died. since that first grave, men have been without exceptions finding their last resting place in the tomb. This fate was shared by one, who, one Passover feast, died at Jerusalem on the hill of Calvary under the sentence of the Roman governor-Pilate. He died as a criminal. But strangely, two members of the supreme court of the Jews took His body down and placed it in a new tomb near Calvary. The next day a Roman officer came with the governor's seal and affixed it on the tomb door-the power of Rome, thus guaranteeing that the dead was there. So Joseph's tomb joined the multitude of tombs in which the dead are found. 1

Then a new dawn breaks with the glory of spring, the music of birds, the fragrance of lilies; and as the sun is rising on the horizon, troubled women find an empty tomb. And a white messenger, with words never spoken of any other man's tomb, spoke these words: "He is not here!"

The shepherd had been smitten and the sheep scattered; His death on the cross apparently had nullified all His wonderful claims of deity and kingly rights, until He speaks to His friends, on that Easter morning, the familiar salutation "All hail!" As they looked upon His heavenly countenance with fear and joy, He minimizes the awful death He has just passed through by this matter-of-fact greeting. "All hail" coming from these lips spoke volumns. It was the fulfillment of His precious words, "Ye now therefore have sorrow: but I will see you again. and your heart shall rejoice and your joy no man taketh from you." Their

joy was beyond expression; they could show their love and devotion to Him only by prostrating themselves at His feet.

Look at these people to whom He spoke, and remember what they were between the Friday and the Sunday morning-utterly cowed and beaten. Beside the sorrow that filled their hearts at the loss of such a dear friend and comforter, they were near despair at the disappearing of all the hopes they had built upon His official position. "We trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel," they said. They were on the point of parting when something happened, and those who had been cowards, in forty-eight hours became heroes. From that time, when, by all reasonable logic, the crucifixion should have crushed their dreams and dissolved their society, the opposite effect ensues, and these same men changed their characters and became the builders of the greatest society man has ever known.

There is no more striking contrast than between the seeming ignorance of the disciples in regard to Christ's teachings about His death and their clear understanding of it after His resurrection and after Pentecost. Their strong faith in the certainty of His resurrection is the only thing that can account for it. If they did not know beyond all shadow of doubt that He rose from the dead, they ought, in all common sense, to have scattered and borne in their hearts the bitter memories of disappointed hopes; for, if He did not come forth from the grave, His death would have been conclusive proof of the falsity of His claims.

If Christ died and still lies in the grave like other men, then the whole gospel of the apostles falls to the ground, for the good news they have to declare is "that God hath raised up Jesus from the dead." But the existence of the Church through the period of His crucifixion; the vitalizing spiritual power that has animated it from the time of Pentecostal outpouring in the upper room until this day, is positive evidence that "He is risen" and still lives.

Jesus did not rise to share again in the sufferings of humanity. His body was freed from all the human element on which death could lay hold. That He should ascend in a bright cloud before the gazing eyes of His disciples, was but the climax of an

(Continued on page 26)

# NEWS FROM BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL AND COLLEGE By ... Smeltzer

#### A VISIT TO ENGLISH CLASS

Miss Beatrice Caley, Teacher

The face of each student in the English III American Literature Class pictured the thoughts of his heart. Each waited tensely for the announcement. Yes, an "observation tour" was in mind; and, sure enough, they were going—to search for the beauties that William Cullen Bryant had been telling them about for three days.

The tour began and each student, with his card and pencil, began to write-and here are some of the expressions.

#### WHAT I SAW Katie McClain

You never know what a beautiful world you are living in until you begin to look around for the beautiful things. I noticed the billowy, white clouds floating lazily before the wind with a bed of blue sky to rest on. While standing on the swinging bridge with the blue sky above, the clear blue water flowing beneath, and the budding bushes and trees on either side. I saw a picture that no artist could ever even attempt to outline on canvas. Too, I felt a beauty and inspiration that the greatest writer could never express even in his most eloquent language.

Out over the field, I saw the sage brush bowing low before the wind like a humble servant to his mighty Master.

Several birds were chirping continuously as if they had just discovered their talent to sing and were very proud of themselves.

The golden cornstalks seemed to give a wistful, lingering sigh as their clinging bodies, now almost dead, tried to stand before the mighty, determined wind.

My thoughts were then interrupted by a familiar building looming up before me, and a familiar bell in the distance.

#### THE STUMP Darothy Barnhill

There was one stump with green sprouts bursting forth. The rest of the trees and stumps were dead, as they had been all winter, and were too lazy to push forth. Some people are like this. Some are eager to push forth at the first opportunity. Others are too lazy to make the effort.

#### WERE I A NATURALIST Darathy Clark

Were I a naturalist, I might begin this paragraph in this manner.

"Spring and warmth are coming," whispers the wind, as it flutters through our hair and sails on to the east. In its wake it leaves our eyes blending with the heavens; our cheeks challenge the reddest roses, and our feet attach Mercury's fleetness to them. The birds sing "Home. Sweet Home" as they prepare nests. The water ripples over the pebbles and murmurs, "Hang your cares and come on swimming." The green fields spring up their welcoming pastures, inviting out-of-door hikes and picnics. The honeysuckle and foliage harbor mysteries to be explored, but the obedient clock times "Tick-tick-tock," and the big brick school reclaims us.

#### \_ \_ \_ JUST THOUGHTS

Helen M. Johnson

Today I walked through the fields, just awakening from their winter slumber and waiting eagerly to burst forth with spring.

I walked about and paused on an open spot of a hill and looked down on the village from which I came. Deep was my awe as I saw her sitting silently under her silent guardians, the mountains, and proudly hurled her spires and towers to the skies-a defiance to anyone who would seek to destroy her.

Oh, if only I could hold high my head and heart just as courageously, and make the world know that I am just as much a part of her as were Bryant, Keats, Browning, and Kipling; that the only difference in us is: they could feel the ecstasy of holding their emotions in the grasp of poetry. while mine surge through my heart and wildly try to escape, only to fall back into nothingness, seeing no way

Lying beside a fence I saw an old plow, rusty and useless, only marring a lovely world with its idle presence. I pray to God that I shall never be like that plow.

I would rather have my mind tossed

with these emotions that I cannot express, than to let it grow useless and rust, and leave only a broken frame. to sit idle and dream of better days gone by.

#### HOMILETICS CLASS INTERESTING Nell Campbell

The Homiletics Class meets in Room Seven of the administration building. We have this class twice a week and really do look forward to and enjoy each class meeting. All of us have learned to love and appreciate our fine teacher, Mrs. Swiger.

Last semester we studied the science of preaching. This semester we are putting the science into action. We have one hour each Tuesday and Thursday. There are fifty-one pupils in our class and in order to get around to everyone we have four speakers each class period. All of us have not preached our Bible reading message yet. After this, we preach a textual sermon. Last but not least is the expository sermon, which is the most difficult type and requires more time.

Some good sermons are delivered in our Homiletics Class. We thus learn more about the Bible as well as learn to speak in public. The Lord meets with us every time we meet. God blesses us sometimes during the prayer, at the beginning of the class. and we just let the Holy Ghost have charge.

We have had a number of visitors in our class. Reverend E. L. Simmons, President, has visited our class several times. We have been glad to have different ministers visit our class from time to time.

We believe that there are going to be some consecrated ministers for the Church out of our Homiletics Class. Our aim is to be God's ministers as a flame of fire (Hebrews 1:7) and spread God's Word all over the world.

I am only one, but I am one. I can not do everything, but I can do something. And what I can do I ought to do, and by the grace of God, will do.-Moody.

Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.

# BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL & COLLEGE SUMMER SCHOOL

Sevierville, Tennessee

FIRST SEMESTER			
Registration	June 1		
Classes beginSemester ends	June 3		
Semester ends	_ July 5		
SECOND SEMESTER	-		
Registration	July 5		
Classes begin	Julý 6		
Commencement exercises	Aug. 9		
School closes	Aug. 10		
EXPENSES PER SEMESTER			
Registration Fee	\$ 5.00		
Tuition: High School	16.25		
Christian Workers	16.25		
College	21.25		
Private Music lessons (each)	1.00		

ACADEMIC CREDIT

**High School**—You may earn two units by attending ten weeks. This is equivalent to one semester's work (four and one-half months) of the regular term.

Christian Workers—You may earn sixteen hours by attending ten weeks. This is equivalent to one semester's work of the regular term.

**College**—You may earn sixteen hours by attending ten weeks. This is equivalent to one semester's work of the regular term.

#### SUBJECTS TAUGHT

#### High School

English II English IV Typing I American History Problems of Democracy Algebra II

Sociology Theory I

#### Christian Workers

Christian Evidence Missions Bible Atlas Old Testament Personal Evangelism Teachers Training Theory I

College

Typing 211-221 (Beginners)
English Literature 211-212
Mathematics and Business 121-122
Elementary Theory and Sight
Singing 111-112

MUSIC (Private Lessons)

Piano, Wind Instruments, Violin

#### MINISTERS, CHRISTIAN WORKERS, STUDENTS!

Enjoy ten weeks of study in the spiritual atmosphere afforded by the beautiful scenery of the Great Smoky Mountains. Take walks and hikes on the picturesque country roads.

Last summer 119 students enrolled in the various departments. Teachers and students agreed that summer school was even more enjoyable than the regular term. Only a limited number of students will be admitted. Place your application immediately.

#### For Further Information Write

REGISTRAR, BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL AND COLLEGE, Sevierville, Tenn.

#### ATTENTION, VETERANS!

If you would like to enroll in the summer school and you do not have your letter of eligibility which entitles you to training under the Veterans Administration, please write us immediately. We shall give you complete information as to how you may receive this certificate which entitles you to benefits of Public Law 346 (G.I. Bill of Rights) and Public Law 16.

#### A BROTHER'S DEVOTION

While Doctor James H. Franklin, who was a long time in charge of the foreign missionary work of the Baptist Church, was traveling across the continent a few years ago, he noticed that a porter on his car had seven gold stripes on the sleeves of his jacket. "What is the meaning of all those gold stripes?" Dr. Franklin inquired.

"Them's not stripes, boss, them's bars," the old negro answered. "They mean Ah've been servin' this road thirty-five years."

For a while the old man kept at his work; but presently he came back and asked, "Say, boss, is you a preachah?"

"Yes, how did you guess that?"

"Oh, Ah just saw a book in your seat, and Ah thought you must be a preachah. Ah was almost a preachah myself once."

"Why did you give it up?"

"Well, sah, Ah's got a young brothah, and when Ah told him Ah wanted to be a preachah, why he had been converted and wanted to be a preachah himself, boss. Well, sah, we talked it ovah and decided he'd go ahead to college and be a preachah, and Ah'd come back on the road and work; so Ah did, boss, and every month Ah sent him money and he went to college."

"And did he finally become a preacher?"

"Yes, sah, in Africy. They call him Bishop Scott."

"Bishop Scott!" Dr. Franklin gazed with amazement at the noble figure before him. Bishop Scott is said to be the first colored preacher the Methodist Church made a bishop. Dr. Franklin had often read of his heroic life among his people over in Africa.

Later when Dr. Franklin was in a little town in Georgia he heard a man say, "Bishop Scott is in town." Remembering the incident, Dr. Franklin determined to meet Bishop Scott and went to hear him preach. He went up and shook hands with him. "Have you a brother who is a porter on a sleeping car, Bishop?" he asked him.

(Continued on page 25)

Wichita, Kansas February 13, 1946

Dear Sister Harrison:

I've been meaning to write to you for some time, and tonight God seemed to lay it on my heart more than ever before. I know from experience that although we may appear to be having the greatest success with our undertakings for the Lord, there are trials and tests and cares that no one but Jesus can understand, and an encouraging word can sometimes turn the tide for us in what seems to be our darkest hour.

So I want to tell you what the Lighted Pathway means to me in my Christian experience. I was not quite nineteen when I joined the Church of God. I had been a child of God only for about two and one-half months, and I felt too small in spiritual stature to try to search the Church of God out of the Bible, so when I reached the crossroads, so to speak, to join or not to join, I had to carry it to the Lord. I was afraid to trust my own interpretation of God's Holy Scriptures, and I had no earthly friend to lead the way, as I was the only one of my family who had chosen Christ. But, glory to Him who never fails, He answered so clearly that there was no doubt in my mind as to the course He would have me to take. And I have never ceased to praise Him for His guidance.

Sister Harrison, when I found the Church of God, I found a home. I found a refuge, a shelter, and a guardian. I found the friends who stick closer than a brother. And when the Lighted Pathway came to us for the first time, I found a companion, and it immediately became very dear to me, being second only to my Bible in my favor. It becomes dearer to me every issue.

When I am discouraged, I pick up the latest issue of the Lighted Pathway. Before its bright and sunny comfort, the clouds of doubt and gloom must melt away. When I am perplexed, I can read it, and see a way out. But most of all, when God seems far away, and my soul seems hedged about with fears and worries, and I am choked with the tears I cannot shed, and Satan mocks at me

when I try to pray, I can begin to read one of the encouraging messages of which your paper has so many, and soon the tears are flowing and I can go down before God with my heart broken up with the realization of how near and dear He is at all times, and the Victory will come.

God will reward you, I know, for the great work you are doing. But I know, too, that the reward is not the thought that urges you on, but the thought of the joy you are giving to so many in your work. And rest assured, dear Sister, that you are doing that very thing.

I want to say, too, that the Lighted Pathway is invaluable in the aid it renders to us in our young people's work. Through it, we reach many unsaved young people, who seem to come and go untouched by the services, but I know the Word of God that we put into their homes through the Lighted Pathway will someday bear fruit, for God has promised "My word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

Whisper a word of prayer for us, that God will bless us and give us souls here in the South Wichita Church of God.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you.

Yours with much prayer, just Joan.

Dear Editor:

By chance a copy of the Lighted Pathway for February, 1946, fell into my hands, and since this is the first of this kind of literature I have seen for a long, long time, I was somewhat surprised, for I had begun to fear such reading matter as this had passed out as did the horse and buggy and the old-fashioned doctors of the hills; but I am glad to learn that we still have people who believe in Christ Jesus and who are struggling to overcome our. present evils by praying, trusting, believing, hoping, and sending out such wonderful literature as the Lighted Pathway. It gives me hope and courage. If only we can persuade more people to read the paper and get it into more homes.

I am very much discouraged and unhappy in my Christian life, but it doesn't keep me from trusting and praying each day for guidance, Many things contribute to this state of mind and space will not permit me to go into details. I am writing this letter to ask for an interest in the prayers of your church. I don't want you just to pray for my burdens to be removed. they are part of the cross and of my duty; but I want the joy of the Lord restored to my soul. If I can be happy in Christ Jesus, nothing else matters. I also would like for you to have prayer for my health.

I am a mother of seven children. Four are married, one went on to the other shore many years ago, two are at home. I have six grandchildren. My burdens are many and heavy to bear.

I feel I have a friend in you, for I don't think people could print such wonderful things if they were not Christians. May God in all His mercy bless you, guide you, and give you more wisdom to teach people how to find God and His Son. May He pour out His Holy Spirit upon you, yea upon the whole world, and give us more of His grace and wonderful power. I have faith to believe in the things He has done, and even greater works than these shall we do, if we believe and faint not.—Mrs. C. M. Shupe.

#### Dear Sister Harrison:

Truly the Lighted Pathway is a wonderful magazine. Each month I can hardly wait to read it! I only wish it came daily. It really has food for one's soul. Your messages are so good for the young people. It is soul-inspiring and uplifting to all. I don't know how to express my appreciation for the good work that you are doing. Please pray that I will always do His will.—Louise Hamon, Rt. 3, Harrison, Ohio.

#### Dear Sister Harrison:

I have served as president of the Y.P.E. in several different places in the Church of God and have always used the Lighted Pathway in the programs. The poems and lessons have proved very helpful.

A sister in Christ,

Zoe Brown, 315 W. Washington St., Fredonia, Kansas.

# Character Stories



#### A BOY WITH A BIG CONSCIENCE

A curious thing happened to me when I was a lad. When I was ten years old my father died, leaving my mother in straitened circumstances with a large family to support. My older sisters at once began to teach and as soon as I was old enough, I found work in a clothing store. The work was not hard, but one thing troubled me. My father was a teetotaler and had taught me that it was wrong to drink. Well, there was an old gentleman who stopped daily at the store on his way home and took a drink of whisky. We did not sell whisky, but he kept his bottle and glass there because it was convenient. As I was the youngest clerk it was my duty to bring the bottle and glass when he came in.

I worried about it a good deal, and finally went to the head of the firm and told him my conscience would not allow me to encourage any man to drink. He looked at me in amazement; then his face turned red, and he cried, "See here, boy, are you trying to be impudent?"

"No, sir," I replied.

"No one stays in my store who can't take orders from me! You may get your pay and leave at the end of the week."

That was a blow. When I went home I told my mother the news. She said, "You were quite right, my son. I would not have you disobey your conscience for all the money in the world!"

When the week ended and I was

paid in full, I was told, to my great astonishment, that the firm would present me with any suit of clothes in the store that I wished to have. I was much pleased and walked out with my new suit under my arm, feeling encouraged and almost cheerful.

I had not gone two steps before one of the owners of the drugstore next door accosted me. "Want a job?" he asked.

I was too much astonished to answer very well.

"I hear you are leaving Brown's on account of your conscience!" he went on. "Well, that's the kind of young fellow we are needing in our business. Can't have too much conscience in a drugstore. Somebody's life might depend on it."

I had recovered my wits by that time. "I'll be glad to get the work, sir, and I'll do my best," I said.

When I went home and told my mother and showed her my new suit she exclaimed: "I knew you were right, but we do not always have such quick returns for a little invest-

#### TELL THE DISCIPLES

Into the tomb they took Him, sad of heart,

And rolled the stone, then turned aside apart

To mourn each one the unfulfilled fair dream

To which their dead hopes could no life impart.

Back to the tomb they went at break of day.

The stone that sealed the tomb was rolled away!

Frightened they looked, and heard the words of joy,

"Fear not: for He is risen. Go your way.

"Tell the disciples." From the tomb they came,

Renewed in hope; with eyes alight, they bare

Christ risen in their hearts, alive, not dead—

And, lo, He has been with them everywhere! —Author Unknown.

ment in doing what a conscience dictates.—Youth's Companion.

#### TWO GIRLS AND A JOB

Alice and Jane both needed jobs at the same time. As it happened, they both started to work in the basement of a large department store, selling cheap remnants. Both girls felt that work at this counter was beneath their qualifications.

Alice talked about how stuffy the basement was, how queer some of the folks were who came to look at her goods on display. She let the customers look but made no additional attempt to please them or to induce them to buy. At night when the gong sounded she was the first girl in the locker room and the first one of her department to reach the street. She sneered at her work to her friends and family and declared she "ought to quit and get something worthwhile." And it turned out that her employer decided that he agreed with her in at least one thing—she ought to guit—for at the end of the month he dispensed with her services.

Jane was as determined as Alice that this work was not satisfactory as a permanent job. So she set out to show that she was deserving of promotion. She took those odd lengths of cretonne and print goods and explained "what lovely sofa pillows this would make." If the customer expressed a desire for blue to match a color scheme, Jane dug around in the pile until she found just the right sample. Alice would have said, "I'm afraid if you want any particular choice you must look at the regular stock."

At the end of the year Jane had been promoted twice. She left then to go to college, but the manager told her that any time she wanted to come back to work in vacations or for another year of earning he would recommend her. "You sell more customers with an enthusiastic smile than any girl we have ever had in our department," was his sincere recommendation.



# Che Need of Prayer

As I sit alone in the library this morning, gazing out the window, I seem to realize as never before that the world is in need of prayer. It would take millions of men and women, girls and boys to fill this great need.

Since there are such a few real praying Christians, it puts more work on those who do pray.

Just think! If half of the people in the United States were real praying people, what would the world be like?

There are many people who don't really know how to pray. It is true that prayer isn't the only need the world has. No, indeed! but with prayer, all the other things that need to be done, can be done.

"What is prayer?" I hear you say. Prayer is asking God for the desires of our heart. We can talk to Him in our own words, and He listens to our every cry. Regardless of how small the matter may seem, He gives it His kind attention. We don't always have to pray with a loud voice; He hears the faintest cry. Only God can do this for us.

Prayer is the key to heaven; only by prayer is the door opened. It is our great privilege to hold the key to this door. Each of us can have one. In that way you don't have to look the other person up to get the key. You can own one of your own. As long as you have a spirit of prayer, you have the key to heaven. When you fail to pray, you lose it, and heaven's door is locked to you. You can always find it where you lost it. I'd rather not take any chances on losing it, for I feel I'd miss too many good things while my key was lost.

Did you ever think about what was locked in heaven, and that it can be yours if you have a key? All good gifts come from God: faith, love, charity, meekness, and everything pertaining to godliness. There are thirty-two thousand promises, and they can all be yours just for the asking.

Surely prayer is a wonderful thing. It will cause people to change their ways; it will build up broken homes, heal the sick and save the sinner. Prayer changes things, for you and for me. We need to pray; we must pray. You need to pray; I need to

By Lila Blanton A B. C. S. Student

pray, and we all need to pray. Everything depends on our praying.

There are so many things which need to be done, and it's our duty to do them. There are great sermons to be preached, sermons that would cause hundreds of people to accept Christ. There are so many beautiful songs to be sung, songs that would touch hearts that sermons fail to reach, songs that would cheer hearts that sermons did not cheer. I can't sing those songs. Will you?

A testimony goes much deeper than a sermon at times, if the one who gives it can back it up with a pure, clean life.

You may have dollars that could help some soul. That man that preaches the gospel needs your dollars. Are you saving them all for yourself, or are you dividing with those in need? Dollars may mean a lot to you

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#### I WALK WITH GOD

PFC. WILLIAM M. DUNN

Under His heavenly starry sky I walk and talk with God; We walk alone, just He and I, Upon His grassy sod.

I tell Him of my thoughts within; He listens while I speak. I tell Him the ways of sin, Of all the ways I'm weak.

I plead with Him for power; I ask Him for more strength. I say, "I need Thee every hour; He answers me at length:

"My child, I hear your prayer; Just talk each night with Me. My child, I hear your prayer, And I will strengthen thee."

(This poem was written the other night after one of my many little walks and talks.)

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

here, but they won't count in yonder's world. They won't have any place there. The only way money can bring you *lasting* joy, is give unto God that which is due Him, and to your brother in need.

You may not be able to preach and testify, but if you have a dollar to give and fail to give it, you are robbing your soul of real joy. Jesus made all these things possible when He died on the cross.

There are so many things which need to be done, and as Christians it is our duty to do them.

This world is full of troubles and broken hearts, all because someone fails to do his duty.

I feel there is nothing which is more painful than a broken heart. What breaks a heart? Sin is the answer. It has been said that only time could heal a broken heart, but Jesus heals all things. When we think of a broken heart, we usually think of some young couple's love affair, but there are many other things that can cause a broken heart. A drunken husband can break a wife's heart. A wayward son or daughter can break a mother's heart. The death of loved ones always hurts us, but all these wounds can be healed. We Christians should be heartbroken when we see so many souls lost in sin.

There are many people about us weighted down with troubles and cares, some of whom have lost faith in God. Oh, how I'd like to prove to them the reality of God! It's our duty to do it. We can lighten the load of those who are heavy laden, with our prayers and kind words of encouragement. God always suits the burden to the bearer. If He didn't think you were able to carry it, it never would have been laid upon you. If we knew our brother better, we could help our brother more.

Then there is that dear person who is sick in a room. My, but the days seem long to him! There is nothing he can do, but just lie there while the hours, that seem like days, drag by. The family is rushed around so, they don't have time to sit and talk with that sick one, or read to him. He just lies there with an idle mind, and while it is idle, the devil has a chance to use it. He begins to bring in doubt and fear. Those words may seem small, but they surely can do a great work. Oh, how we need to visit those souls and keep them encouraged to hold on! Many souls fail that

(Continued on page 26)

### NATIONAL Y. P. E. AND

OUR VISIT TO GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

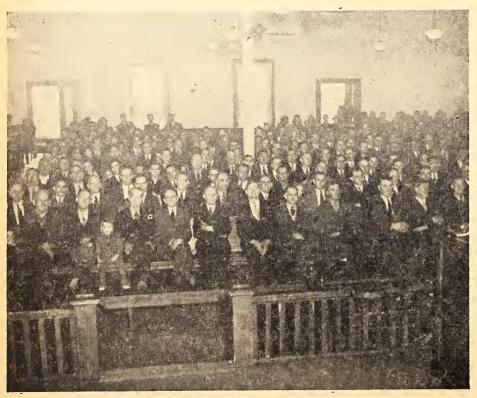
(Continued from last month)

There is no lack of talent in this congregation, and no efforts are spared by the church officials to encourage and adapt these traits to the use for which each one is suited. The church orchestra is composed of people of all ages, and is one of the most versatile of its type to be found anywhere. At a moment's notice, it can segregate itself into a unit for a brass instrumental number, a string instrumental number, or whatever the director may ask for. Many of the personnel are adept with such pieces as the piano accordian or electrical guitar. Some of the sweetest gospel singing I ever heard was rendered by the various gifted quartets and trios; and, of course, the climax came when our friend, B. C. Robinson, stepped out and released that deep bass voice in a rich solo.

The youth department is bubbling over with enthusiasm. Leaders in the classes at Furman, noted Baptist university of the city, are our young folk from this church. Any religious body can point with pride to clean and intelligent young men and women with



Left side of the auditarium, where ladies' classes are seated after march until tenure af
Sunday School services.



Mid-section of the great congregation. This space is occupied by men's classes after marching from classrooms.

a spiritual perception such as these have, and no one can plausibly deny the power of the Holy Spirit in their lives

An interesting feature about this church is the amazing number of splendid people who have felt their call, not to foreign mission fields, nor the duties of a pastor or evangelist, but to the less picturesque and nonlucrative ministry of teaching. There is work to be done at home; those snatched from the fire must not be left alone without the sympathy and understanding of someone in whom they can confide and seek counsel. Those who are making the kingdom of God their meat and drink must share with those whose sole nourishment is the sincere milk of the Word. Those who are laying the foundation for a Christian structure must be guided by the hand of a wise Masterbuilder. Our churches everywhere must suffer until not only those who are called into this wonderful vocation awake and respond; but also until pastors and leaders with vision in the Sunday School department make accessible to them a balanced course of preparation. With a few others, the Greenville

# SUNDAY SCHOOL NEWS

church has answered the challenge.

This class of future teachers enters its classroom each Sunday morning precisely as the other classes do, but it does not study the uniform lesson. Its time, under a competent instructor, is devoted to obtaining a working knowledge of the history, geography, symbols, and God's various ways of dealing with the human family through the dispensations, as well as other important teachings revealed in the Bible. They also study methods of speaking through which their message to the class will be easily understood, along with the psychology necessary for the successful handling of groups of various ages. The Greenville church has flung out a challenge; will your church accept it? Eph. 4:8, 11, "Wherefore he...gave gifts unto men. And he gave some...teachers." Rom. 12:6, 7. Our talents differ with the grace that is given us: if the talent is that of prophecy, let us employ it in proportion to our faith; if it is practical service, let us mind our service: the teacher must mind his teaching. -Moffatt.

We would not forget to pay tribute to one of the best managed and most important departments of this great church—the nursery class. If ever there was a need in our church Sunday Schools for any one thing, it must be this! Tired little mothers, wearied with the responsibilities of the week, rise early Sunday morning and wander through a bewildering program of cooking, pressing, dishwashing, shoepolishing, reviewing the lesson with the irresponsible little ones, bathing and dressing them, combing their hair, etc. By the time the mother is ready to prepare herself for the service, she is fatigued. By the time she has carried one and possibly dragged another child through the class meeting, she is completely exhausted, and

#### Below Are the Top Churches in S. S. Attendance for January in Our Nation

BIG TEN	
Kannapolis, N. C.	586
Greenville, S. C.	580
N. Cleveland, Tenn.	
Cincinnati, Ohio	357
Canton, Ohio	345
Atlanta, Ga.	315
Hamilton, Ohio	
Dillon, S. C.	290
Lakeland, Fla.	249
N. Chattanooga, Tenn.	237

what a difference the nursery makes: a group of intelligent, young ladies who love children, brightly colored chairs and tables, beautiful pictures and A B C blocks, clean sand, and a sparkling, mirror lake invite the kiddies to a refreshing half-hour/of primary Bible education, after which they can rejoin a mother who has also enjoyed her class, being assured of the safety and comfort of her little ones under the watchful care of the nursery supervisors. This has proved a



Most of the large and efficient staff of teachers and officials were available for this hurried snapshot on rostrum.

blessing to Greenville. Will it benefit your Sunday School?

A favorite slogan of the pastor, who constantly ad libs his radio programs, and whose extemporaneous expressions are of unrivaled eloquence, is this: "Don't forget to join the happy hundreds as they make their way to the Church of God each Sunday morning," and truly, they do come by the hundreds; and as is so characteristic of those who have been lifted from the bondage of sin into the glorious light of God's undying love, these people are happy. Their testimonies will melt your heart and thrill your

Group Leaders in Attendance for January S. S.'s Are the Following

	States:		Weekly
Group	State	- Total	Av.
A	Tenn.	36,195	9,049
В	Ky.	16,319	4,080
C	III.	7,967	1,992
D	Calif.	6,721	1,680
E	Kans.	2,347	587
F	Maine	969	242
G	Neb.	330	83

(See note on page 25)

soul at the same time. You can rejoice and weep with them, as over and over again mighty waves of old-time power sweep the immense congregation. Yes! Greenville has plenty of natural gifts, and together with God she is marching forward to new fields of conquest.

NOTE—Watch for a pictorial report from another outstanding Church of God which is doing great things.

FROM TEXAS . . . comes the news that a youth department exactly the size of the state church paper, "The Lone Star Informer," has been added to it. This is a tribute to the vision of the state overseer, V. B. Rains, who teams up with the enterprising Manuel Campbell, state youth director, on a cooperative scale. We know something about this great state which sprawls out over a massive portion of the colorful Southwest, and the loyal people who are a part of it. They'll back up any fellow who wants to do something worth-while. That's why we believe these men will bring Texas out on top in the "B" group this year.

FROM KANSAS . . . comes a lot of good news, and the youth director. W. R. Collins, submits these figures for the dubious who might have misgivings about the progress there. Sunday Schools in the state had an increase of 663 in attendance for the month of January over the same month last year; while the Y.P.E. department had an increase of 1,380 in attendance over the same month last year. Y. P. E. offerings for January were \$889.43 over the preceding January. You can bank on the Sunflower state to hold the front place in the "E" group. Three new Sunday Schools and three Y. P. E.'s have been organized since the Assembly—a bouquet to the Sunflower people, and may you keep the good work going.

Group Leaders in Attendance for Japuary Y.P.E.'s Are the Following

States:		Weekly	
Group	State	Total	. Av.
A	Ga.	20,172	5,043
В	Ky.	13,929	3,482
C	III.	6,842	1,711
D	Okla.	2,936	734
E	Kans.	2,078	520
F	Ore.	640	160
G	Neb.	164	41

Y.P.E. Honor Roll
N. Cleveland, Tenn. 463

# V.P.E. LESSONS



HARRY O. KUTZ Member of Youth Literature Board

#### TO THE PRESIDENTS:

Greetings in Christ! Here it is April again. The month of showers, bower-making showers, so the proverb says. The wintry winds are once more retreating and the sun is becoming more familiar to the world of nature, with its warm, life-imparting rays. There will soon begin a resurrection among all plant life. Even we humans respond to this awakening in a measure.

The month of April also holds a memoir for all Christians that is very dear to our hearts, for we are once more reminded of the sufferings of Jesus during Passion Week. For this month let us use these four subjects for our lesson material: "The Trial of Jesus"; "The Crucifixion of Jesus"; "The Resurrection of Jesus," and "The Return of Jesus." If you will take the subjects in the order given, they will be more profitable, for the continuity of the events concerning Christ during Passion Week will thus be followed in order. May God give you great services this month in all the Y. P. E.'s. I would also appreciate hearing from each one of you concerning these lessons and you may address your communications to the following:

> Harry O. Kutz, 125 E. Emerald Ave., Knoxville, Tenn.

### THE TRIAL OF JESUS

Opening Remarks

The trial of Jesus Christ has gone down in history as one of the greatest absurdities in legal procedures ever to be called to trial. In their haste to be rid of Christ, the Jewish leaders committed many blunders and even caused the civilian authorities to do likewise in the legalities of His arrest and trial. The Man who went about doing good and sought everywhere and at all times to be a blessing to everyone, was now surrendering Himself into the hands of wicked men to pay the supreme penalty for the sin of the world. In this lesson we shall deal with three phases of the proceedings that resulted in His condemnation to the cross; namely, The Arrest of Christ, The Trial by Religious Authorities, and The Trial by Civilian Authorities.

#### I. THE ARREST OF CHRIST Matt. 26:47-56.

The arrest took place in the sacredness of Gethsemane. While the bloody sweat was still on His brow, the Roman guard, as led by the fanatical Jews, came to lay hold of Him. By prearrangement, the betrayer had proceeded to the familiar retreat to carry out the cowardly act of planting the kiss on Jesus, thus singling Him out of the group. Calling out, "Hail, Master," loudly, so as to be heard by the band, he thus commits the crime of his life. When the soldiers had come up, Christ asked, "Whom seek ye?" They replied, "Jesus, the Nazarene." At His words, "I am he," that heathen group went reeling backwards to the ground. This gives us an inkling of what Christ could have done had He been unwilling to submit to them. He thus fulfilled His own words in John 10:17, 18, saying, "No man taketh my life from me, but I lay it down of myself." Can't you see them as they picked themselves up from the ground, wondering what caused them to be so affected? they proceeded to take Christ, Peter became very concerned about what was happening and decided to do something about it, so drawing out his sword he slashed at one of them. We may never know why he hit the man's ear instead of his neck, but, at any rate, off went the ear. This provided Christ the opportunity to perform His last miracle before the cross. Only a divine One could so bless the very one who was seeking to destroy Him.

Legally speaking, the arrest was unlawful, for there were no formal charges brought to warant such an arrest. But the force of hell was not halted, so they bound Him as they would have a robber, and led Him away.

#### II. TRIAL BY RELIGIOUS AUTHORITIES. Matt. 26:57, 58

From the Garden to the judgment hall our Savior was led. Sitting in a special-called session, entirely illegal, was the Sanhedrin Court. It was made up of priests, scribes, and elders. Christ appeared before Annas, a former high priest who had been deposed some fifteen years before, and father-in-law of the present high priest, Caiphas. This, of course, was illegal, too. The procedure of the judges

bringing the accusation and interrogating the prisoner was still another illegal phase of the trial, but what matters now? The hour had arrived and Jesus was now at their mercy.

The tragic mistakes of two men enter the picture here, that of Peter and Judas. We are told in the verse above that Peter followed afar off: entered the courthouse, and mingled with the servants with the intention of "seeing the end," the end of his day-by-day association with the Master. When his speech betrayed him as a follower of Jesus, he changed it by cursing, and immediately upon his third denial of Jesus the divinely inspired rooster crowed him a sermon that drove him to tears, hot, bitter tears of repentance. In the meantime, Judas had also realized his terrible mistake and attempted to return the blood money but was only scoffed at by his one-time confederates. He, too, cried but found no place for repentance and in a fit of despair he hanged himself. Thus ended the life of the world's least respected man.

### III. TRIAL BY THE CIVILIAN AUTHORITIES. Matt. 27:11-14

There followed many insults and abuses in this mockery of justice with the ludicrous result of pronouncing the death penalty upon Him when they had no power to enforce it. This forced them to have to take Him to Pilate, the Roman governor of the province, to have the death sentence passed.

Pilate was at first very much impressed with the innocency of Jesus. He then sought to work out a way to loose Him. As the story unfolds in the Gospels, we can see the maneuverings of the Roman politician in trying to set Christ free and at the same time retain the favor of his subjects. But the Jews also knew something of political pressure. At Pilate's suggestion of letting Christ go, they declared that if he did so he was not Caesar's friend. From then on the die was cast. That was Pilate's weak point. Even the pleadings of his wife, that he have nothing to do with the case, could not change him now. Pilate is remembered for his weak-willed and vacillating character. With contempt the world remembers the public handwashing by which he sought to free himself of all guilt in condemning the

All these things Christ endured without murmuring, at the hands of these wicked men, that we might be free from our sin. In all of it He retained a calm dignity befitting our King. God give us all this grace in the hour of trial as we go through life.

#### LESSON TWO

### THE CRUCIFIXION OF JESUS Opening Remarks

This lesson is the continuation of the study of Christ's Passion Week in Jerusalem. Last week we studied about the trial of Jesus. Now we see Him condemned to death, submitting to the demands of the mob. It can be truly said that this is the greatest tragedy of all time, the crucifying of the Son of God. Yet, had it never occurred, there would be no cause for joy and hope in the hearts of mankind today, for it is through the shed

May there be a sacredness in the service befitting the subject at hand. May we be drawn closer to God as the thoughts are brought to us in these three parts: On the Way to the Cross; On the Cross, and After the Cross.

blood that we are made free from

#### I. ON THE WAY TO THE CROSS Luke 23:24-32

At last the devilish cries of the mob and the political pressure swayed Pilate and he delivered Christ to them to be crucified. Then began the arduous journey to Golgotha, the place of execution. Jesus was not without sympathy on the death march for a company of people went along and in the crowd were some women who wept and wailed His plight. Though tired and weak, He sought to comfort them and to warn them of the coming destruction of Jerusalem, which took place in 70 A. D. The two thieves were in the procession at the same time.

Jesus was physically exhausted after this night of agony, and was too weak to bear the cross, as a part of the penalty, but He fell and they forced a passer-by, Simon of Cyrene, to bear it instead. What an honor to befall him that he could help our Lord in His last hour on earth. Yes, Simon was honored to get to bear a part of the shame and disgrace in the march to the death for the Lord. Golgotha was finally reached. It was known as the place of the skull. Here, outside the city, Jesus had walked the last mile and was ready to give His life for us.

#### II. ON THE CROSS. Luke 23:33-38

Their journey ended, they were at Calvary, the Latin name for it. No chance to appeal to the higher courts

was given Christ so the grisly business of crucifixion began under the direction of the Roman centurion. Nails were driven right through the hands and feet of the condemned, fastening the hands to the crossbar of the cross. Then the body and cross were lifted together and plunged into the hole previously dug in the ground, and the condemned was stripped of His clothing and left to die.

Let us notice the prophecies that were fulfilled while He was on the cross. 1. Death with malefactors, Isa. 53:9-12. 2. Piercing of His hands and feet, Psa. 22:16; Zech. 12:10. 3. Insults and mockings, Psa. 109:25. 4. Offered gall and vinegar, Psa. 69:21. 5. Lots cast for His cloak, Psa. 22:18. 6. Not a bone broken, Exodus 12:46; Psa. 34:20. All these, and more, were fulfilled in Christ, yet the Jews did not recognize Him as their Messiah, which has resulted in religious chaos for them.

Even to the last, Christ did not lose His compassion for others. His first utterance upon being lifted on the cross was, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." Then we hear His promise to the dying and repenting thief, "Today thou shalt be with me in paradise." Again, as He sees His sorrowing mother, now a widow, He commits her to the keeping of a beloved disciple, John, for the rest of her life. That is what divine love will do. God help us to have more of it in our daily lives.

#### III. AFTER THE CROSS Luke 23:50-53

All nature rebelled at the infamy of Golgotha as was evidenced when the sun withheld its rays from the earth and even the earth itself trembled at the awfulness and in disgust af its inhabitants for killing the Redeemer. But at last the hideousness was done and Jesus gave up to ghost.

Since it was Friday and nearing the Sabbath, the soldiers came about three o'clock in the afternoon to break the victims' legs so as to hasten death. They noted that Christ was already dead, but, to make sure, one of them pierced His side and the blood and water gushed out. It is said that this was proof that Christ died of a broken heart. It literally burst within Him, so great was the load He bore.

Joseph, whom the record calls a good and just man, had not consented to the death of Christ and he went to Pilate to get permission to have His body. This man owned a tomb that had never been used. It was hewn

out of solid rock and it cost a great sum of money to have it fixed but so much did he care for Jesus that he was willing to lay Him there. So they did, and the Jews had them to put the Roman seal upon the door. If the seal was ever broken the penalty was death, but little did they realize the amazing events soon to transpire that no governmental seal could stop.

In our next Y. P. E. lesson we shall have the most awe-inspiring and hope-giving story the world has ever known, the Resurrection of Christ.

#### LESSON THREE

#### THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS

Opening Remarks

Once again we celebrate the Easter season, the season commemorative of Christ's resurrection from the dead. On the truth of this theory depends our faith. The modernistic critics assail this theory with all their might. but it remains that the cornerstone of Christianity is the bodily resurrection of Jesus. The church was founded on the preaching of Christ crucified, risen and coming again. They did not preach a fainting or swooning Christ, but Peter boldly declared to the Jews in his Pentecostal sermon, that they had slain Him and they were witnesses of His resurrection. We shall study this great thought in these three divisions: His Empty Tomb; His Personal Appearances, and His Ascension.

#### I. HIS EMPTY TOMB. John 20:1-10

It remained for Mary Magdalene to be the first to see the empty tomb. Her great love for the Christ prompted her to arise a great while before day and make her way to the sepulchre. No doubt she thought over the past as she journeyed through the morning mist, of the blessed day He rid her of those seven demons that had plagued her so, and gave her a new lease on life. Upon arriving at the place, she at once perceived that the tomb was empty and supposed that the Jews had removed His body to a secret place. She ran to find Peter and John to tell them of her findings. They hastened to the garden and the tomb, John outrunning Peter. While John stood outside peering into the dark, empty sepulchre, perhaps half-afraid, Peter rushed up and plunged into the tomb itself. John then followed and then believed, for there was lying the graveclothes exactly as they had been wound around Jesus' body. His newly enlivened body had left them. This is a physical impossibility with the ordinary body, as evidenced by the raising of Lazarus. Christ had to get someone to loose him and let him go. These graveclothes are long strips of linen cloth wound round and round the body from the neck to the feet, with a separate cloth for the head. Sometimes as much as one hundred yards of cloth was used for these shrouds. Christ now had a body that was not limited to the confines of the material substances of the world.

After Peter and John had left, Mary sorrowfully returned to the tomb to weep. Jesus saw those tears and came to her, asking why she wept. After mistaking His identity at first, she immediately recognized His loving voice when He called her name as only He could call it. Oh, the joy that filled her soul as she beheld Him alive! The tomb could not hold Him and the angels announced it—He is alive and alive forevermore!!

II. HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCES In all, He appeared ten times after He arose. They were as follows:

1st. To Mary Magdalene—John 20:

2nd. To the women returning from the tomb—Matt. 28:9, 10.

3rd. To Peter (little known about it)

—Luke 24:34.

4th. To disciples on way to Emmaus
—Luke 24:12-35.

5th. To the Eleven-John 20:19-23.

6th. To the Eleven eight days later— John 20:27.

7th. To seven at Sea of Tiberias— John 21:14.

8th. On the mountain at the great commission—Matt. 28:19.

9th. To James, His brother (little known)—1 Cor. 15:7; Gal. 1:19.

10th. The Ascension—Acts 1:3-12.

There are allusions to other appearances also but it is supposed they probably took place at the same time some of these others did.

The most outstanding thing about the rising of Christ from the dead is that it assures us of a justified life. Romans 4:25. If He had not risen, our preaching and our faith would be in vain. 1 Cor. 15:14.

When Thomas doubted the resurrection of Jesus until he had seen for himself, Christ declared that we who believe, though having not seen, are blessed. Thank God we can believe the true report—He is RISEN!!

III. HIS ASCENSION. Acts 1:8-11
Forty days have elapsed since His
ignominous death on the cross. What

a parallel to the first forty days of His ministry! Those first forty days were spent in battle with the flesh in hunger and thirst and with Satan, the arch-tempter. But these glorious forty days He spent showing Himself to the disciples, that He had conquered death, hell, and the grave, and assuring them that ALL power was given Him in heaven and on earth. With the promise of going with them all the way, even to the end of the age, He bade them go to the nations with the gospel or remission of sins in His name.

At last came the day of His departure into heaven. Announcing His intention of ascension to the Father, He spent the last few hours expounding prophetic portions of the Scriptures and instructing them to tarry in the city of Jerusalem for the enduement of power with the Holy Ghost. Leading them out to Bethany, He gave them His final blessing and a cloud received Him out of their sight in the tangible way for the last time. While they were still peering into the sky for another glimpse of Him, two men in shining white stood by them and renewed the promise of His personal return, and for this return we now watch and wait, praying and working to perpetuate the glorious work of which He is the Author and the Finisher.

#### CHRIST'S RETURN TO EARTH

By REV. HARRY KUTZ Opening Remarks

One of the teachings of the Church of God that we hold most dear and precious, is the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ in person to rapture His saints. This has been a doctrine of the Church for a number of years and is listed as item number eighteen under the heading of "Church of God Teachings." It is now a common doctrine in many of the other denominations, but for several years one seldom heard this great truth preached by any but a Pentecostal minister. We should be thankful that others are waking to proclaim the glad tidings with us that the Lord will come some day for His blood-washed throng. We will have three speakers on the subject tonight. The first one will deal with "The Promise of His Coming"; the second portion will be on "The Manner of His Coming," and the last speaker will tell us "The Purpose of His Coming." Let us be much in prayer that God may anoint each speaker and that our hearts may be opened to receive the wonderful truths of the second coming of the Lord.

#### I. THE PROMISE OF HIS COMING (Acts 1:10, 11)

This was the comforting message of the men in white to the sorrowing disciples as they beheld the cloud receive their Lord and Master from their earthly sight. Note that they said, "This same Jesus," and what great hope those words conveyed to their anxious hearts. They had grown to know this one better than anyone and with that knowledge they loved Him more and more. Along with this promise by these white-clad men, there is a great, golden chain of others running all through the New Testament. For instance, read these passages: Matt. 23:39; 1 Cor. 15:51, 52; 1 Thess. 4:14-17. There are numbers of others but we will not be able to consider them all in this service.

In the last few verses of the book of first Corinthians, the apostle\_Paul is signing the salutation, as was his custom in all his epistles, and in the 22nd verse you will see two words that were not translated from the original language, but they are passed on to us just as he wrote them. The first of these two is the word "ANATHEMA." This is the strongest term in the Greek language to describe anything or person who was placed under a ban or sentence for cursing or punishment. That is the final doom of the man who does not love the Lord Jesus Christ. The next word is "MARAN-ATHA." This word means "the Lord cometh or is coming." We are told by some church historians that this was the word of greeting and good-by of the early church. When they met for service they would greet each other by repeating this word. They were even looking for Him in that early day. How much more should we be looking for Him now. Not with our natural eyes so much as with a consecrated life to God and a busy life in the Church.

### II. THE MANNER OF HIS COMING (1 Thess. 4:16-18)

There have been various theories advanced as to the manner of the Lord's coming. There are those who completely spiritualize it and say that He comes every time a sinner repents; others say it is when a saint dies; still others declare that it was fulfilled when the Holy Ghost was poured out on the day of Pentecost, and so on down the long line of theologians who will not accept the simple language

of the New Testament and believe it for what is says. Here is where we can rally to the front and proclaim to the world that we do believe what the Bible has to say concerning that most glorious event of all the ages, to wit that Jesus Christ will return in person, in great power and glory, accompanied with the shout of the archangel, a shout that will surpass the range of any one radio station, for it will completely encircle the globe, and the trumpet of the God on high will sound to announce the advent of the King of kings and the Lord of lords. Notice how specific the scripture is here. It declares that the Lord HIM-SELF shall descend from heaven. This can mean nothing less than the same thing the men in white said to the disciples on Mt. Olive when they announced that this same Jesus would return . . . in like manner.

III. THE PURPOSE OF HIS COMING (1 Cor. 15:50-58)

The purpose of the return of Christ is summed up in these words of Paul. He states the fact in the 50th verse when he says that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God. Now we all are made of flesh and blood so there will have to be something done for us if we are ever to go into that beautiful place of rest and peace forever. How we should praise God for the way He makes every provision necessary for us to get there. At the coming of the Lord a divine operation will be performed upon our bodies and they will be changed, gloriously changed from the dying to the never dying, from the corrupted to the incorruptible, from the mortal to the immortal. It is not known precisely what the body will be like then but we are assured that we will be like Him for then we shall see Him as He is. Another purpose of the coming of the Lord will be to give us the crown of righteousness. Yes, when that great day arrives, we will be crowned along with such notables of the Church as Peter, James, and John. I'm sure every Christian will especially want to see Paul. Well, He too, will be there, as is evidenced by his final letter to Timothy shortly before his execution, 2 Tim. 4:8. Still another purpose of His coming is to take His people from the earth while the tribulation period is on and the promise He made to the keepers of His Word in Rev. 3:10 will be kept fully, for they will ever be with the Lord.

Young people, let us ever strive to

attain unto that day. Around is evil on every hand; sin lies at every door; promises that were solemnly made are broken without remorse. The nations continue to quarrel among themselves. Already the world is forgetting the horrors of war. There is nothing in this world worthy of our attention like the work of God's Church in the winning of the lost and hopeless to Christ. May we lose ourselves in the service of the Master and when He comes He will find us busy about the greatest business yet—pointing souls to God.

#### How Seven Soul-Winners Did It (Continued from page 13)

In almost all lands beneath the sun I have seen the gospel work, and it is still as ever the power of God unto salvation; I have seen evangelism tested and have not found it failing; I have seen personal evangelism tested and have not found it failing; I have seen consecrated men and women bearing the burdens of others, endeavoring to make their lot easier, and seeking also to lead them to Christ, and they have not toiled without encouragement. None are too hopeless to be saved, none too prejudiced by unbelief and none too far away from God to be in helpless despair.—Dr. Wilbur Chapman.

### THE EDITOR'S MESSAGE (Continued from page 2)

tomb. Oh yes, dear ones, nothing is strong enough to hold us down on that great resurrection morning. Thank God! Then may we not press on, throwing off our limitations, rising to higher heights, tasting diviner joys, until when our eternal Easter shall come that we, too, may press up that glorious way which Christ has gone.

Before I close, I want to tell you a story of the Easter song that rings around the world today, from every church fortunate enough to possess a chime of bells.

"Christ, the Lord, is risen today, Sons of men and angels say;

Raise your joys and triumphs high, Sing, O heavens, and earth reply."

In a beautiful church of New York City there is a fine chime of bells, and the person who rings them is a young lady. Away up in the tower are the great, silver-throated bells, but she who makes them speak sits before a little, ten-keyed piano, in a small room off the vestibule. The keys are connected with the bells by elec-

tric wires, and when she touches them, one after another, the big hammers are flung against the bells up over her head, and thus the different notes of the chimes are sounded.

One time a novel experiment was tried. One of Mr. Edison's phonographs was taken up into the belltower, and as the young lady away down in the little room off the vestibule played the chimes over many "rollers" filled with the music—enough to send to the four corners of the world—St. Petersburg, Moscow, Cairo, London, Paris, and Berlin, as well as cities nearer home, received them, and so on Easter Day, Easter chimes were rung around the world, by the help of a girl and a phonograph.

It isn't an easy thing to play upon those great bells, because the chime ringer must not stop to listen to the note after it is struck, but go right on with the next. The electric wires do their work at once, but it takes a little time for the big hammers to move. The bells are far away, and the noises of the street are very near, but she goes on playing the notes which she knows to be right at the right time, and then the music is true and sweet.

It is something like that, isn't it, that we have to live every day—doing right because it is right, whether we see the good of it or not, just as the bell-ringer plays one note after another, without waiting to hear the big bells answer her from the tower. And, if all of us do so—do the things that are right at the right time—I don't believe there will be any discords in the chime of life.

#### A BROTHER'S DEVOTION

(Continued from page 16)

Then he told of the incident in the train.

"Yes," said the Bishop, and the tears ran down his cheeks, "he's my brother, and may God bless him. I owe everything to him."

This is a beautiful story from real life.—E. S. D., in Gospel Banner.

#### \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

Note: The printers had the complete list of our new S. S.'s and Y.P.E.'s set and ready to print in this issue. Since space will not allow us to publish it this time, we will carry it next month. — Associate Editor, National Page.

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#### "HE IS NOT HERE"

(Continued from page 14)

act which began in the morning twilight when He laid aside the grave-clothes and came forth from the tomb which had been made sure by the soldiers of Rome. Olivet cannot be the end, and this proclamation remains the hope of the Church: "This same Jesus shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven!" This seals the truth that Jesus is the Son of God, that He died for us; that He ascended on high to prepare a place for us, and that He will come again and receive us unto Himself.

As Christ re-established by His resurrection the faith of the holy women and His disciples, He will also confirm our faith on that morning, distant or near, when light is reborn after night and we are raised in His likeness. It will be spring, sweet with flowers, sparkling with dew, when on that greatest Easter morning every tomb in every land shall be open as Jesus' was, by the same divine power; and the resurrection angel shall stand again, and shall say of us the same words: "He is not here!" This is the certain faith of the believer; this is the great hope of Easter morning.2

#### THE NEED OF PRAYER

(Continued from page 19)

would not have failed if we had spent just five minutes of our time with them in prayer. Are we as Christian people doing what we can? Maybe you can't preach or sing; you may not have a dollar to give, but you can pray. Without prayer, we will all fail.

Give these few words your attention. Have you done all you can do?

I shall pass through this world but once. Therefore, any good that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

#### DAWN

(Continued from page 9)

woman. "Dost thou know one called the Nazarene? Canst thou help me with my little blind sister?"

He had chosen wisely, for the woman answered, "Yes, I know where the Master abides this week. Come, I will show thee where thou may see Him."

"My little sister hath been blind since birth, but He can heal her, if I

can find Him and get near enough. so that He mayest see her."

A little way they walked, picking their steps among a seething mass.

"'Tis the Nazarene they look for," the woman said. "Every day wherever He goes, they seek Him. But what means this?"

Far the sound of music came up from the road behind them. A mass of singers was advancing, waving green branches and chanting: "Hos-

The spirit that is destined to rule the earth is not the spirit of intolerance, revenge and hate, but the spirit of tolerance, forgiveness, love; it is the spirit of our Savior brought to the earth from the Father.—D. W. Lawrence.

"Let us search and try our ways, and turn again to the Lord. Let us lift up our hearts with our hands unto God in the heavens," Lam. 3:40-41.



# Song of the Flowers

The little flawers came through the ground
At Easter time;

They raised their heads and looked around, At hoppy Easter time.

And every pretty bud did say,
"Goad people, bless this holy day,
Far Christ is risen, the angels soy,

At happy Easter time."

At Easter time,

And crocus to the sky loaked up,
At hoppy Easter time.
"We hear the sang of heaven," they say;
"Its glory shines an us taday;

Oh, may it shine an us always,
At haly Easter time!"

'Twas lang and long and long oga
That Eoster time,
But still the silver lilies blaw

At happy Easter time.

And still eoch little flawer doth say,
"Good Christians, bless this holy doy,
Far Christ is risen, the ongels say,

At blessed Eoster time."

-Laura E. Richards, in Exchange.

anna! Hosanna! Blessed be the Son of David."

"Look," cried the woman with Philip, "He comes yonder on the white colt."

She caught the boy's hand and they ran up the road amid the crowd that was pushing in on every hand, jostled, pushed, and shoved here and there yet managing somehow to keep in the center of the smooth road down which the white colt was coming. Philip's eyes were smarting, his heart pounding; a feeling of suffocation tore at his throat, almost his courage failed, yet still he ran, and still the child clasped his neck and laughed at his running.

"Hosanna! Hosanna!" the cries grew louder. Branches flew through the air, palms and sweet-scented balsams, roses, too, and lilies. Philip caught a great red blossom and thrust it into Rhoda's hand. "Wave it high, my beauty. He may see thee."

Philip was swept to the side of the road as the crowd parted and a man on a snow-white colt rode among them, while flowers rained at his feet. A man with a sad, patient, tender face; a man who smiled with a pathos greater than any sob, who rode with a kingly dignity, which was yet humble and infinitely meek.

And in the heart of Philip, as he gazed upon Him, grew a great longing, a great love, a great passion of faith.

"Master," his voice rang out in an agony of supplication. "Master, wilt thou only look?"

There was a hush as the Master lifted His hand and looked over the heads of those who pressed closest, straight down into the eyes of the boy who held his little sister high, and spoke no word, save with his trustful, pleading eyes.

For an instant they stood thus, the slim, straight lad, the laughing child, waving the huge red rose, the Master. Then while the crowd fell back, He beckoned the child near, bent, took the baby's offered rose, laid a caressing hand on her soft cheek and rode on again, the crowd breaking forth into new hosannas.

On trailed the crowd, their shouts growing fainter, fainter; the noise of their passing fading into the distance. But in the dust of the yellow road knelt a little lad who laughed and sobbed and hugged to his heart a child—a child with round, wondering seeing eyes.

# -:- Mission Page -:-

#### JOURNEYS IN CUBA

Dewey Herron

Replying to an invitation of our Editor of several weeks ago, I am going to try to write something about Cuba and our work here, which I trust will be both interesting and instructive to our readers. I have chosen for our subject in this article Journeys in Cuba, because we hope to say something about some of our "journeys" since coming to Cuba nearly two years ago.

First, let us say right here that it is possible to travel in Cuba. My reason for saving this is to allay the opinions of some who have the idea that Cuba, together with the rest of these West Indies islands, is just a small island in the midst of the sea, with probably a lone palm tree waving to the breeze as the waves of the sea beat upon the tiny shore line. Some people really think this. For instance, wife and I received a letter some time ago, saying, "Aren't you afraid over there with SO MUCH WATER ALL AROUND YOU?" We just had to laugh a little at that remark so innocently made.

Cuba is a large island, nearly eight hundred miles, in fact, from one end to the other, more than a hundred and fifty miles wide at the widest part, and about thirty miles wide at the narrowest part. We take a train equal to many of our fast trains at home, here at Santiago to go to Havana (the capital of the Island), and we travel all day and all night (buy a berth, if we're able) and about nine-thirty or ten o'clock the next morning we arrive at Havana. And there is still a couple of hundred miles farther before reaching the most western end of Cuba, the Province of Pinar del Rio. Small? Well, I don't say it that way.

Let's take a trip to Havana (an imaginary one, with the idea that we are all here at Santiago, you, my reader, and ourselves). Let's take the bus in order that we can get more of the scenery along the Central Highway (Cuba's one and only highway leading directly across the Island, from Santi-

ago de Cuba in the most eastern province, called *Oriente*, to Guane—pronounced, GWONA—in the most western province called *Pinar del Rio.*) Of course, we must make our reservations a day or so early or we won't get a seat. Now, with our reservations made, let's get packed and be ready. We want to take the bus leaving early, let's say the seven o'clock bus.

We arrive at the bus a little early in order to rest a little, or should I say "kindly catch our breath" from the walk from the house to the bus station. Oh yes, we could have taken a taxi, but their prices are—well, there's no ceiling. You see that many of the buses operated in Cuba are much like the ones we have at home. Of course, you have already detected that they're not the latest ones, but most are reasonably comfortable. It will get plenty uncomfortable before we reach Havana.

"Adios!" we say to those who accompanied us to the station. And we're on our way. After some few minutes of "wiggling" through some of Santiago's traffic, and very slowly

LETTERS FROM THE BAHAMAS

Dear Sister Harrison:

Feeling that you would be interested in hearing of the progress among the youth of the Bahamas, inspires me to write and inform you of the great meetings that we have had at Man-O-War Cay, Abaco. The Lord Jesus was surely in our midst and the Holy Spirit, by whom the work of regeneration had been performed, was there also with His convicting ability. He surely did a very good job of showing up sin in the lives of those young people, for which I am thankful.

I am sending the testimonies of several of those who

I am sending the testimonies of several of those who found Christ in the meetings and hoping that their lives will help others toward seeking the Savior.—Winston R. Simms, Nassau N. P., Bahamas.

I want to thank and praise my Redeemer who has done so much for me. I want to praise God for saving my soul before it was too late. Down in the depth of my heart I have a great desire to make heaven my future home. Please pray for me, that I may stand true until Jesus comes or calls.—Issie Albury.

I want to sound a note of praise to my blessed Savior. I am saved and on my way to heaven. I thank Him for leading me in this way, which is the pillar and ground of the truth. I want to make heaven my abiding home. I do request the dear ones to pray for me, that I'll stay true until Jesus comes.—Eula Sands.

I am so glad that I accepted Jesus as my personal Savior. He is so real to me. His blessings are continually overflowing my soul. Praise the Lord. I surely enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway and Evangel. I receive food from the printed page for my hungry soul.—Minnie Sweeting.

Greetings in the precious name of Jesus. I take this opportunity to sound a note of praise to my dear Redeemer for what He has done for me. I thank Him for saving my soul and for the many blessings He has bestowed on my life. He has put my feet on a rock, which is Christ Jesus, and there I mean to stay by His help and grace. Please pray for me, that I will stay faithful and true until Jesus comes or calls.—Belle Albury.

turning some of the corners (Whew! did you see that? He, the driver, just barely missed the side of the building over there!) of the very narrow streets of Santiago, we are soon out on the highway. Never mind those bumps in the road, you'll get used to them before reaching our destination.

We start rising, rising, RISING as we begin climbing over the mountains of the "Switzerland of Cuba." Isn't it beautiful over there! There, a little way, you see Santiago Bay, which stretches some ten or fifteen miles out from Santiago before it finally is "out to sea." We keep rising. Down there is the pueblocito (little town or village) called El Cobre. Away over there at the base of those highest mountains you see the cathedral of the Catholic Church known as Mother of Charity. It is interesting and also pathetic, the story of this church. Just recently, there has been an eightday fleste (holiday) there. Great pilgrimages are staged from all parts of the Island. People save their money all year in order to go on this pilgrimage once each year, to bring gifts to the "virgin of charity." The "virgin" is a statue of the mother of Jesus. They come, the rich (?), the poor, and the poorest poor. Oh, if the "vir-

gin" will only give them a blessing! Large sums of money are offered to this statue, hoping that in return they will be blessed (the priest, of course, gets the money). Sometimes some people will make a "promise"—they promise their "saint" that if they will answer their prayer and give them this or that particular thing or blessing, they will walk to Cobre to offer their offerings to the "mother of charity."

Listen! there are millions here who know nothing more than this. Our hearts bleed. Oh, if only they knew of our Savior! Christ has already paid their sin-debt. If they could only see a little "ray" of the gospel light! Here, friends, it's no uncommon sight to see some lady (usually the very poorest, however) going down the street wearing a dress made out of burlap bags. "What does she wear it for?" you ask. She asked her "saint" for something, "promising" that if she

received her petition she would dress in burlap clothing. And there are many other "promise" dresses being worn here. A lady, or even a child, passes wearing a dress made of a light yellow material, with a cord tied around her waist (as a belt), and on the end of the cord a celluloid "fish" (like you get in the ten-cent store at home). She has been sick, and the "saint" who has healing power was prayed to, and promised if he heard the request and healed her, she would wear that dress. Yes, dear friends, it would break your heart to witness these things. Do they need the gospel? YES, ten thousand times!

Well, during our conversation, which has lasted quite awhile, we have covered several miles on our trip and are now completely out of the mountains and traveling through level country, not unlike Florida, fornia, Texas, and probably other parts. You notice that every time the bus stops there is a great commotion about the bus as boys and men bring oranges, candy, and sandwiches, and over there we hear one shouting, "Pepsi Cola bien fria!" (Pepsi Cola ice cold.) Oh yes, we get such soft drinks here, and just like they are at home. So, we might as well have one here at this town, as probably this is our "rest stop" for fifteen or twenty minutes, and a sandwich, more especially since the weather is so hot.

Beautiful country out here, isn't it? See the palm trees about everywhere here. They are so tall and stately. There is much dairying here. Hundreds and hundreds of cows everywhere.

Probably you have noticed that practically every town of from five thousand up in population, has from one to two and three radio stations. What an opportunity this presents to us to send out the gospel by means of the air waves! It is more than an opportunity—it is a challenge. Even though Cuba is predominantly Catholic, yet it isn't any problem to carry a weekly or even a daily gospel radio program—the only problem being finance. No, I don't mean to infer that the stations charge too much for their time; in fact, you can get time on most of the stations at from a fourth to a half cheaper than at home. One lady who listens to our weekly program here in Santiago, recently told one of our workers that, "I listen every Sunday, and the programs are a blessing to me, and this last program was such a blessing that I had to weep as I listened to the gospel."
"I'm a Catholic," she continues, "and I don't like to think of what the priest would do if he should hear me talking thus."

Night has fallen upon us, as we are so busily engaged in our conversation about the many things that need to be done in order to evangelize Cuba. I'm sure you have never really become accustomed to seeing so many little palm-thatched houses as you see scattered along the highway. These are called "bohios" (farmers' homes). They have only dirt floors, and sometimes have two or three rooms, which are shared by the family, the chickens, pigs, goats, etc. I have visited in homes like these, sat on their rickety chairs, and listened to them, and they listened to me tell about the power of the gospel of Christ. As we ride along, you notice since dark has come, that occasionally you see the twinkle of a little oil-lamp light in some of the windows of these homes as the bus speeds by. Oh, if they only had the gospel light! The majority of them don't have even a "twinkle" of the gospel light!

Well, we are getting sleepy, but here we can't sleep. It seems so uncomfortable trying to get into a position that we can even take a "cat-nap." Occasionally we stop in the various towns and villages. You notice that there are many large cities in Cuba. Around four or five cities, I believe, have more than a hundred thousand population. Havana, the capital, has more than seven hundred thousand. What a challenge to consecrated youth of the Church of God! If the Church of God had about fifty young people, who have no families, single or young married couples, to come out to Cuba, what a harvest there would be!

Well, we're about ready to get off the bus at Havana. It seems that we've been riding for hours since coming into the city limits of Havana. We feel that way, of course, because we're so tired. We have come more than six hundred miles, you remember, since we said "Adios," at Santiago. So, here we are! This city is a great city, and much of it reminds one of most of our larger cities of the States, except what is known as "Old Havana," and that is the oldest section, which has been standing probably hundreds of years. We get off the bus at the bus station just about two blocks from the capitol. It is a very beautiful building indeed and covers about two large city block in length and one large block wide We'll check in at the hotel, and ge washed up some before we go out fo breakfast.

Now that breakfast is over, let's take a walk down la Prado (one of the beautiful streets of the business section of Havana and extends from above the capitol out to the Gulf of Mexico). Those trees all along or either side of the walkway here in the center of the wide street, make it nice and cool for walking. We'll walk out to the seaside at the end of this street and watch the waves roll in for a few minutes.

Yes, right on over beyond (right much beyond) where the sea and sky seem to meet, is the Florida shore line Don't be looking so hard, for you'd never be able to see the shore line from here. You see, it's about ninety miles over to Key West, Florida, and more than two hundred miles over Whew! did you see tha to Miami. wave come dashing in? It threw water completely over that high wall and into the streets out there. They tel me that sometimes motorists have to watch while driving along the shore here, to keep the water from splashing right over the wall and into the auto mobile. It's a beautiful sight any way, to watch those waves come roll ing in. It reminds one of the "wave of God's love" that have swept ove our souls and cleansed us, and made us "every whit whole."

It's a long story, friends, and there' much to see and hear—and THERE'S MUCH to do in Cuba, for the Lord Jesus Christ. Evangelize Cuba! How can we help? Pray, give, GO! We have been in Cuba a little less than two years. Brother and Sister Case worked hard while they were here and accomplished much. They built on church building (not wholly completed yet). Now we are taking our leave and returning to the homeland where I will again take up pastoral work but the Lord has blessed our feeble efforts since coming to Cuba.

When we came to Cuba, there was one organized church with nine members. There were two or three Sunday Schools and young people's meeting going. Now that we are about to re turn (will be back long before you read these lines, the Lord willing), we leave three organized churches, with more than forty members, and about

(Continued on page 34)

#### ANNIVERSARY

(Continued from page 5)

her "moods." He had recognized the tone instantly. He supposed he must have hurt her feelings somehow, but try as he would he couldn't remember anything he'd done to cause her hurt. Ruth professed to be a Christian, but Joe, who was not a Christian, wondered.

Jimmie was lying face down on the bed, his shoulders twitching convulsively. Tenderly his father lifted him and sat him on his knee.

"Why, Jimmie son, your eye is almost swollen shut." Concern showed in Joe's face. "Let me get some water and bathe it. Does it hurt much?"

"Ye-es, Dad, it hurts, n' my face hurts too." Jimmie tried bravely to control the big sobs that mastered his boyish frame. "I—I think my cheek's cut. I didn't tell mom cause I'se 'fraid she'd give me a lickin'."

Joe said nothing, but a grim smile settled on his kindly face as he softly bathed the bruised and swollen features of his son.

"Joe, why don't you come to dinner? It's getting cold. After all, this is our anniversary dinner, even if you have forgotten." Ruth's voice echoed from the kitchen. So that was it, thought Joe—anniversary. He had really forgotten, although he surely had not done so intentionally.

"Just a minute, Ruth," he answered quietly. "Jimmy has a pretty bad face here and I'm trying to ease the pain a little."

"Pain?" Ruth appeared in the doorway, baby June in her arms. "Why, I didn't realize Jimmie was really hurt. I—I really should have taken care of him when he came in," she confessed shamefacedly, "but it was so late and I was afraid I would not have dinner ready for you."

"I could have waited, Ruth." Joe faced his wife. "I know Jimmie should not have been fighting, but do you think the Christ you profess to love treats sinners who have disobeyed Him like that when they've done wrong and confessed it?"

"I—I guess He doesn't," Ruth's face flushed painfully. She said nothing more, but her heart was in a state of turmoil. She knew now that Joe had lost all confidence in her profession. It was as though he had struck her in the face and yet—was he not right? Months had passed since she had felt

peace and joy in her soul. She had tried to keep on, but not in His strength. She saw with startled clarity that the Christ she professed to love had long since departed from her heart.

\* \*

The following Sabbath in the little white church on Elm Street there was one seeker at the altar. It was Ruth Williams. Heartbroken and penitent, she sought her Lord, and found Him. Later, with a broken and contrite spirit, she begged her husband's forgiveness.

Joe, who deeply loved his wife, quickly forgave; deep in his heart grew a longing for the peace he saw written on her face. Ruth turned to her son.

"Jimmie, will you forgive mother? I've been so harsh and impatient with you and baby June. I'm sorry. I do love you, and I'll try by Christ's help to be a godly mother from this day forward. Will you forgive me, son?"

A big smile lighted Jimmie's scarred face. Reaching up, he clasped his arms around his mother's neck.

"Yup, Mom. I sure 'nough forgive you, n' Mom, I don't care if you give

APRIL Soid she would,

Then she soid she wouldn't;
Vowed she would be good,
Then declored she couldn't;
Blushed o rosy hue,
Dropped a teor behind it;
Hid a violet blue,
And sent the sun to find it.

April soid she'd mend,
Then decided not to;
Promised smiles to send,
Afterwords forgot to.
Fickle little thing,
Who con then believe her?
Though she lough ond sing,
She's o goy deceiver.

But o whisper sweet,
One can't help but love her;
Gross beneoth her feet,
Blue, blue skies obove her.
Though she often chides;
Mokes o vow, to mock it—
Well, we know she hides
Spring within her pocket.

-Selected.

me a lickin' now. I know I wus naughty, but you been so cross for so long I'se 'fraid of you before, but your face is so pretty now I don't care how hard you lick me, I know you'll still love me. N' it won't hurt so bad."

"Joe," Ruth whispered later to her husband as they sat in the big chair close together, "I neglected to yield my heart to the Holy Spirit's control, but I purpose that now He shall dwell in me—and Joe, and as I let Him lead me, I'll not be ashamed for you to see even my innermost thoughts, for they'll be pure and selfless, and I'll pray every day that you'll find Him, too."

"I wish you would, Ruth," Joe answered slowly. "Perhaps we can celebrate our next anniversary together as Christians."

#### CHILDREN'S PAGE

(Continued from page 4)

Dear Sister Harrison:

I'm sending this with my mother's letter. I want to become a member of the M.O.H. Club. I am seven years old and I am in the first grade at school. My mother reads the Lighted Pathway to me and I enjoy it very much. Pray for Mother and me.

A friend, Patricia Massengill.

#### **Heard Before**

The retorts made by ministers to scoffers or unbelievers would fill many papers. Doran's Ministers' Manual tells the tale of a certain priest who was once riding on a bus in New York, when, in passing a very handsome and ornate church, a fellow passenger turned to him and said: "If these Christians would stop building fine churches and give the money to the poor, it would be more to their credit."

"I've heard that before," was the quiet rejoiner.

"Indeed, and by whom, may I ask?"
"Judas Iscariot!" was the reply.—
Living Church.

"O teach me, Lord, that I may teach The precious things thou dost impart;

And wing my words, that they may

The hidden depths of many a heart!

"Oh fill me with thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, thy praise to show!"

#### CLARK'S CALL

(Continued from page 7)

"Can you drive it?" asked Clark, anxiously.

"Oh, I guess so. It isn't that old. I'd rather go by myself. If there is to be a failure it will be bad enough without witnesses to rub it in. They only have preaching once a month and all winter the bad storms have been coming on their day. I understand they haven't had a service since before Christmas."

"What do you know about that! No services from Christmas to Easter!" exclaimed Clark. "And we have had so many privileges that we don't appreciate them. How many sermons have we listened to in that time?"

"Don't worry," absently. count them up, I suppose. But the thing that worries me is the kind of sermon they'll be likely to get now. This is my very first attempt, you know. We've heard all sorts of stories about the 'maiden sermon' of preachers, and they are nothing to brag about. I feel so little and incompe-

"I understand that that is a very good attitude to take. The Lord has a better chance to show His power. It is queer, though, that they should send you out to a place like that for Easter. for your very first time," said Clark, meditatively.

"They didn't intend to. Harold Meacham was going there. Had his sermon all ready, and everything. He's a senior and has helped in lots of meetings. But he's in the hospital for an emergency operation and every one but me had an assignment. It had been so long since these folks had a service they didn't like to wait any longer. So—it was Hobson's choice," and he smiled faintly.

"Seems to me I did hear something about all that," admitted Clark, "but I didn't realize what it was going to mean to you. With the Lord's help, though, you can make it. Doesn't the Bible tell somewhere about thrashing a mountain with a worm?"

"Maybe. I've never read that one. If it does I'd make a worm, all right," agreed Ralph.

But fear is not the best preparation for any task. Ralph Weston studied frantically and tried to memorize his sermon headings, at least. But when he reached his "lastly" he had forgotten his "firstly," and vice versa.

Clark was a student in the University while Ralph was in the Theological department. They had had little in common but now Clark took special pains to maintain a helpful, brotherly attitude although he was troubled by his brother's evident distress. He ventured once more to remonstrate.

"If the Lord wants you to preach, Ralph, won't He give you grace enough to stand before the people? Some of those old prophets were scared, too, I guess. They were told over and over not to be afraid. And they did deliver pretty pertinent messages. Doesn't look like this ought to be so hard. They are all good Christians, already, from what you've said. Looks like a good spiritual message on the meaning of the resurrection would be all you'd need."

"Yes, I know," admitted Ralph, ruefully. "But you know it's easier to tell someone else what to do than it is to walk that way yourself. Somehow I don't get the help from the Lord that I feel I ought to have. At least it's different from what the older preachers talk about."

Sunday afternoon Clark decided to go out to that little church, or schoolhouse. Maybe Ralph would need a friendly hand. He had heard that in small communities the music present-

ed a real problem. He could play the piano and lead the singing, if necessary. It would be hardly fair for his brother to do everything. Besides, Clark's prayers had made him intensely interested in the outcome of this service. As it might embarrass Ralph, he decided to go by himself and slip into a rear seat until he should see how best to help.

Accordingly, he borrowed a car and drove out early to the schoolhouse. But already the congregation was gathering. Several men and boys were already in the yard. The obvious thing was to join them.

As he was the only stranger, one man said. "Mr. Weston?"

Clark acknowledged the name but it did not occur to him to say that he was the brother of the preacher for the

As the moments passed, the group was augmented. Clark saw the promised "half-dozen" was quite inadequate. The building was small and he wondered if it would hold the crowd that now filled the yard.

To Clark's dismay there was, as yet, no sign of Ralph. What had happened? Did he make a wrong turning? A blowout, more likely. He had visions of his preacher-brother arriving, dis-

Dear Sister Harrison:

Being a student at the Church of God Bible School of the Pacific Northwest, I praise God for the opportunity of studying His Word and related subjects in a Christian environment. Many have let Satan deprive them of this privilege which is rightfully theirs, for truly it often requires great faith. It is well to profit by the experiences of others. Surely, acquiring a Christian education is well worth all that it costs in sacrifice and money, benefiting us here and in the hereafter.

There is joy in accomplishment, especially accomplishment for Christ. God needs a well-trained army of young people and others to go forth to meet the forces of the enemy and plant the banner of Christ and all He means in every nation, also keeping it unfurled in the homeland.

I believe Christian youth will hear and heed the call of God and needy, lost humanity, and be strong and do exploits for King Emanuel!

In His service,

Eugene Steinkamp.

heveled and weary from struggling with a tire.

As the watch hands pointed to twotwenty-five, the class leader once more approached Clark.

"Mr. Weston," he said deferentially, "it is almost time to begin. Don't you want to go in? I expect Letty DuBois has some hymns all picked out. You

might see if they are suitable. She's been practising some of the boys and girls a bit, too. We're no great shakes when it comes to singin', but Letty

likes to do what she can."

Clark had it on the tip of his tongue to say that he, too, was only a visitor, but he felt that the honor of Weston name was at stake. He must uphold and aid his brother in this crisis—for crisis he felt it to be. So he only smiled and said, "Let's wait a few minutes."

"And what of Ralph? His car had skidded into a ditch and the real preacher was in the hospital with "multiple bruises and concussions" or whatever the technical terms may be. A blow on the head, while not considered serious, had rendered him unconscious, so no message could be sent to anyone regarding him.

At five minutes after the hour set for services, the preacher was still absent and the class leader gently insistent.

It occurred to Clark that he could go in and begin a song service for his brother. That might save time and the annoyance of such a long wait on the part of the congregation.

So, reluctantly, he followed the leader in and was introduced to Miss Letty. They arranged the preliminaries. He kept one eye on the door, ready to turn it over to Ralph the moment he came. But no Ralph appeared.

They entered into the songs with zest. He called for prayers and they responded with an earnestness that bespoke an acquaintance with an almighty heavenly Father. Clark was especially touched by the petitions which asked that their souls might be refreshed by heavenly manna to be given them that day by "the young brother."

When they rose from their knees, Clark looked to the rear seats, fully expecting to see Ralph ready to come forward. But still no sign.

His heart sank. What had he let himself in for? In the midst of a service and no sermon! He had confidently expected his brother, and

now—the people were expecting him to "carry on."

The words of the hymn which the congregation was singing so vigorously struck with new force on his ear:

"The arm of flesh will fail you.
Ye dare not trust your own."

He realized that his trust must be in the Lord. These were His people. They needed food from His table. And he—Clark Weston—was the only one in a position to serve. He must have a message to give. All his life he had been in church and Sunday School, and for a number of years he had been an active Christian, but he had never even considered the ministry himself. But now—the Lord needed a mouthpiece, and he remembered his consecration of "anything!"

He called for another season of prayer, and while others prayed for him, he definitely put himself into the Lord's hands, as a channel through which the gospel truths might flow to hungry hearts.

He arose, calm in the assurance of victory and blessing. He gave them a sermon that was long remembered by that congregation as freighted with the unction of the Holy Ghost. The Risen Lord was real to him and by his words and manner Clark Weston led his hearers to the empty tomb, to the vision of angels, to the mourning disciples changed into joyous believers. Over and over he emphasized the power of the mighty Christ, One who can do today the miracles that followed Him in Palestine. He called them to consider the claims upon their own lives and their obligations to think carefully upon the way their souls should go. He stressed Easter Day as a time of decisions. A time for



leaving behind the old life of doubts and fears and of facing the goal of a future with a living, risen Lord.

A verse he had memorized in his literature course came to his mind, and he said:

"But to every man there openeth
A way, and ways, and a way;
And the high soul climbs the high
way,

And the low soul gropes the low;

And in between, on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro:
But to every man there openeth
A high way and a low,
And every man decideth
The way his soul shall go."

And he urged his hearers that day to "climb the high way" that leads to the throne of God.

"Young man," said the class leader, as he gripped Clark's hand, "there's no doubt about the Lord's call for you. Thank you for that sermon."

Clark was startled. "The Lord's call!" Was it possible? This had been Ralph's work. He was only a substitute! But the Lord had blessed. And instinctively, he felt that he, too, must "climb the highway" that he had set before His people.

For him gold had lost its lure. He saw his desire for wealth to aid the church as but a flimsy excuse. No, his call must be to join his brother in winning immortal souls for the Master.

#### "CELIA, WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH ME?"

(Continued from page 6)

peace and rest came in. Reverses and trials had come but Celia's trust in God had grown steadily stronger through it all.

Now that Phoebe thought of it, she realized that she had been rude to one whose trials were greater than her own. Celia's husband had been dead a year. Celia worked as long and hard as Phoebe, having less strength, smaller wages and three children instead of two to feed. Moreover, Celia's threeyear-old Carol, the very apple of her eye, was slipping. The doctor feared the child would not live long. Sometimes she found Celia in tears, but they were never tears of bitterness or rebellion. There was always a sweet spirit of submission and a soul rest that had awed Phoebe. Phoebe's children were the picture of health, yet

it had never occurred to her to be thankful for that.

"Celia has something I know nothing about," concluded Phoebe.

That night after her offspring were fast asleep, she crossed the narrow strip of lawn between and walked in on her friend with the abrupt query, "Celia, what is the matter with me, anyway? How can I find rest for my soul?"

Celia reached for her Bible and read: "Ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls. But they said, We will not walk therein," Jer. 6:16.

All was very quiet in Mrs. Park's little sitting room for some time. Phoebe's memory was busy with happier days when she had zealously sought to stay in the path God had marked out for her feet, when she had loved God's Word. But she had become careless and had finally met and married a man who cared for none of these things. Then she had wandered farther and farther from God. Having lost her vision of service and her joy in the Lord, she had plunged into pleasures which satisfied not. Now that she had become a wageearner her worldly friends had forgotten her. "Ask for the old paths . . . walk therein, and ve shall find rest for your souls."

Celia's voice broke in on Phoebe's meditations: "In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength: and ye would not," Isa. 30:15.

"But I will," exclaimed Phoebe, "I will."

Many hard things have come to Phoebe since she returned to the "good way," but as she has learned, the peace that God gives is something supernatural and does not depend on circumstances. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee," Isa. 26:3.—Gospel Herald.

#### IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE

(Continued from page 3)

considered an *ultra* type of Christianity, a condition of 'righteous overmuch.'

"When we pass out of this room, presently, and touch the great outside world once more, what shall we find? How soon will it be generally known that a section of the community—a larger section, maybe, than we conceive possible—has been silently, sud-

denly, secretly taken from our midst? What will follow? Where are the prophets who shall teach us where we are, and what we may expect? Does the end of the world follow next? Is there any order of events, specified in the Bible, that follows this mysterious translation, if so, what is it? Who will show us these things?

"Again, since I, the writer of this postscript, am left, while my friend, Hammond, is taken, why am I left, and why shall I find—as of course I shall when I begin to go abroad among mine acquaintance—hundreds of others left? I have been christened, confirmed, have occasionally 'communicated,'—this is the clerical term, though as I write, it occurs to me that there must have been some flaw, somewhere, in the 'communicating.'

"I have always supposed myself a Christian by virtue of these things, to which a clean, decent life has been added. Thousands upon thousands, I feel sure, will be puzzled by this same contemplation, when this wonderful Translation becomes generally known.

"If we are not made Christians by christening, confirmation, communicating, why have we always been taught so, by our clergy? How many of these same clergy shall we find *left* behind?

"And I suppose there will have been some kind of kindred process at work among the Nonconformists bodies-in pulpit and pew, alike. For ourselves, we have come little in contact with Nonconformity, but, if what is accepted generally, today, as to the religious situation, be true-that the curse of the Ritualism of the 'Establishment,' finds its parallel in the Rationalism, Unitarianism, Socialism, etc., of Nonconformity—then I shall expect to find as many Nonconformists, lay and ministerial, left behind from this mysterious, spiritual translation, as churchmen."



There came a tap at the door. The messenger boy, Charley, appeared. He glanced toward the empty Editor's chair, then stammered.

"I beg pardon, sir, I thought Mr Hammond was here, sir. They have jest blown up the tube to know if the 'Prophet's' column was ready."

Ralph Bastin noticed that the eye of the boy flitted from his face to the placard.

"Know what that means, Charley?" Bastin asked.

"Yus, sir, leastways, I know what Mr. Hammond means by it!' E set that Jesus Christ's comin' back, an goin' to take all the real Christians out 'er the world, an' nobody won't see 'em go, nor nothink. I 'eard Mr. Hammond 'splainin' it all to a gent, t'other day."

Curious to know if the boy himsel had thought seriously at all of the matter, Bastin said:—

"What do you think of it, Charley?"

"Wal, it's like this, sir, I ain't beer to no Sunday School since I wus quite a young 'un, 'bout eight perhaps. An I never goes to no Church nor Chapel 'cos why? Why 'cos Sunday's the only day--'cepts my 'olidays--when I gits any chance fur any rickreation of fresh hair. So I ain't up much ir 'ligious things. But my sister, Lula she walks out wi' a chap as teaches in a Sunday School—leastways, he oosed to afore he took up wi' our Lula, but now 'e wants 'is Sunday School time fur spoonying, an' 'e can spoon, sir there's no error-well, knowin' as 'e oosed to do summat at 'ligion, I up! an' arsks 'im about what Mr. Hammond said, about that takin' away business, an 'e (Jimmy Doubleyou Lulu's chap, I mean, sir,) larfed, an said, 'Don't yer b'lieve any sich rot D'yer think Gawd 'ud go an' kidna all 'Is people like that?'"

Ralph Bastin would have smiled, a any other time, at this curious reply But, tonight, his soul was too sobered Gathering up the sheets of MS's he clipped them together, stamped then with Hammond's mechanical imprimatur, and handed the sheaf to the lad giving him instructions to delive them in the Composing Room.

As the lad left the room, he sa back in his chair, and tried to thinl out the position of affairs. He hardly settled down, before the mes senger boy returned.

"'Scuse me sir," the lad began, "bu summat curious hev 'appened. There' two 'holy Joes' in the composin room, an' one in the Sterio room—leastways, they oosed to be—an' they's all three bunked off, somewheres, nobody seed 'em go, and their coats an' 'ats is 'ung hup where they usually is, an' some o' the chaps says as they's translated. Alf Charman, one o' the comp's, oosed to talk like Mr. 'Ammond did, sir—"

The boy looked a trifle fearsomely at the empty editor's chair, as he added.

"Mr. 'Ammond, sir, I—er—I suppose as—'e—'e ain't——."

Mr. Hammond has gone out!"
Bastin rapped out the words quite sharply. All this talk of the missing men was getting on his nerves.

"That will do, Charley!" he added. The lad walked slowly to the door, his eyes fixed on the placard, his lips moving to the words, "Today?" "Perhaps!"

"Coorius!" he muttered as he passed out of the room.

Ralph Bastin tried again to settle himself down for a quiet think. Suddenly he started to his feet, wild of eye, and with horror in his face.

"Viola?" he muttered. "My beautiful little Viola? She has talked continuously of the Christ of late. Has she been——?"

He seized his hat, and with a crushed-down sob of literal fear, he rushed away.

Outside the office he came upon a hansom. He leaped into it, shouting the Bloomsbury address to the man.

"Drive for your life!" he yelled. "A sovereign for you if you get me there quickly!"

The man's horse was fresh. They rushed through the streets. Arriving at the house, he tossed the driver his promised sovereign, and letting himself in with his latch key, he dashed into the drawing room. It was empty!

He was leaving the room hurriedly, when he encountered the landlady. "Miss Viola has gone to bed, sir, she overtired herself, visiting the sickpoor with her flowers, and all that, today, and she—"

"Thanks!" with a hurried nod he raced up the stairs. The child's bedroom was next to his own. He entered it without knocking. He was too much agitated to stand upon ceremony.

The room was in darkness, he struck a match, laid it to the gas nipple, then shot a quick glance at the bed. In that first glance, he saw that it was empty. He went close up to the bed, it had been occupied, he could see that. He thrust his hand

well down under the clothes. There was faint body warmth left in the bedding—or it seemed so to him.

"God help me!" he groaned. And two great tears fell glittering from his eyes.

"Viola! Viola! my precious darling!" he moaned, "You were my life, my—"

His emotion choked him. He was dropping into the chair by his bed-side, when he noticed that the back and seat of the chair were strewn with the under-clothing, which the child had evidently placed there when disrobing.

With eyes blinded with tears, he lifted the dainty garments in a pile, and laid them on the foot of the bed. Then he dropped back into the chair, buried his face in the pillow—the impress of the lost, beautiful head was left in the pillow—and wept.

For five minutes he remained thus. Then rousing himself, he muttered:—
"I must play the man! and get back to the office and lay hold of things."

He left the room, and managed to clear the house without encountering his landlady. Lucky in finding a hansom, he had himself driven first to the central News Agency. He wanted to find out if anything of the mystery was generally known.

The careless-minded, light-hearted typists, clerks and journalists, were laughing over the few vague rumors of the translation that had reached them.

He said nothing of what he knew, and drove on to the office.

"If the world has to go on, for a time, just as it has been going, in spite of this wonderful thing," he muttered, "then, as acting editor of the Courier, I had better stifle every feeling, save the professional, and give London-England—the best morning issue under the new condition of things."

Thin and pale, but with the likeness of God shining in her dark eyes—there was the bruise-like color of great exhauston under each eye—Mrs. Joyce sat wearily stitching at her warehouse needle-work.

Jem Joyce, the drunken, reprobate husband, was serving a six weeks sentence for his old crime, drunken disorderliness in the streets, and assaulting the police. His time would soon be up. The fearsome wife had recalled the fact, that very day, though she could not be sure of the actual date.

As she worked now her voice whirepered low in song:—

"It may be in the evening,

When the work of the day is done, And you have time to sit in the twilight

And watch the sinking sun,
When the long, bright day dies slowly

Over the sea,

And the hour grows quiet and holy With thoughts of Me;

While you hear the village children Passing along the street,

Among those thronging footsteps May come the sound of My feet. Therefore I tell you: Watch

By the light of the evening-star When the room is growing dusky As the clouds afar;

Let the door be on the latch In your home.

For it may be through the gloaming I will come."

Low, soft, yearning in its passionate longing for her Lord's return, she began again to hum her lay, when a step sounded somewhere near. So keenly had her imagination been aroused by her song, and by her long, yearning-dwelling on the theme of the song, that she, almost unconsciously to herself, rose to her feet, her work and needle held lightly in her hand, her face turned towards the door. For one instant, her imagination had suggested the step to have been her Lord's.

The next moment she turned deathly pale. She had recognized the step. It was her husband's.

She had just time to drop back into her chair, and, tremblingly, to resume her work, when the brute entered. He was drunk—viciously, murderously drunk.

He began to curse her, the moment he crossed the threshold. He called her foul names that brought the flush of a great shame—for him, not for herself—to her cheeks. He sneered at her religion, and blasphemed the name of her Lord.

Her lips moved, but no sound came from them. She prayed for grace to be silent, for she feared to aggravate him. Suddenly, he shook his fist in her face, and hissed:—

"Curse you! You——! Do you know I've only come back to you to settle all my scores. I've come to——"

His foaming, blaspheming rage choked him, and he leaped forward, (she had drawn back from his clenched fist) and caught her by the throat.

She could not cry out. She thought

his purpose was to strangle her. He glared murderously back into her eyes, which his awful grip was forcing from their sockets. He shook her fiercely, hurling hideous blasphemies at her all the time. Then he essayed to put his real purpose in view, and drawing himself up, and drawing her, at the same time, towards himself, he hurled himself forward to dash her head against the wall of the room.

It was his head that struck the wall. His hands clutched air. He fell headlong stunned, bleeding, and—presently, he was dead.

The room was very still. Awesomely

Margaret Joyce was in the air, with her Lord!

#### Notice to Gideons

When it is necessary to make a change in your order or a change of name and address of Gideon, please let us have this information on or before the 10th of each month. If it is received later, the change will likely not be made until the following month.—Editor.

#### JOURNEYS IN CUBA

(Continued from page 28)

five Sunday Schools and young people's meetings. We know that the membership isn't large, but remember this is a mission field, harder than some of the rest!

When we came, the Church was working only in the City of Santiago de Cuba. Now we have touched two other provinces, by the help of the Lord. We have a great work in the large city of Camaguey, in the province of the same name, and we have made contacts for organizing the Church in the City of Havana, which will have some fifteen members to begin with, the Lord willing. The work there has not been organized yet, but will be soon, we feel sure. We need a missionary couple there right now. We do not say these things to boast (only of what the Lord has helped us to do), but so that you will see that the Lord has helped us while we were there. If we had had sufficient finance and a little more time, we would have had a representative work in each of the six provinces of Cuba. When the "day of Pentecost is fully come" to Cuba, we shall witness a great advance in the work here. Only a few in Cuba have "heard that there be any Holy Ghost." We only have

about ten or twelve here who have "heard" and "believed our report" and have received this great blessing. You will pray for Cuba, won't you? God bless you.

#### LIGHTED PATHWAY RATING FOR FEBRUARY

	Sold for Feb.	Total
Alabama	3 225	20,070
Alaska	7	42
Alaska Arizona	230	1,355
Arkansas		4,515
California		6,518
Canada		1,761
Colorado		292
Connecticut		46
Delaware	121	716
Florida		17,918
Foreign		2,511
Georgia		32,772
Idaho		973
Illinois		10,760
Indiana		7,754
Iowa		1,068
Kansas		3,812
Kentucky	1,976	14,614
Louisiana		2,866
Maine		2,347
Massachusetts		271
Maryland		7,532
Michigan		6,401
Minnesota	90	472
Mississippi	903	6,813
Missouri		8,759
Montana		1,112
Nebraska		174
Nevada	5	28
New Hampshire	3	23
New Jersey	125	872
New Mexico	246	1,314
New York		830
North Carolina	5,686	38,162
North Dakota		1,273
Ohio	3,105	19,339
Oklahoma	509	3,781
Oregon		925
Pennsylvania	945	5,408
Rhode Island		
South Carolina		52,497
South Dakota		1,162
Tennessee		23,638
Texas		10,656
Vermont		3
	1,561	9,527
Washington	240	2,106
Washington, D. (		454
West Virginia	1,711	10,047
Wisconsin	75	441
Wyoming	4	41
J		

56,191

346,771

#### LIGHTED PATHWAYS FOR MEN IN SERVICE, ETC.

Amount sent from each state to the Publicity Fund and to the fund for sending Lighted Pathways to men in Service for February:

Ohio	\$25.50
Missouri	17.00
West Virginia	11.60
Illinois	10.87
Texas	10.40
Georgia	7.50
Florida	6.00
Michigan	5.00
Kentucky	4.00
California	2.00
Pennsylvania	1.35
Louisiana	1.00
South Carolina	1.00
Tennessee	70

\$103.82

#### January Prize Winner

Gladys Warden, Canton, Ohio, is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5 for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.

#### Honor Roll

Gladys Freeman, Greenville, S. C. Margaret Varner, Baltimore, Md. J. L. Barfield, Greenwood, S. C. Pauline Albro, Louisville, Ky. Edwin Mortenson, Columbia, S. C. E. C. Byrom, Port Arthur, Texas.

#### HEALED

"I received your answer to my letter sent to you, asking you if you would meet me at the Throne of Grace on Friday, March 17, at 2 o'clock, and pray that the Lord Jesus, whom I serve, would heal me and raise me up and let me walk on earth again, after being confined to a wheel chair for over seven years. I went down on my knees by my bedside and met you, Brother Morris, with this: 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.' After praying a little while, I felt something working in my legs and I knew th€ Lord was hearing our united prayers and I got up and started to walk. 1 walked the length of the bedroom praising the Lord; then I went out into the dining room and walked the length of the house; then I went out on the front porch, praising the Lord for His wonderful working power.

"John T. Mould, "Brooksville, Florida."

## Cleveland Is First To Use Penny-a-Day Plan --- Who Will Be Next?

#### STUDENT LOAN FUND

Several months ago when I read the letter from a young man stating that each of us could give at least one



cent a day for the Student Loan Fund, I was very much impressed with the idea and felt that we, of the North Cleveland Church of God, could easily give this small amount. Even though we have missions and or-

phanages to support, this small amount will never be missed from our purses, Many people spend enough money on foolishness each month to pay for an entire year's pledge on the penny-a-day drive. We, of the Church of God, should feel now more than ever the need of educating our young people. Our church is in dire need of Spiritfilled, consecrated, and qualified ministers and missionaries. Some are of the opinion that an education tends to do away with spirituality, but certainly any thinking person scoffs atthis idea when he sees what many of our young people are doing for God after having qualified themselves by an intensive course of Bible study. We are living in an enlightened age, and gone are the days when our doctrine attracted people because of its novelty. We must be able to give a reason for the hope that is within us, and do it in such a way as to convince the gainsayer of our sincerity and piety.

Yesterday we approached our congregation with this proposition, and readily obtained one hundred pledges from our members to give at least one penny a day for the School's Loan Fund. Our people are doing this in spite of the fact that we are in the middle of a building program, pay for a daily radio broadcast, and lead the State in missions and giving. Surely any member of the Church of God, who has any income at all, can

spare this much to aid those who want to give all to the Lord and His work. I would to God that such a fund as this had been available when I was struggling through Bible School. Many young women and men are handicapped because of a lack of funds, and would be able to accomplish more while studying were it not for the press of financial burdens upon them. Let us rally to the cause and work like we have never worked before. The Church of God is making rapid gains in every department and there is today the greatest demand for qualified preachers and workers that the Church has ever known. I do not believe that our Lord is displeased with this program. As a matter of fact, I think God is in it, and feel that He will bless others as they respond to the need.

Brother Cross, our Mission Secretary. spoke to our people last night and told us something of the need in the foreign fields. We cannot send young people in these distant lands unless they are equipped to speak to the people in their native tongue. The Church of God Bible Training School offers courses in foreign languages that will enable our boys and girls to go to the foreign fields ready to begin work a short while after arriving at their stations. I feel confident that several thousand throughout our great Church can and will pledge themselves to give at least one penny a day to this fund. The Y.P.E.'s can sponsor such a drive, or perhaps better still, the pastor himself could lead the way and appoint a secretary to collect the money as it comes in. God wants us to have a full program and surely people who have been blessed as we have been blessed should not be behind in this great cause.—James L. Slay, pastor, North Cleveland Church of God.

#### LOAN FUND

Sister Harrison has put forth considerable effort in an endeavor to raise money for the Loan and Endowment Fund for the Bible Training School and College, with very good results. She will appreciate, and no less

will the whole Church appreciate, your help in this worthy cause.

An Example

The North Cleveland Church of God today secured about one hundred pledges from individuals who promised to give at least \$3.65 for the year, one penny a day. Think of it! how easy it would be to do this, and yet how powerful and tremendous such an effort could be if those who are able would but join in such a march of offerings as this.

Depression

Many of us know something about the days of depression that followed World War I. There may be dark days ahead of us as a result of World War II. A Loan and Endowment Fund would be potent to insure the future of our School and College if such days again return. I am sure many of you appreciate the Bible School and College. Many of you are praying and also giving, and what you can do you should do. Have you given? If not, why not? Do it today! Help the young man and the young woman who wants an education, but whom misfortune has hindered to the extent that they cannot obtain an education without your help.—E. C. Clark, Chairman, School Board.

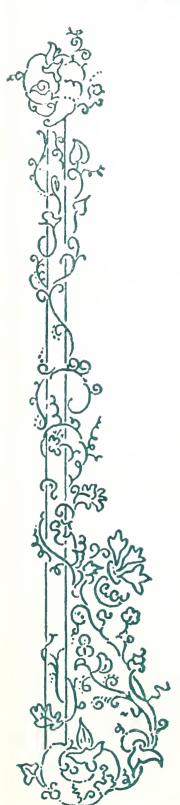
#### BITS OF ENCOURAGEMENT

Brother Watson, overseer of Missouri, writes: "The plan for the Loan and Endowment fund is a good one, and I hope I can help our people to see the need of helping in this most worthy cause. I will do all I can.—W. G. Watson.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I received your letter with reference to the young people's work. I will be very happy to print your article in our state paper. As you know, I have been definitely interested in young people's work for a long, long time and we are doing our best here in Florida to promote every program possible, to save the young people of our land. May the Lord richly bless you in the great work you are doing for Him among our young people.—W. E Johnson, overseer of Florida.

## The Resurrection



### B. Staples

There was special exultation
'Mid the radiant hosts on high,
On the resurrection morning—
How the wondrous news did fly!
"Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Yes, He's risen from the dead;
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
He is risen, as He said!"

Looking down from heights of glory,
With angelic vision keen,
"Very early in the morning,"
Women, three, by them were seen,
Walking slowly toward the hillside
Where their Lord was laid away;
Oh, their hearts were full of sadness,
But 'twas near the break of day!

"How we loved Him! How we loved Him!
But our hopes lie buried there,
In that rock-hewn tomb with Jesus;
Yet we will our spices bear,
To anoint His precious body—
But who'll roll the stone away?"
Oh, the wondrous joy awaiting
At the breaking of the day!

Lo, an angel sent from heaven
Swift descended to the tomb,
Rolled the stone and sat upon it—
Glory now, instead of gloom.
When the women, hardly daring
To believe their eyes—or ears—
Saw the angel, heard the message,
Then dispelled were all their fears.

"Be not affrighted, ye seek Jesus;
Come and see where once He lay,
Then go tell that He is risen;
Go and tell He lives today!"
And the message of the angel,
Full of wonder, so sublime,
Is for us who now are living
In this Christ-rejecting time.

He lives! He lives! and reigns in glory!
Listens when His children pray.
Oh, it is a wondrous story!
That He's coming back some day;
And will gather all His jewels—
Those who love Him more than life,
All the blood-washed, all the holy—
Overcomers in the strife.



# Lighted Pathway

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR



Vol. 17

MAY, 1940

No. 5



"Thy Word 15 Light Unto My

Psalm 119:105

Path



#### EDITOR'S MESSAGE EDITOR'S MESSAGE

Where homes are filled with sorrow and confusion, O God, and our plans for life seem to have come to naught, help us to forge ahead with courage, confidence, and good will. Fortify our hearts, we beseech thee, with the thought that



Thou art constantly sharing Thy love and life with us, and art not content to live apart from our great need. The travail and tragedy of our humanity, as well as its joys and triumphs, are on Thy heart, and move Thee to come to our rescue and support. Help us to trust Thee when earthly treasures and possessions, on which we relied, have been scattered by the winds of adversity. Grant us to feel about us the pressure of Thine everlasting arms. Give us grace to rest in Thee, O God, and to wait patiently for Thy fatherly guidance. Teach us that in Thine own time the desires of our hearts shall be satisfied with the abundance of peace. Help those whose homes are peaceful and happy to catch the vision of helping those who are less fortunate. Hear us through Him who has taught us to say, "Our Father,"

and who was never mistaken about anything vital to our well-being. In His name and for His sake, we ask it. Amen.

Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

Let us remember that a few years ago we decided to unite our Mother's and Father's Day into one issue and call it the "Parents' Issue." Now we are combining the whole family and calling it the "Happy Home Circle issue." I do not know how you feel about it, but I like the idea much better. So, we are writing in this issue to the whole family, and when we say, 'Dear Boys and Girls," we include

the boys and girls wno are married and are rearing families in these perilous times, and also those who are anticipating marriage sometime. We are remembering that our boys and girls are marrying too young and they must have encouragement, if they do their job well. They are inexperienced, and if someone doesn't help them, our next generation will be in a more critical condition than this one, and oh, how we are fretting over the present generation! Letters are coming in from every corner of the globe saying, "Sister Harrison, I am bringing my problem to you for help. My husband has left me and the children, or my husband is in love with another woman and wants me to give him a divorce. What shall I do?" "My husband is a drunkard and is so abusive, shall I leave him or just go on suffering?" Another says, "My husband does not want me to go to church, shall I stay at home from church or shall I go against his will and have confusion in the home?" One "There are wr'tes, woman twelve women in our church whose husbands are pulling against them in their Christian

I wonder if these young women thought of this be-fore they married? Oh, how little attention young people pay to the direct command that God's Word gives to

them, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers.'

About an hour ago I laid aside my work and went to town, and I think God must have sent me so that He might show me something that would lay this burden on my heart in a greater way. Twice I passed a couple who surely were not over fourteen or fifteen years of age at the most, hugging a little bundle in their arms. They were ragged and dirty, and I thought, O God, here is where our criminals come from. That child cannot be a normal child. My, how we need missionaries at home!

Our Happy Home Circle could do a great work in their neighborhood if they would get a vision, but "where there is no vision the people perish." How I wish that our Willing Workers' Band throughout our Church would give a part of their time to this work. The cattle on a thousand hills belong to God, and so I believe He would do more for us in a financial way, and turn over some cattle to us if we would do more real missionary work. This kind of work would come under the Youth Personal Evangelistic Union program, also. If we would train some leaders who

would give some time to this great cause!

A young girl wrote this to me the other day, "Sister Harrison, do you think it is wrong for me to go with a sinner boy? He is a nice boy, but mother and daddy do not ner boy? He is a nice boy, but mother and daddy do not want me to keep company with him because he isn't a Christian." That is the right kind of fathers and mothers, and if you have that kind you had better listen and thank God for them. We all know that your association with an unsaved boy may ripen into love, and it will be hard for you to obey God's Word, and let me say here, you had just about as well marry a man or woman who is a sinner as to marry one who belongs to another church who is antagonistic to what you believe, because you cannot go down life's pathway together.

The children in the home will not thrive under such conditions, as a usual thing, and the Happy Home Circle will not be

complete.

I should like to talk to the parents where confusion reigns. If you have a little babe in your home, I want you to go right now and look that little one in the face, and this is what I want you to say: "Darling, you are not here by your own choice; you cannot help being here. We are re-sponsible. As I look into your sweet face the thought comes to me, you are going some day to heaven or hell. How much can we, as parents, do to de-cide where you will go?" Then ask God to direct you and show you how to give up the things which are hindering in your having a Happy Home Circle, so that you may lead your little ones to a better land. Father and mother, will you do this? The early years are very important. You may think that you have a few years to wait until the child is old enough to understand, but impressions are made in infancy that will stand forever. If you are not interested enough in your children to do this, they will have to suffer, and you may be ashamed of them in later years.

Let us remember that every child is a bundle of tremendous

## Motherhood

HOLD within my arms today A priceless bit of mortal clay, Divinely fashioned, and so fair, The angels well may kinship share.

My soul with gratitude is filled, My heart with mother love is thrilled, My eyes brim o'er with newborn joy, While gazing on my cherub boy.

O precious one! through tears I see A mighty task awaiting me. My happy sky grows overcast, Life's duties loom so grand, so vast.

To shield from wrong, to right incline, This little life now linked to mine— Divine the gift. Oh, may the mold A heart of truth and honor hold!

Help me, kind Heaven, to know the way From out the tangle of each day, To guide him safe to manhood's prime, And all the glory shall be Thine.

—M. E. Platt.

## In the Twinkling of an Eye

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

By Sidney Watson

(Used by permission of Fleming H. Revell Company)

Madge and her husband left Albany on the Monday morning, ostensibly for a brief honeymoon, but, chiefly, with a view to recruit her husband's health. They had gone to a tiny little house among the Catskills, kept by a colored woman named "Julie." The pastor had been there before, and had himself chosen this quiet retreat for their marriage trip.

The heart of Madge was broken, for her husband would not be friendly with her. He was barely civil when he spoke to her, and answered her in short, sharp monosyllables only. All the old natural pride, with which she would have met this treatment a fortnight ago, or less, was, fortunately, for him, swallowed up in her newfound faith in, and her utter surrender to God. And with this there had come to her the patience and purifying, born of the Hope of the near return of the Lord, whom she now loved.

She had been alone, thinking over the whole position, for a couple of hours. The situation had become intolerable. She determined to make an appeal to him, though it hurt her natural pride even to contemplate it.

"Help me! Teach me!" she cried unto her God. And in the strength of the divine promises of upholding and guidance, she decided to go to her husband.

He was alone, with a book before him on the table. But he was not reading. He was not even thinking. His mind was in a confused whirl, born of the inward rage of a much discomfited man. He had made a fool of himself, in public. He knew it, and he had been too proud to apologize. He had spurned and snubbed the woman, for whom he had professed to be dying of love, and who had made the greatest sacrifice any honest woman can make to man—since she had offered herself to him, in marriage.

He knew that, in the eyes of his wife, and in the eyes of the little world he had lived and labored in, that he had lowered himself, had proved himself less than ordinarily human.

Some of his own recent platform and pulpit utterances, returned to his mind, and they stung him by their reproach. The very last sermon he had preached, before his breakdown of health, had for its text, "'To him that overcometh, will I give——.'"

In the course of his address he had alluded to the shame of some of life's failures, and had quoted William S. Walsh's: "Ichabod."

Now, as he sat brooding over his own fall, the lines returned to him. They mocked him, gibbed at him, becoming, to his brooding imagination, sentient things with laughing, mocking, sneering voices, that somehow contrived to fling back into his ears, the very tones of his own voice, as he had declaimed the verses from his platform, weeks ago:

"Alas, for the lofty dreaming,
The longed-for high emprise,
For the man whose outer seeming
His inner self belies!

"I looked on the life before me
With purpose high and true,
When the passions of youth surged o'er me,
And the world was strange and true.

"Where the hero-soul rejoices
I would play the hero's part;
My ears were attuned to the voices
That speak to the poet's heart.

"I would conquer a place in story,
With a soul unsmirched by sin!
My heart should be crowned with glory
My heart be pure within.

"But the hour that should have crowned me, Cast all high hope adown, And the time of trial found me, A sinner, coward, clown."

The thought that many of those who heard him declaim those lines, would be now recalling them, and perhaps be applying them to himself, half maddened him. And it was at this worst of all moments for her mission of reconciliation, that Madge entered the room.

With a rare gentleness she began to plead with him, reminding him of all the passionate love he had expressed for her up to the very moment, almost, when they entered the church together for that Sunday morning service.

He answered her coldly, sullenly at first. Then he grew pettishly angry

with her, and snapped sharply at her, contradicting her in nearly all she said:

"But, Homer," she pleaded again, and in the deep yearning of her heart to win him back to his old loving self, she knelt before him, and tried to take his hand.

With an angry exclamation, he rose sharply to his feet and thrust her away with his foot, as he cried:—

"I don't want you! You go your way,
I'll go mine, and—"

He stopped suddenly. With a sharp cry of agony, he stretched his hands out into the empty space, where an instant before, she had knelt—for, in one flashing moment, she had disappeared from before his eyes.

"Madge! Madge, dear love, dear love, dear wife," he cried.

The sound of his own voice struck chilly upon his soul. Deep, deep down in his heart he knew what had happened—only he would not own it to himself.

He flashed a swift glance at the window and door. Both were fast shut.

"This is what Doig preached! What Madge believed would come to pass!" he cried, hoarsely.

There was a strange look of terror in his eyes.

"Julie will have gone, too, if it is the —the—."

He did not finish his muttered thought. Like a man walking in his sleep, he moved to the door, opened it and called, loudly:—Julie!"

There came no reply. An eerie stillness was in the house.

He moved on into the kitchen, the (Continued on page 30)

#### 

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## Children's Page

Dear M.O.H. Club Members:

Below is another poem I want you to memorize and we want you to carry these keys in your pocket all the time so that you may have them ready for use at any time.

Thank you for your nice letters. Ed.

#### GOLDEN KEYS

A bunch of golden keys is mine,

To make each day with gladness shine.

"Good-morning," that's the golden key

That unlocks every day for me.
When evening comes, "Good-night,"

And close the door of each glad day.
When at the table, "If you please,"
I take from off my bunch of keys.
"Excuse me": "Beg your nardon," too.

"Excuse me"; "Beg your pardon," too,
When by mistake some harm I do,
Or if unkindly harm I've given,
With "Family my" I about the

With "Forgive me" I shall be forgiven.

On a golden ring these keys I bind; This is its motto: "Be ye kind."

-Publisher Unknown.

#### Golden Kevs

"Everybody likes Ned," said Bob. "It must be nice to have people feel that way about you."

"Do you know why everybody likes him?" asked Roland.

"Well, no, not exactly. Do you?"
"Yes," said Roland. "It's because of his golden keys."

"His golden keys? I never saw him have any golden keys. What do you mean?"

"He has a whole bunch of golden keys which unlock people's hearts and let him walk right in," explained Roland. "And he keeps them on a wonderful key ring."

"Oh, do tell me more about them!" exclaimed Bob.

"One of his golden keys is, 'Good morning.' He uses it to start the day right. When he wants something, or is asking a favor, he uses the golden key, 'If you please.' When anything is done for him, he uses the 'Thank you' key. Even a fine boy like Ned sometimes makes mistakes, but again he has a key to help him; it is called 'Excuse me.' He always closes the day with the golden key of 'Good night.'"

"And how about his wonderful keyring?" asked Bob.

"It is called 'Kindness,' and it binds

all the golden keys together."

"How wonderful it would be if all of us had golden keys like Ned," said Bob very thoughtfully.

"And how fine it is that all of us who want these golden keys can have them," added Roland.—Our Young Covenanters.

#### Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a boy ten years old and in the fourth grade. I read the Lighted Pathway and enjoy it very much. My father and mother belong to the Church of God, and I am saved. I enjoy going to church and Sunday School. I want to become a member of the M. O. H. Club. Would you please add my name to your list? If anyone would write to me, I will gladly answer.—Charles Rush, 305 Ohea St., Greenville. Miss.

#### Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a girl twelve years old. I enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway. I am saved, sanctified, filled with the Holy Ghost and belong to the Church of God. My father is a minister for the Lord and my mother is saved, also. My mother is afflicted in her body very badly. She has had two strokes of paralysis and many other ailments.

I think the M.O.H. Club is very good.

#### MAKE OTHERS HAPPY

Naomi Blackwell

The best way to make yourself as hoppy a

Is to moke others hoppy wherever you ma

If you try to make others as hoppy as you can,

Yau, too, will always be hoppy, yau see.

If there may be someone who is shut-in a sick,

Just pay him a visit and tell him all about Christ Jesus who died an the crass Ta sove men and wamen and children whore last.

If someane lives near you, with children who are paar,

They may need faced and clathes from you Tell them about our dear Christ and Lard Wha is able all their needs to supply.

Just try this and you will see

That it's always better to make others a happy os can be,

And if this you will do the Lard will bless, And you a crawn will soan possess.

Please add my name. Pray for me, and any member who would like to write me, I will gladly answer your letter.— Mary Floyd, Box 304, Bainbridge, Ga

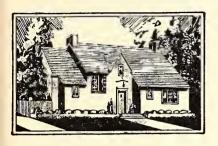
#### Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a little girl eleven years old Brother H. D. Williams is my pastor I am saved, sanctified and have the Holy Ghost. I have been a Christian for nearly a year. I want to join the M.O.H. Club. I want to make sac people happy, and do all I can for Jesus. I want to win some soul for Jesus, too. I request prayer for my (Continued on page 28)



Make Others Happy Club (Eph. 4:22)

## HAPPY HOME (IRCLE



THE DREAM HOUSE Mrs. Nellie L. Harrington

"George Campbell, if we ever have a nouse of our own, I want plenty of good-sized closets," declared his wife,

"And I aim to have a place where I an get rid of the dust and dirt beore I come into your nice clean cooms," he said emphatically.

"I'd appreciate that fully as much as you would, I know.'

"S-a-a-y, why don't we write down all the points we want in our own nouse. Some day we can put them into a real plan and then I'll build it. It will be our dream-house, Amelia.''

His wife's eyes grew starry. "Our dream-house, George! Do you really nean it?"

"Sure I do. Why not? Don't I work every day on somebody's house? Why not build my own?"

"But you couldn't do it all alone,"

she protested.

"Oh well, I'll elect you as strawooss and carpenter's apprentice," he said, jocularly. "But first we must get our minds made up as to what we eally want," and they fell to planaing.

"Where are we going to build?" they asked each other presently. The locaion would largely influence the type of the house. Some sections of the city were restricted to large, expensive stablishments. Other parts invited he smaller homes. Some had all two-'amily apartments, while others seemed made up of bungalows. So the ocation was very important.

"We have money enough to buy a ot. Why don't we look up the real state ads and see what we can find,"

ie said, presently.

"We don't want to go too far out, or too far from the car line," she said as she went for the paper.

"Here. Here's a lot on Stockton Street. It looks like a good buy and that ought not to be a bad location for us. Suppose you go around there tomorrow and see what you think of it," and she assented.

\_\_\_\_\_\_

Next evening she could hardly wait to give her report. "That lot we saw advertised wouldn't do at all. It is right close to the railroad. But I walked a few blocks the other way and I saw just the very place! It is part of the yard of an old-timey place with a lilac hedge all around it. We could fit in the dearest bungalow and it would look as if it were intentional. There are big trees and lovely snowball and syringa bushes, and a garden with old-fashioned pinks and lavender, and oh, everything, just like it used to be at my grandma's, when I was a little girl—"

"Hold on! Hold on, here! Have you been to fairy land? Did you actually find a place like that in this city?" She nodded, vigorously. "And do you know that it would be worth a mint

of money, if you did?"

"Not this one. The sign, 'Lot for sale' wasn't put up by an agent. It was such a funny, crooked sign that I wanted to see what it was like. So I went in. And there was the dearest, white-haired little old lady, and she was scared to pieces. She was so afraid that somebody she would not like would answer. And yet she needs money pretty badly. Her folks used to own a good deal of the land around there but now all that is left is the house and the big yard. She must eat, so she decided to sell a lot and she made her own sign! The agents have charged her so much for handling her deals in the past. Probably took advantage of her. You can see that she has no head for business at all. She is asking less than we expected to pay. So we can begin to build right away. I told her I would bring you over this evening, and I know you are going to say 'yes.'" And he did.

And poor, frail, little Mrs. Rawson read the 91st Psalm that night and fervently thanked God for His signal provision for her needs in sending a buyer for the vacant ground. Both George and Amelia Campbell were strongly impressed by her fine Christian spirit and resolved that she should not be disappointed in them.

A few days later George was put on a job of tearing down a building in a (Continued on page 27)

### The Spirit of the House

It isn't the chairs and the books and the things, Or the pictures that hang on the walls, And it isn't the bird, although gayly he sings, It's the laughter that rings in the halls. It's the smile on the face of the mother at night, And the joy in the little one's eyes, And our love for each other with all its delight That makes up the home that we prize. The house is just mortar and stone in itself, And the fireplace like all of its kind; There isn't a window or door or a shelf But many just like it you'll find.

But the home is endowed with a spirit that's rich, And the commonest look is aglow With the love and devotion and tenderness which Make sacred the home that we know. There are many who costlier furnishings own, And many with treasures we miss. But nowhere for us is such happiness known— There dwell our contentment and bliss. And we envy no mortal his station or place, His home with our home can't compare, For our house is blessed by an infinite grace And enriched by the spirit that's there.

#### HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED AND TRIED

#### "PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERINGS"

The Captain of our salvation was made "perfect through sufferings." Do you notice, or have you ever noticed, that the last word of this clause is not "suffering," but "sufferings"? Dr. Phelps says that "suffering is a wonderful fertilizer to the roots of character. The great object of this life is character. This is the only thing

that we can carry with us into eternity-character. \* \* To gain the most of it and the best of it is the object of probation." Dr. Cortland Myers tells us that "steel is iron plus fire. Soil is rock plus heat, or glazier crushing. Linen is flax plus the bath that cleans, the comb that separates, the flail that pounds, and the shuttle that weaves. Human character must have a plus attached to it. The world does not forget great characters. But great characters are not made of luxuries, they are made by sufferings."

We read recently of a mother who brought into her home as a companion to her own son, a crippled boy. This crippled boy was also a hunchback. The mother tenderly warned her boy to be very careful in his dealings with

this little cripple. She warned him not to touch the tender, sensitive part of his life. The boy was to go right on playing with the cripple as if he were an ordinary boy. The mother made it her business to listen to her boy as he was playing with the cripple. After they had been playing for some minutes, the boy said to his cripple companion: "Do you know what you have got on your back?" little hunchback felt embarrassed. He hesitated for some moments. The boy then said to him: "It is the box in which your wings are. Some future day God is going to cut it open. When He does this, then you will fly away and be an angel."

What a lesson, we say, this boy taught, to impress the cripple lad. Was it pleasing for the cripple to listen to the words of the friend? It no

doubt was, as we read, embarrassing for the cripple to listen to the words of his little friend, but reader, can you conceive that some time in the future, if you remain faithful to God, even in spite of the trials and sufferings that you may be called upon to pass through now, in this present life, God is going to reveal to you the very purpose of these trials, these sufferings? They may be things that now



#### HIS HAND

Matthew 14:24-32

The storms of life rush modly,
And it seems I connot stond;
Then I long to heor my Savior,
And I need His guiding Hand.

There He stands omid the tempest—
"It is I, be not ofroid"—
But I'm weighted with triols
That should ot His feet be loid.

I, in my humon weokness, Seem to only see His foce; When I would go to meet Him there, High woves obout me roce.

He bids me "Come"—with outstretched orm,

The seos colm ot His will; He grosps my hond, and to me, now He whispers "Peoce, be still."

My hand in His, now woves moy roll,
But peoce hos come to me;
I only feel the quiet colm
With such o Friend os He.

---Winifred Cheney, Lansing, Michigan. you rebel against. They may be humiliating principles with which you have to contend, but, dear Christian let not the enemy of your soul cause you to become weary and discouraged by the way. Keep looking to the Lord Jesus. Be true in trusting Him, in walking with Him. Is the way dark? Is the road on which you have been called to travel, rough and thorny? Is your burden heavy? Are your diffi-

culties increasing with each passing day? Let not the toils of the road become irksome to you. Let not the burdens by the way overwhelm you. Let not the sun become darkened so that you groan and cry under the load: "This is too heavy for me; this is not right that I should be called upon to thus suffer. The sufferings are far from reasonable; they are overwhelming; they are killing."

God often uses strange instruments with which to deal with His children. He is teaching them to trust Him. He is teaching them to trust Him. He is teaching them to cast their every care on Him. He wants to be their Burdenbearer. So often His children are so slow in learning. The lessons need to be repeated over and over. Do not forget: God is perfecting your char-

acter by the sufferings that He permits to come into your life. He is molding you into perfection such as He only can bring forth in your hear and life as you trust Him implicitly Be patient, brother, sister. Keep or trusting Him. Keep on following ir His path, the path He has mapped out for you-strange though it may be; disagreeable as it may feel to your flesh. Can you conceive that God is polishing you into a stone fitted and prepared for the great Structure in the great Beyond? Will you be faithful? Will you continue to be faithfu to Him? Will you follow Him ever though it may mean a living death to you? Only as you die, shall you truly live in and through Him.

Remember, dear Christian, it ma; mean "iron, plus fire; rock, plus heat

(Continued on page 34)

## A HOME CORRESPONDENCE COURSE

GEORGE ETHELBERT WELSH

Father Leslie Takes a Hand in the

Letter Writing of the Old

Homestead



The day was clear and the bright sunshine full of cheer; but Mrs. Lestie sat on the piazza with a wistfully pathetic expression of sadness on her face that was out of harmony with her surroundings. She held a letter in her hand, at which she occasionally glanced. She was the very spirit of melancholy dejection when Allan Lestie, tall, straight, and energetic, in spite of his three-score and some years, rounded the curve in the path and came upon her unexpectedly.

"Well, mother, you look as though you were posing for a picture of tragedy. What's wrong this morning?"

A smile crept into the forlorn face. "Nothing, Allan," she stammered half-heartedly, a light pinkish flush entering her face.

"Nothing, eh?" was the reply. "Sad and gloomy on such a glorious day as this, all for nothing!"

His eyes noted the fluttering letter in her hand.

"Nothing wrong with any of the children, I hope?" he added, breaking off his sentence suddenly.

"No. They're all quite well. Read

Mr. Leslie picked up the letter and glanced hastily over it. It took but a few seconds to read it.

"Humph!" he grunted. "Short and to the point. All well, and very busy. Any word lately from Mary?" he asked suddenly.

The letter was from Jane, their oldest daughter, married and living in the city. Mary was their youngest, a bride of two years.

a bride of two years.

"I had one last week from her," aintly stammered Mrs. Leslie. "Here is. But I read it to you when it came." She abstracted from a bundle in her lap another letter.

"Yes, it seems to me I do rememper hearing you read it. It didn't take ong—just enough to fill in the pause between two gulps of coffee. Humph! —short and—I can't say sweet—but to the point."

Again the flush on the withered cheeks. Somehow Mrs. Leslie felt that her husband was drawing her secret from her.

"And John—where's his letter?" he continued, smiling down at her. "Got that here? Oh, it's not from John, but from his wife. John had no time to write, and daughter-in-law is very busy. Well! well! city life seems to make them all busy—so busy they can't find much time to write letters home." He laughed softly; then abruptly:

"Have you answered any of these, mother?"

"Certainly. I always write immediately."

"And give them all the news of the farm? Let me see your last letter."

Teasingly he took a long, half-finished letter from her hands. It was a letter such as a mother would write to an absent child—long, tender, intimate, and affectionate. It recounted all the little happenings on the farm, magnifying details, and dwelling upon memories of a past that crowded upon a fertile brain.

"A model letter, mother," Mr. Leslie remarked finally. "I should say it was a treasure, and if I lived in the city, I'd prize it above everything else. Nevertheless. mother. I'm going to destroy it."

He deliberately tore the paper in two.

"Allan!" exclaimed his wife in surprise.

"Too bad, mother, to do it, but I don't want you to send it. You've written enough of those letters for the present."

"What in the world do you mean, dear?"

"Only this, mother. We're going to give our children a shorter course in home correspondence."

Still Mrs. Leslie stared uncomprehendingly at him.

"It's just this way, mother. You've been sending them long, intimate letters, telling them all the things that they want to know

about—for I believe they still love the old homestead—and in return they've been sending you a few words in reply, merely acknowledging your letters in the briefest way. Now we're going to return them in kind. I'll draft your letters in the future, and you can write them or copy them. Now wait, and let me see what I can do."

With a twinkle in the corner of his eyes, Mr. Leslie sat for ten minutes near his wife, and finally shoved a piece of paper before her. On it was written:

"Dearest Jane:—

"Your last letter received. I'm glad you are well. Father and I have been very busy. It's a good year, and the crops are large. The weather is lovely. Had a few days of rain last week, and that helped the crops. Write again soon. Affectionately,

"Mother."

Mrs. Leslie gasped as she read this brief message.

"But Allan, it would never do," she stammered.

"Why not? That's the kind of letters they send to you. Now we'll see how they like it."

In spite of her feeble protests, Mrs. Leslie finally copied the letter, adding a few words surreptitiously in one corner to lessen the brevity and sharpness of it. Two days later a somewhat similar letter was sent to Mary, and another to John, and one to Henry.

They were the shortest and briefest letters ever sent out from the old homestead, and by the same token they were the quickest to bring replies. Two days later Jane's scrawl appeared.

"What is the matter, mother?" it (Continued on page 30)



## Parental Influence

(Dedicated to our older mothers and fathers)

#### THE BEST ADVICE I EVER RECEIVED

Harriett Browning

The glaring sun was nearing the western horizon. It was the closing of an October day on the wide Kansas plains. Mother lay in her bedchamber parched with fever. The longed-for rains had not come to freshen verdure and cool the atmosphere. Someone came from the sick-room, stepping softly out to the farther end of the kitchen where we children lingered around the supper table. "Your mother wants you all to come to her," the attendant announced. Our group of six went immediately to mother's bedside. "One never can tell when one's mind may fail," mother began, "and then one could not talk to others. I wanted you to come in here that I could tell you that I may not get well." Our group burst into tears—the little ones weeping severely, in sympathy with the weeping from the older ones. "Do not weep so," she said, "but hear, see to it that you get to heaven." Words were few and tears many in that sacred, short space of time.

The great sun set, casting long shadows but a few more times over the window of that sick-room until mother's spirit took its flight. The weight of mother's last advice did not fall so heavily on my teen-age mind then, but as years multiplied for me, the thought of those last hours became more poignant. Looking across the smiling and irksome years of the past, I can realize the value of that advice more fully.

One of the first positive recognitions of the value of mother's words came to me while an evangelistic meeting was in progress in our town. The Spirit worked on my heart. Alone, at home, as the sun was nearing the western horizon, I retired to my bedchamber and fell on my knees in my anguished soul condition. "Lord, forgive me," I implored. Words were few, all I had, but God heard. The great burden fell off my heart and rolled into the unseen, seemingly down a cliff, as it did for the Pilgrim in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

Again, some months later, a renewed appreciation of Mother's last advice came to me. Someone had a counterfeit dollar passed on him. He gave it to me with the suggestion as to where and how it could successfully be passed. I passed it. Mother's advice suggested to me the need of an upright, honest life. I felt convicted of the sin of cheating—simple cheating. That dollar was offered as restitution. The sin was forgiven. Then and there I resolved to keep a clear conscience throughout my Christian life. I was then sure the way to heaven was by doing right under all circumstances.

As years passed, duties increased. Active public or



MRS. ZORA FRENCH The mother of our missionary to Dominican Republic, Rev. C. E. French

private service called forth manifold labors. "Faith without works is dead," I perceived. "Not by might nor by power but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts," became my constant source of strength to secure my journey to heaven.

To feel the nearness of heaven one can profit by visiting (Continued on page 26)

### My Dad

By the radio, in the old armchair, I seem to see my daddy there. We were such pals, my dad and me, That precious dad that cared far me. Tanight I miss that loving care, Those tail-warn hands, that silver hair, That precious smile, that happy face, No ane on earth can take his place. He was always gentle, so kind and true, He seldam complained, was never blue. Hame's not the same since he's not there, Farever there'll be that vacant chair. His place at hame na ane can fill, We laved him then and always will. Mather is laving, kind and true— We'll stand by her, her whale life through. Thru starm and rain she's staad the test And she has ever done her best. She's braved the trials of life alone Since dad was taken from the home. And though the path of sorrow has trad, She still has kept her faith in Gad. We wonder why dad had to go When we dearly laved him so. Some day, when in a better land, Perhaps 'tis then we'll understand. Yes, up in heaven, Lard, let me see That precious dad that cared far me.

### Che Future PARENTHOOD of America

By Walter E. Isenhour

Who are to be the future parents of America? You answer: "The boys and girls of today." Your answer is correct. But what kind of parents will they make? Now this is a more serious question than you may realize. Let us think a little: Is it not a fact beyond question that a parent should be strong physically, mentally, morally, and spiritually? You will admit this as a truth, won't you? To say the least, you admit that parents should be free from all venereal disease, and should not dope nor poison the system with alcohol and nicotine because it weakens their offspring. Children born to parents who are physically disabled from these things are oftentimes sickly when they come into the world, mentally weak, and sometimes deformed. Multitudes of them will not be strong.

When we see our young girls becoming slaves to cigarettes, many of whom drink beer and liquor, too, and indulge in other things and form other habits that are bad, just what kind of mothers will they make? Then when we see our young men enslaved by cigarettes, beer, dope, and liquor, many of whom are adulterous, what kind of fathers will they make? Multitudes of these boys and girls are

going to be our future parents.

They are going to marry, it is true, and children will be born unto them. If this situation is not enough to startle every good man and woman on the American soil, I wonder what is. It is enough to wake up every spiritually-dead father and mother, preacher, teacher, and church, and cause every good citizen to cry unto God for help and against the sins that are cursing us.

However, on the other hand, there are yet noble young people. Thank God for every one of them. They abstain from the evils and sins that are wrecking their fellows. They are godly. They have high aims and noble purposes. They are straightforward and honest. They are truthful. They use the best of language. They have formed no bad and ruinous habits. They take care of their bodies, value their health, guard themselves against evil and degrading thoughts and indulgences, love God and His holy and blessed Word. They read and study the Bible in order to know how to live right; they read the best and most ennobling books and literature; they love the church and Sunday School.

But the godly, righteous young people of today—young people who are manly and womanly, clean and upright morally and spiritually, free from all bad and ruinous habits—are far in the minority. The class of young people who are bent on sin and wickedness number legion. They wield a powerful influence; therefore, the godly boys and girls will need all the grit and grace, courage and determination it is possible to obtain if they go on in life and retain their integrity. They need the prayers and all the encouragement it is possible to send up and give in their behalf.

America's future parenthood, except with the minority, certainly looks very unpromising. Unless there is a tremendous change made in environment, and a mighty move back to God, it looks as though the coming generations are going to weaken morally, physically, mentally, and spiritually.

The only hope of any people, young or old, and of any nation, great or small, is God. Why can't we see this? It looks like educated people, who know much of what has happened in the history of the world, could see this and not follow in the same destructive pathway that others have trod, which has meant their undoing, and then teach the right, as well as live it, before our young people.

#### HONOR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER

E. L. MOORE Exod. 20:12

To honor is to hold in high esteem with love, respect, and reverence. If we fail to keep this command, how awful will be the results that follow. This is the only command that is subjoined with a promise—"that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

It is a very serious sin to break even one of the commandments of God, because it is law to us, our instructions. It should be considered so. It is a sin to lie, steal, kill, covet, commit adultery. It is dishonor to practice such, and shame and disgrace are sure to follow. We should honor father and mother as such under any circumstances or position in life that we may have God's favor and reward. We are honored because we honor. Often we see special honor shown to someone and it bespeaks good train-

(Continued on page 28)

#### The Mother's Trust

"They shall take to them every man a lomb, according to the house of their fathers, a lomb for on house. It is the Lord's possover. The blood shall be to you for a token upon the house where ye are, and when I see the blood, I will poss over you."—Exod. 12:3, 11, 13.

Beneoth the blood-stoined lintel I with my children stond; A messenger of judgment is possing through the land; There is no other refuge from the destroyer's face— Beneath the blood-stoined lintel shall be aur hiding-place.

The Lomb of God hos suffered, aur sins and griefs He bore; By foith the blood is sprinkled above our dwelling's door. The Lord, who judges righteously, has given that sacred sign; Tonight the blood-stained lintel shall shelter me and mine.

My Sovior, for my deor ones I claim Thy promise true:
The Lomb is "for the household"—the children's Savior, tao.
On earth the little children once felt Thy touch divine;
Beneath the blood-stoined lintel Thy blessing give to mine.

O Thou wha gave them, guard them—those woyword little feet, The wilderness before them, the ills af life ta meet. My mather-love is helpless, I trust them to Thy care! Beneath the blood-stained lintel—my place is ever there.

The faith I rest upon Thee, Thou wilt not disoppoint;
With wisdom, Lord, to train them, my shrinking heart anaint.
With all my children, Fother, I then sholl see Thy foce—
Under the blood-stoined lintel, the token of Thy groce.

O wonderful Redeemer, who suffered for our soke,
When o'er the guilty notions the judgment storm shall break,
With joy fram that sofe shelter sholl we then meet Thine eye,
Beneoth the blood-stoined lintel, my children, Lord, ond I.
—Contributed.



## Bits of Inspiration

By Pauline Weaver Harding



#### To Travel Homeward

To be strong and true; to be generous in praise and appreciation of others; to impute worthy motives even to enemies; to give without expectation of return; to practice humility, tolerance and self-restraint; to make the best use of time and opportunity; to keep the mind pure and the judgment charitable; to extend intelligent sympathy to those in distress; to cultivate quietness and non-resistance; to seek truth and righteousness; to work, love, pray and serve daily, to aspire greatly, labor cheerfully, and take God at His word—this is to travel Homeward.

-Glenville Klieser.

#### Only

It was ONLY a blossom,
Just the merest bit of bloom,
But it brought a glimpse of summer
To the little darkened room.

It was ONLY a glad good morning, As she passed along the way; But it spread the morning's glory Over the livelong day.

ONLY a song; but the music Though simple, pure and sweet, Brought back to better pathways The reckless, roving feet.

ONLY, in our blind wisdom, How dare we say it at all? Since the ages alone can tell us Which is the great or small.

-Selected.

#### Go Right On Working

Ah, yes! the task is hard, 'tis true, But what's the use of sighing? They're soonest with their duties thru Who bravely keep on trying. There's no advantage to be found In sorrowing or shirking; They with success are soonest crowned

Who just go right on working.

Strive patiently and with a will That shall not be defeated;
Keep singing at your task until You see it stand completed.
Nor let the clouds of doubt draw near, Your sky's glad sunshine murking,

Be brave, and fill your heart with cheer.

And just go right on working.

-Nixon Waterman.

#### Be True Thyself

Thou must be true thyself If thou the truth wouldest teach; Thy soul must overflow, if thou Another's soul wouldest reach. It needs the overflow of heart To give the lips full speech.

-Selected.

#### More and More

Purer yet and purer I would be in mind,

Dearer yet and dearer every duty find; Hoping still and trusting God without a fear,

Patiently believing He will make it clear.

Calmer yet and calmer trials bear and pain,

Surer yet and surer peace at last to gain;

Suffering still and doing to His will resigned

And to God subduing heart and will and mind.

Higher yet and higher out of clouds and night,

Nearer yet and nearer rising to the light—

Light serene and holy—where my soul may rest.

Purified and lowly, sanctified and blest.

-Johann W. von Goethe.

Worry and Fret were two little men That knocked at my door again and again.

"Oh, pray let us in, but to tarry a night,

And we will be off with the dawning of light."

At last, moved to pity, I opened the door

To shelter these travelers, hungry and poor;

But when on the morrow I bade them "Adieu"
They said, quite unmoved, "We'll tarry

with you."

And, deaf to entreaty and callous to

These troublesome guests abide with me yet.

The world is wide
In time and tide
And God is guide;
Then do not hurry.
That man is blest
Who does his best
And leaves the rest;
Then do not worry.

God has His best things for the few Who dare to stand the test;

-Charles F. Deems.

He has His second choice for those Who will not have His best.

#### No Wood

Proverbs 26:20, 21

Mrs. Velma B. Huffman

Do not ask me of my neighbor Things that do not you concern. I am passing on no careless word To cause some heart to burn.

If it is news you crave, I'm silent; You may as well retire, For I am giving no more kindling To start a gossip fire.

The gospel-fire is burning here, God help us keep it good; The gossip-fire is going out, And I'm not buying wood.

When whispering folk get newsy,
Then I want to keep my head,
And say to them, "My friends, no
wood!

My gossip fire is dead."

Louisville, Ohio.

#### HOW?

LeRoy Judson

How can one gaze at the star-lit sky Watch a feathered creature upward

See a tender plant push through the sod,

And yet believe there is no God?

How can one see a rainbow span the sky,

Watch the fleecy clouds go floating by The golden moon, or the burning sun Yet say the world without God was begun?

Such men are fools—so says the Sacrec Book—

For God is seen, wherever man may look.

## DEADING CIRCLE

#### HOW CHARLES FINNEY WAS WON TO CHRIST

Bertram Williams

Charles G. Finney intended to be a lawyer, but God aimed that he should be an evangelist who would win a half million souls during his lifetime. The young lawyer decided that it would be well for him to connect himself with some church, so he selected a little Presbyterian church in his community. Here he took an active part in attending choir practice, going to prayer meetings that he might meet the young people, and did all he could to be popular with the group. One Sunday the minister had planned a special service of an evangelistic nature, by which he hoped to win the unconverted of his congregation.

The youthful lawyer was naturally on his heart, and he spent much time with him. A band of young people vowed that they would pray for Finney's conversion. Faithfully they kept their vow, and diligently they worked with their prospect. When possible they would talk to him about his soul. After a season of praying for this one person, they seemed to avail, and Finney was seized with an intense case of conviction for his sins.

One Sunday evening in October, 1821, Finney began to seek the Lord seriously. This became a matter of business, and finally the glory of salvation broke in upon his soul. At once he became a personal worker and everyone that he would meet was told the story of his Savior. He remembered that a few young people had "prayed him through" and he began to spread the glad tidings in the same manner. Within twenty-four hours after his conversion, a number had yielded, among them a lawyer and a distiller. From this, a revival broke out in the community.

God touched Finney's lips with fire, and calls came from everywhere for him to come and hold revivals. Mighty manifestations of God attended his services. Father Nash banded with him, and became the prayer while Finney was the preacher. During a six months' campaign in Rochester,

one hundred thousand were converted and joined the churches of the city and vicinity. In London for some six weeks, from fifteen hundred to two thousand sought the Lord each night. Across the Eastern States a revival spread everywhere until half a million souls were brought to Jesus.

Finney realized the value of personal work and prayer bands so much that he organized his workers and held these band meetings in each revival. He remembered that he had been won through personal contact and prayer, and he made this the basis of his work.

Mr. Gale, the minister, and the small group of young people who won Finney doubtless did not realize what God was doing when they were used as an instrument in His hands for his redemption. But the plans of God never miscarry. With Him there are no accidents. This method of personal work has been His ordained scheme for winning mighty workers in His vineyard.

Many of God's greatest soul-winners were won through personal evangelism. Whitefield was won by leading the singing for a group of women. Moody was brought to Jesus by a drummer. Moody and Sanky touched the heart of Gypsy Smith through personal contact in a gypsy camp. Billy Sunday was won by some personal workers while they were holding a street service in Chicago. And so the story runs.

Do not disparage the individual contact. Drive an arrow home with a Spirit-freighted word. For God's workers must learn to do as Jesus did—win a single woman at Jacob's well in order to reach a city, or the multitudes, with a revival.

NOTE: Here is a brief sketch of the life of Finney. This is just enough to make you hungry for more. Read "The Life of Finney," this month. You can find this book at the Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tenn.

We are mentioning other books, also, if you have read this. We are not using this page for advertising our

books, but to help you find the book you choose. You may be able to borrow it from your eity library, but you should begin now to build for yourself a library of these good books.

Children, this page is for you, too, and you will find some books for your reading.—Ed.

#### Suggested Books for This Month's Reading

"Patty Lou of the Golden West," by Basil Miller. This is a clean-cut story which will thrill every teen-age girl who reads its pages. It is packed from first to last with suspense and action, yet through it all the author weaves a splendid spiritual message. Girls and boys alike will enjoy Patty Louand her story. Price, 60c.

"In Heavenly Places," by A. B. Simpson. Chapter I, "Even as He," Chapter II, "Risen with Christ," Chapter III, "In Heavenly Places," Chapter IV, "Faith's Challenge," Chapter V, "A Place of Broad Rivers," Chapter VI, "The Boundless Blessing," Chapter VII, "Graven Upon His Hands," Chapter VIII, "Echoes," Chapter IX, "Dwelling in Bethel," Chapter X, "The Kingdom and the Times," Chapter XI, "The Best Thing," Chapter XII, "Jesus Only." Price, 35c.

C. T. Studd, by Norman Grubb. What others say about the book: "It is a gripping story, full of action and heroism, revealing a real character who left all to follow Christ."—Religious Telescope.

"This is a remarkable life story which should be read by every Christian Worker."—Baptist Messenger.

"This book will make a gift at once acceptable and effective for students and young people, which, under God, should bear fruit unto eternal life."—Bibliotheca Sacra. Price, \$2.00.

If I Were Young, Clovis G. Chappell. Themes wonderfully attractive to young people, with perfectly matching titles and texts, are here developed with such sincerity, directness, and wholesome balance that they are as interesting to those who have been young, to those who wonder what they would do "if they had it to do over," to elders concerned with guiding young life, as they are to the youthful hearers in the forefront of the author's mind. Price, \$1.50.

In His Steps, by Charles M. Sheldon.
(Continued on page 26)

## POEM PAGE

#### FATHER'S VOICE

Years an' years ago, when I
Was just a little lad,
An' after school hours used to work
Around the farm with dad,
I used to be so wearied out
When eventide was come
That I got kinder anxious like
About the journey home;
But dad, he used to lead the way,
An' once in awhile turn 'round
an' say—

So cheerin' like, so tender—"Come!
Come on, my son, you're nearly
home!"

That allers used to help me some;
An' so I followed father home.
I'm old an' gray, an' feeble now,
An' trembly at the knees,
But life seems jest the same today
As then it seemed to me—
For I am still so wearied out,
When eventide is come,
And still get kinder anxious-like
About the journey home;
But still my father leads the way

An' once an' awhile I hear him say—
So cheerin'—like, so tender—"Come!
Come on, my son, you're nearly
home!"

And same as then, that helps me some:

An' so I'm followin' father home.

—Selected.

#### THAT DAD OF MINE

His shoulders are stooped with strife and care,

His life's work is almost thru;
He sits alone in an easy chair
Dreaming of a home beyond the blue.
Those snowy locks are a noble crown,
Those eyes are dimmed with the
years;

He calmly awaits the harvest Lord,
He knows no cares nor fears—
THAT DAD OF MINE!

Years ago when he was young
I was his pride and joy,
He always prayed that God some day
Would save his wandering boy;
God saw in him a life so pure—
His prayers are answered now,
He is ready for a crown of gold

To adorn his snowy brow— THAT DAD OF MINE!

When I was but a lad so small
I thought my daddy grand;
I would be just like him,
When "I grew to be a man,"
Those days are fled and vanished,
When I sat upon his knee,
But I look back on yesterday,
He was a pal to me—
THAT DAD OF MINE!

-Selected.

I am weak, dear Lord, but thou art strong,

Thou art always right but sometimes I am wrong.

Let me work for Thee, dear Lord, to prove my love,

Just let me inherit that home above.

Oh, show me, dear Lord, more to do.

#### 'TIS MOTHER'S DAY

J. M. Kailin



'Tis Mother's Day! In glad array
Carnation buds we wear for her
Who gave us life, and led the woy
So gently when we helpless were.
She gave our infant yeors
Of smiles and tears
A mother's love.

'Tis Mother's Day! Bring sweet bouquet,
And speak the thoughts of filial mind,
Our gratitude while yet we moy
To her, unselfish, firm and kind.
The changeless humon art
That won each heart
Wos mother's love.

'Tis Mother's Day! We still obey
The one who led us by the hand,
And taught our prattling lips to pray,
And for our schooling wisely planned.
She daily honored God,
And pathwoy trod
Of mother's love.

CONTRACTOR CONTRACTOR

Let me, dear Lord, be pleasing to you, Let me work in the Sunday School and Y.P.E.

Let me, dear Lord, be pleasing to Thee.

-Selected.

#### A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS

(My mother's favorite poem.—Ed.)

A little talk with Jesus,
How it smooths the rugged road;
How it seems to help me onward,
When I faint beneath my load.
When my heart is crushed with sorrow,
And mine eyes with tears are dim,
There's nought can yield me comfort
Like a little talk with Him.

I tell Him I am weary,
And I fain would be ot rest,
That I'm daily, hourly longing
For o home upon His breast;
And He answers me so sweetly,
In tones of tend'rest love,
"I am coming soon to take thee
To my Father's home above."

Ah, this is what I'm wonting,

His lovely face to see;
And I'm not afraid to say it,
I know He's wanting me;
He gave His life o ransom
To moke me all His own,
And He can't forget His promise
To me, His purchosed one.

I cannot live without Him,
Nor would I if I could;
He is my daily portion,
My medicine ond my food,
He's oltogether lovely,
None can with Him compore—
The chief among ten thousond,
The fairest of the fair.

I know the woy is dreory
To yonder for-off clime,
But a little talk with Jesus
Will while awoy the time,
And yet the more I know Him,
And all His groce explore,
It only sets me longing
To know Him more and more.

I often feel impatient
And mourn His long deloy,
I never can be settled
While He remains away;
But we shall not long be parted,
For I know He'll quickly come,
And we shall dwell together
In that HAPPY, HAPPY home.

So I'll wait a little longer,
Till His appointed time,
And glory in the knowledge
That such o hope is mine.
Then in my Father's dwelling,
Where "many mansions" be,
I'll sweetly talk with Jesus,
And He shall talk with me.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.—Matt. 11:28-30.—Tract.

## Youth Personal Evangelistic Union

#### AN AGED INFIDEL REDEEMED

While conducting meetings in a Southern city, I was met on the street one day by an old gentleman who urged me to call on a friend of his, whom he represented to be a man eighty-six years of age, very wealthy, but living a life of a hermit, with only his servants around him, in one of the suburban homes.

"It is a pity," he said, "for him to die there, a hardened infidel, when all around him are those who believe the gospel, and might take the message of salvation to him."

I promised at once that I would go the next morning.

At that time I was staying at the home of my brother, who was pastor of one of the churches in the city; and when I went in to lunch that day, I said to him.

"Do you know old Mr. R---?"

"I should think I do," he replied.
"He is the most prominent infidel in all this community."

"Well, I have promised to go and see him and talk to him about his soul."

"He will curse you off his place if you go there," my brother responded emphatically. "He will not allow a preacher to enter his house; and if you do so, you will be grossly insulted."

"But I promised," said I, "and I must go."

"I tell you," my brother added, "you will simply be driven from the place."

"What if I am? I shall not be first; and besides, you and I, if we go, would be going on an errand of mercy. Let us go, and take an old-fashioned cursing for Christ's sake. We can stand it," said I.

"All right," he said despairingly. "If you go, I shall go with you; but I know the result."

The next morning we got into his buggy and drove up under the great trees before the magnificent old colonial Southern home. We tied our horse, walked up onto the verandah, and pulled the bell.

My brother laid his hand upon my arm, and said entreatingly, "Come now, let us go, you have fulfilled your promise as best you could, and can do no more."

"Hold on a minute," I said to him as I walked along the verandah and peered through the blinds, where I discovered the old gentleman sitting before an open fire, a shawl around his shoulders, and gazing into the flames as if in deep meditation.

"What are you going to do?" my brother asked excitedly.

"If the door is unlocked, I am going in," said I; and with that I tried the door, which opened, and we walked in.

A moment later we stood at the side of the old gentleman, and I never looked into a finer face. His hair, perfectly white, curled in ringlets about his head. His fine gray eyes looked steadily up in surprise as we stood beside him.

"Mr. R——," I said, "I am a minister of the gospel; and this is my brother, another minister." I had concluded to present both of us at once so that if he did begin to curse we could divide it between us.

"Be seated, gentlemen," he said very politely.

We took our chairs near to his, and then I did not know what to say. The more I tried to think of some way to begin, the more embarrassing the situation became. I was perfectly sure that when I mentioned the subject of religion, he would either order us from the house or express himself in words

#### \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

#### DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH

A diomond in the rough Is a diamond sure enough, For, before it ever sparkled, It was made of diamond stuff. Of course, someone must find it Or it never will be found. And then, someone must grind it Or it never will be ground. But when it's found and when it's ground, And when it's burnished bright, That diomond's everlostingly Flashing out its rodiont light. O! Christian, please, whoe'er you be Don't soy yau've done enough. That warst boy in your town may be A diomond in the rough.

—Author Unknown.

There are same twenty million of these
"Diamonds in the Raugh" scattered over aur
country places. Will you help us in gath-

ering these preciaus jewels far our Savior's crawn?"—Malachi 3:17.

that would not be pleasant as music to our ears.

Finally I said to him: "Mr. R——, I lost my dear father a short time ago. If I were with him this morning, there is a request I should like to make of him; can I make the same of you?"

He looked at me steadily for a moment and I think concluded finally that I had come to ask him for a contribution. At length he said to me: "Make it, Sir; make it."

"Mr. R—," said I, getting very close to him, "I would like to pray for you, if you have no objection."

After thinking a moment he replied: "No man could rightly object to that, Sir."

An instant later we were on our knees. As he was old and infirm, I quickly suggested to him to remain in his chair; and as I knelt, my elbow rested upon his knee, while my mouth was close to his ear. I prayed for him and for him alone. I realized that the opportunity of a lifetime was mine. Here was a very old man with one foot in the grave, and the other upon its crumbling edge. When the prayer was done, we arose to our feet. I saw traces of tears upon his face.

He extended his hand to me, and said: "I am a great sinner, Sir, a great sinner."

"Yes, but, Mr. R——," I cried, "you have a great Savior, a great Savior."

The way was open, and for a few moments I talked freely to him.

As we were going to the afternoon service about three o'clock that day, and walked along the aisle, my brother touched me and said, "Look on the front seat!"

At the close of my address, I called on any who were willing to give their hearts and give themselves to the service of God's Son, our Savior, to rise to their feet.

Mr. R—— walked with a very long staff. He rose, leaning upon the staff, and turning, faced the congregation. "My friends and neighbors," he said, "you are all surprised to see me here. I have come to tell you that this day I have surrendered to the Lord Jesus Christ." Then turning to me, he extended his hand, saying as he did so,

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Motto: "HE THAT WINNETH SOULS IS WISE," Prov. 11:35.

## Tom, the Prodigal

Nettie Burkholder

The well-known strains of grand old "Nettleton" floated out on Broad Street to the words used in a thousand revival meetings:

"The fountain lies open,
The fountain lies open,
Come bathe your weary soul."

Tom staggered along, not conscious of any aim to destination. The "fountain" caught his bleared attention. His throat was hard and dry and cracked, his lips purple and blistered. Any kind of a drink! Anything! He stumbled in the low door of the "lecture room," then stood, swaying and tottering, blinded by the light, dazed by the volume of sound, his purpose already forgotten.

The pronounced titter from several pews of young people near the door increased his confusion. But instinctively he recognized a friend in the sweet-faced young lady who grasped his dirty hand and piloted him to a seat, saying in a low tone, "We are glad to have you with us, Brother! Sit right here."

She put a song book in his hand, but he could not read a word. "Brother!" was sounding in his dulled brain. That lady had called him "brother."

"There is a fountain," sang the congregation, to an old familiar tune that Tom had heard hundreds of times when a boy.

But the word "fountain" recalled his thirst. He wanted a drink so badly.

If he could only get a drink. What was that somebody was saying? "Never thirst." That was ridiculous. He could tell that man better than that.

He dozed off for a few minutes, then roused with something like a start, as the congregation kneeled down in prayer.

Tom rolled down on his threadbare knees. He didn't even think what it was all about, only he was tired, and thirsty and miserable.

A voice was speaking, the voice of a strong man. Presently the volume of sound increased. Tom caught a few words. 'Save us from our sins!" Another voice shouted loudly, "Amen-" Tom understood dimly, "Save! sins—save"! That touched him just where he lived. "Amen!" he mumbled.

"Tha'sh me!"

The congregation stood again, and another melody broke forth. With a great effort he regained his seat but did not attempt to stand.

A rather tall, broad, powerful-looking man in military uniform with brass buttons down the front and straps on his shoulders, was talking earnestly. Tom felt a gleam of recognition. Pres-



Dad was a very quiet man, Just went along his usual way, Gettin'a lot of workin' done,

Not having very much to say; Takin' a tree, or shrub, or vine,

Or any kind of plant that grows— Handlin' them all with ungloved hands,,

Takin' the jab from long-thorned rose.

I used to sometimes say to him,
"You're much too old to plant a
tree."

Looked at me in that quiet way,
"Someone will like it, son," said he;
So he went on about his work,
Plantin' for dreamed-of loveliness,

Makin' a tangled bit of vine Cover a world of ugliness.

"Shall I put gloves on them?" was asked,

"They look so rough among the flowers."

I could not see for blinding tears,

Tears at remembrance of the hours

Dad used to spend in summer sun,

Diggin' among the stones and dirt,
Makin' his hands so hard and tough,
Brambles could make them feel no
hurt.

"Leave them just as they are," said I,
"Soiled and stained by the touch of
sod,

Baring the hands in homely earth,
Must keep one very close to God."

And so we cross them on his breast, Carressing the fingers stiff, and slim, And we stood silent in the room

And let dad's old hands speak for him.

ently the fact forced its way through his mind. It was the "good Colonel," as they sometimes called him.

The "good colonel" talked on and his words began to hit Tom hard as his intelligence slowly awakened. He saw a pathetic picture of his own miserable home—the place where his family herded in three small rooms, and he himself slept off his debauches in snoring unconsciousness.

He saw his wife, a bowed and ragged figure moving feebly about her work with nothing to look forward to but her husband's dreaded coming. Her "husband"; yes, the one who had promised to love, cherish, and protect her. "Protect her. Protect!" cried the colonel, "protect!"

The sarcasm pierced even Tom's mind. He muttered a little and shifted his position uneasily.

Then the colonel made him see his children, the three little mites, stunted, starved, soiled; hiding in terror in the corners when they heard their father's stumbling steps, trudging out to the corner grocery to buy or beg as they had a copper in the house or not—poor little, frightened, helpless things, going down, down, down, down, down.

"What do you imagine God thinks of you?" cried the speaker. "You ought to be leading your children in the way of truth and purity. You are showing them the broad road to destruction! What will you do about it? What?"

Presently he caught the colonel's words again. The voice had changed, the broad, kindly face was beaming, there were tears in his eyes. He told of the love and the mercy of God; of His power; His ability to take a poor, lost wanderer and heal him outright; of how a man down in the gutter might be lifted up and set upon his feet of a new life, a clean life, a decent life, even a useful; of forgiveness and happiness and peace and strength and joy and victory.

The speaker pressed on; questions began to come rapidly. Did he want to be delivered from all this misery and evil, all this suffering and punishment so richly deserved, all this worthlessness and infamy? Did he want to be "saved"?

There was no direct cause to rise, but Tom was on his feet, one palsied hand stretched shakingly out, his thick, bruised lips quivering.

"Yep! Sure! Tha'sh me, Colonel."
Somebody stepped to his side, a
(Continued on page 29)



#### More To Follow

"And of his fulness have all we received." Rowland Hill received 100 pounds to send to an extremely poor minister. Thinking it was too much to send him all at once, he sent him five pounds in a letter with simply these words, "And more to follow." So it continued twenty times, the good man being more and more astounded at each letter. Now every blessing that comes from God is sent in just such an envelope with the selfsame message, "And more to follow." "I forgive your sins, but there is more to follow." "I justify you in the righteousness of Christ, but there is more to follow." "I adopt you into my family, but there is more to follow." "I educate you for heaven, but there is more to follow. And when you land in the world to come, there shall still be more to follow."-Condensed by C. H. Spurgeon, in "Biblical Illustrator," by Joseph S. Excell. Sent by Mrs. A. Signore, Westfield, N. J.

#### Which Boat Are You In?

There are three kinds of people in all organizations, and ours is no exception—which may be but new labels for that which has been here from the beginning.

There are the rowboat people, the sailboat people, and the steamboat people.

The rowboat people always need to be pushed or shoved along.

The sailboat people move along when a favorable wind is blowing.

The steamboat people move along continuously, through calm or storm. They are the masters of themselves and their surroundings—Religious Telescope.

#### A One-Eyed Religion

A rich miser was afflicted with cataracts on both eyes. He applied to an eminent surgeon to remove them, and after examination was told that it could be done. "But, what will it cost?" was his anxious question. "One hundred dollars for each eye," was the answer. And the miser thought of his

money and then thought of his blindness, and said, "I will have one eye restored; that will be enough to enable me to count my money, and I can save the expense of having the other operated on."

"O Lord, open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wonderful things out of Thy law!" cries the true Christian. But the half-and-half Christian wants only one eye opened. He likes to have the minister preach conversion, because he has become converted himself and believes in it; but he does not like to have him preach consecration, for that implies laying himself and all his wealth on God's altar, and he is not ready for that. He deliberately chooses a one-eyed religion.—A. J. Gordon.

#### When Minorities Won

During the one hundred and twenty years that Noah spent in building the ark, he was very much in the minority. But he won.

When Joseph was sold into Egypt by his brethren, he was in a decided minority. But he won.

When Moses appeared before Pharaoh and demanded the freedom of the Israelites, he, too, was very much in the minority. But he won.

When Joshua crumbled the walls of Jericho, with the blasts from a handful of ram's horns, he was in the minority. But he won.

When Gideon and his 300 followers, with their broken pitchers and smoky lamps put the Midianite hosts to flight, they were an insignificant minority. But they won.

When Elijah brought down fire from heaven, and put the prophets of Baal to shame, he was in a notable minority. But he won.

When David, ridiculed and laughed at by his brothers, went out to meet the giant, Goliath, in size, he was in a decided minority. But he won.

When Jesus Christ was crucified by the Roman soldiers, He was a conspicuous minority. But he won.

When Luther nailed his theses on the door of the cathedral, he was a lonesome minority. But he won.— Temperance Scrap Book.

#### Ennobling Our Work

Many believe that to "do good" it is necessary to go outside of the daily routine. Yet business men have served the larger interests of humanity by faithfulness in their own niche. One man, thwarted in his plan to go as a foreign missionary, resolved to work twenty-four hours a day by supporting a worker in China. During his sleeping hours, a man on the other side of the globe was busy teaching and preaching.

John Wanamaker, kept out of the ministry by a weak throat, did not cease to be a zealous promoter of the Kingdom. He was at the head of a great store, yet he felt that his real business was helping the Church, the Sunday School, and the Y.M.C.A.

Arthur Nash put the Golden Rule into his business. He preached sometimes, but perhaps his most worthwhile task was his applying the principle of Jesus to the problems of industry. He is dead, but his influence goes on and his successors are following in his footsteps.

#### Whose Missionary Are You? Rose Feaster

A family reunion, in honor of a returned missionary from a foreign field, was well under way. Many memories were being recalled and new additions to the family were being met.

A young sister who had recently married brought her fine-looking, young husband to meet the missionary. They discussed current subjects, and the missionary said, "So you are a missionary, too!"

The young man smiled and said, "No, sir, I'm manager of the R——Theatre."

The missionary repeated his statement, "You are a missionary, too!"

The young man eyed his brother-in-law with wonder and said, "Why, no, I—."

The missionary broke in with, "Why, friend, you labor many hours a day, receive good pay. You encourage people to come to see the shows. You advertise each day of Exciting Romance, Wife Stealing and Murder. You have great neon signs to attract your converts. What more could qualify you for a missionary?"

The astonished and indignant young man said, "Sir, I don't under-(Continued on page 26)

### NEWS FROM BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL AND COLLEGE By ... Smeltzer

Dear Sister Harrison

Greetings in Jesus' dear name. I wish to express my deep gratitude to God for the great privilege of attending Bible Training School—the opportunity I have so long desired and prayed for.

I truly praise God for the president, officials and faculty of the school. Surely it is a blessing to be here in preparation to face a gainsaying people and to be ready and equipped with the gospel of truth and necessary equipment to fight all the forces of the evil one. Our aim is to have both the power of God and also the necessary education to accomplish the will and purpose of God and His Word.

Particularly do I want to stress the unrealized value received from our study in Personal Evangelism. No human estimation can be set on the deep need of the study and memorizing of the scriptures for use in personal soul-work. When one makes practical use and application of the Word of God stored away in the mind and heart, then only does he begin to realize the necessity of being prepared to face the questions placed before the personal worker by the inquirer or person whom he may be trying to win to Christ.

The Word of God tells us plainly to be ready to give an answer for the hope of the Christian. If we do not know the Word, how can the Holy Spirit bring it to our remembrance?

I recommend that all who read this study and memorize the Word and apply it. It is not as difficult a task as it may appear to be. To be successful soul-winners we've got to be ready at all times. Satan has his workers studying and devising plans twentyfour hours a day to defeat and destroy the works of righteousness. Certainly you must agree our cause is far more beneficial to the need of the soul, how much more should we take upon us the responsibility that rests upon our shoulders? Every Christian should be a personal soul-winner, either by personal contact, mail or by tracts of sound doctrine carefully read and studied before distribution. Let's do business for God by winning the lost. Come on, Christians, show your love and concern and put your shoulder to the wheel.—Gilbert E. Bleyer.

REVIVAL AT B.T.S.

By Alice Pullin

"There shall be showers of blessing," Ezekiel 34:26. This wonderful promise was fulfilled during the revival services conducted by Rev. Leonard Carroll here at B.T.S. from March 8 to March 17.

Reverend Carroll is pastoring a large church at Greer, South Carolina. At the present, he is studying at Furman University, where he is majoring in English. He is an outstanding ministerial student of that college, and he has had great success as an evangelist. We were, indeed, fortunate that he was able to spend a week with

During our revival, our schedule was rearranged in order to give us sufficient time to prepare our lessons. Classes were cut to thirty minutes instead of the usual hour periods, thus making it possible to finish all classes in the morning. After the noon study hall, the girls assembled in groups to pray that God would bless our revival.

Each evening before the message, programs were presented by the students. Thursday evening, however, we were privileged to have our faculty take charge of the service. Their program consisted of several stirring musical numbers and then each member gave his favorite Scripture verse. We all enjoyed it very much. Saturday evening the Spanish classes gave a program, which consisted of several hymns in that language, and then several students gave inspiring testimonies.

Reverend Carroll's messages met

the need of the school, and accomplished their purposes in the hearts of the Christian young people and in the hearts of those who had not taken a definite stand for Christ. The presence of the Lord was felt in power each evening as he delivered his message. We all eagerly anticipated them, and believe they gave us greater determination, firmer resolutions, and deeper convictions.

The altar services were a real blessing. Many who were seeking the baptism of the Holy Spirit were filled, and the rest of us were revived. The spirit of unity and cooperation prevailed during this part of the service. It reminds us of a similar occasion as told in Acts 2:1, "They were all with one accord and in one place." Several students were gloriously baptized in the early hours of the morning. Truly these seekers knocked until the windows of heaven opened, and the blessing came until it seemed impossible to contain it. Those of us who were praying with them received our share; in fact, it was as if we were all receiving the Baptism again. When I asked one young man to relate his new experience he just said, "Well, it's the best thing that has happened in my life!"

Besides the evening services, Reverend Carroll addressed us in the chapel period. Here his messages were primarily to the Christians. They brought us a greater realization of the wonders of our Christian faith. Two of these messages are especially outstanding in our minds; they gave us

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#### REMINISCENCE

By W. E. Motes

LA CARLO CAR

I am thinking of the happy long ago, when I was but a lad,

How we children sat on the porch in the gloaming and listened to Mother and Dad

As they sang such songs as "Amazing Grace," and how the Lone Pilgrim fell by the way,

Then father would sing, "When I'm Happy in Him, December's as pleasant as May."

They'd sing, "There Is a Fountain Filled With Blood," and "Are You Ready for the Judgment Day,"

And then we'd blend our voices with theirs and sing "Oh Happy Day,"
Sometimes they'd sing the "Model Church," and "How Christ Redeemed Us
From the Fall,"

And "There Will Be No Parting There," and "Crown Him Lord of All."

But they, like the wayworn traveler of whom they often sang,
Have overtopped the mountain and wended their way up home;
And I can never sit in twilight here with them again as in the days of yore,
But perhaps I'll hear them sing with the angels there when I reach that
golden shore.

## Prayer Page

Beginning the Day With God

Every day should be commenced with God and upon the knees. He begins the day unwisely who leaves his chamber without a secret conference with his heavenly Friend. The true Christian goes to his closet both for his panoply and his "rations" for the day's march and its inevitable conflicts. As the Oriental traveler sets out for the sultry journey by loading up his camel under the palm tree's shade, and by filling his flagons from the cool fountain that sparkles at its roots, so doth God's wayfarer draw his fresh supplies from the unexhausted spring. Morning is the golden time for devotion. The mercies of the night provoke to thankfulness. The buoyant heart, that is in love with God, makes its earliest flight, like the lark, toward the gates of heaven. Gratitude, faith, dependent trust, all prompt to early interviews with Him who, never slumbering Himself, waits on His throne for our morning orisons.—Sel.

Unanswered Prayers

"Pa said that he liked us to ask him for whatever we wanted, and I asked him yesterday to get me a kite, and he has not got it for me!" said a curleyheaded grumbler, on a cold, foggy day in November.

"Yes, and I asked him to give me a gold watch, and he has never given me one!" said a brother, two or three years older; and I don't see the good of asking him for things."

Six months passed away, when, behold! one fine day in May, the father came in with a beautiful kite, which he gave to the little boy without saying a word. But it was eight or nine years before he called the other boy to him, and said, "I suppose you have forgotten that when you were a boy in pinafores you asked me for a gold watch, haven't you?"

"Yes, that I have," answered the tall youth.

"But I have not," said the father. "Here is the watch, my dear boy; you can value it and take care of it now."

Ah, Christian, need I add a word? else I might say that prayers do not spoil by keeping, but are only put out at interest.—Sel.

#### A Rule of Prayer Chester E. Shuler

A youth lay very sick. The doctors held forth small hope for his recovery. The father and mother, a man and woman of prayer, had prayed day and night for the lad's recovery if it were the will of the Lord. He did not improve, but rather grew worse. Then the father prayed, "Lord, we have commended F---- to Your care; we can do no more-" And forthwith that man of God had the grace to pray for missions, for the local church, for other sick boys and girls, for the lost—just as he had in bygone days when his boy was in good health. Late in the night there was a knock at the door. Opening, he found an aged man of God, who had arisen from his bed, walked through a blinding snowstorm, and announced that he had the assurance that F--would recover, and wanted to tell the

grief-stricken parents. Again the three knelt in prayer. They, too, had the assurance of the boy's recovery. The doctor was surprised, next morning when he came, at the patient's improved condition. In due time the lad was entirely healed. "I am so thankful to Him," the father says, "that I was led to pray for others at a time when my inclination was to concentrate upon my loved one. I shall not soon forget this lesson."

Often the only way we shall get what we are wanting ourselves is by asking for that very thing for somebody else.

If you want—give.—Selected.

#### **Deeds Give Proof**

To prove that we have goodness within us, it must blossom into deeds. A tree that yields no bloom and bears no fruit, of what use is it? Even the sturdy pine drops its beautiful symmetrical cones, and the grand old oak its dainty acorns,—proofs that each not only lends shelter and grace to the world, but that it is showering down its treasures in token of growth and strength.

#### WHEN MOTHER PRAYED

Melville Winans Miller

Somehow, God always seemed so real, Somehow, I could not doubt, nor feel That God was ever far away,

When I would hear my mother pray; Somehow, when she would kneel in prayer.

God always seemed to meet her there.

When she would kneel beside my bed, With her dear hands upon my head, My little heart would cease to fear, And God would seem to come so near; Somehow, some way, when mother prayed,

I could not, dare not, feel afraid.

And when she prayed for Him to keep Me through the night, and give me sleep

And rest until the break of day,
I felt that it must be, some way,
That round about me was His arm,
And He would keep me safe from
harm.

Somehow, God seemed so good and kind:

He seemed not harsh, nor hard to find, Not angry seemed when mother prayed; Ah, yes, God seemed, when mother prayed,

To make her face Divinely bright, And fill her soul with heavenly light.

When mother prayed! O precious hour, When God would come in mighty power!

O memory sweet! O hallowed place! Where God did shine in mother's face Somehow, in prayer she found such

Somehow, her soul God always blest.

When mother prayed! Ah, then I knew Within my soul that God was true; I could no longer doubt His love, And, yielded all, born from above, My soul was filled with peace Divine, And mother's God was thenceforth mine!

And though the years may come and go,

This heart of mine can never know A sweeter time than that sweet hour When Jesus came in saving power; Though other scenes may be forgot While life shall last this one cannot—

When mother prayed!

-Gospel Banner.



#### IT PAYS

Ina Shaw

It was exactly eight o'clock as Jack Stebbins and Tom Doran left Tom's house for Junior High.

"Lots of time this morning," said

"Yes," said Jack. "Loads of time. Let's walk it instead of taking the streetcar."

They had gone only a few blocks when they heard the clanging of the fire gongs. Under the excitement they ran with the crowd and stood fascinated by the expert movements of the firemen as they fought to save the burning building. Suddenly Tom glanced at his watch.

Grasping Jack's arm he said, "Come along. Only five minutes to make it to school. Hurry!"

It took five minutes to work their way out of the crowd. There being no car in sight, the boys started out on the run.

As they entered the building, Jack said, "Come on, let's say our car was tied up by the traffic. I don't want to stay after school for being late."

"No," said Tom. "I shall tell the truth."

"Aw, come now! Don't be a sissy," whispered Jack, as they entered the principal's office.

Jack stepped up to the desk and asked for an excuse slip, saying the streetcars were all tied up on account of the fire down in Pico Avenue. As he passed Tom on the way out he whispered, "That wasn't a lie."

Turning to Tom, the principal said, "And is your excuse the same?"

"No, sir," replied Tom. "I went to the fire and stayed too long."

"You don't consider that a legitimate excuse for tardiness, do you?"

"No, sir," said Tom.

"Here's your admittance slip. Hurry to class, but report after school this afternoon."

As Tom served his time for tardiness, his thoughts were much disturbed. "Jack always gets out of things," he said to himself. "He's liked by the gang and works most of his teachers. This business of telling

the truth isn't what it's cracked up to be. Where does it get a fellow anyhow?"

That night at the supper table the principal's wife said, "Were Jack Stebbins and Tom Doran late this morning?"

"Yes, why? Did you see them to-day?"

"Oh, as I went to market I was caught in the crowd at the fire. I was nearly tramped on by those two boys in their mad haste to get out of the jam. They didn't recognize me. It was funny. As far as I could see they did a marathon down Pico Avenue. I'll say they are two young ahletes all right."

"So Jack lied to me," said the principal. "I have suspected him for some time."

Next morning Jack was sent for, and spent a very uncomfortable half-hour in the principal's office.

Time passed, and Jack continued to try to work his way by what he called white lies. It was growing more difficult, however. He was getting deeper and deeper into trouble, and was finding that the way of transgressors is indeed hard.

One morning, six of the boys were summoned to the office, among them Jack. There was an officer and an angry-looking man awaiting them. The man's big car had been stolen the

#### "OUR DAD"

Lola McMahan

We ance had o dod, sa kind and true, Far us kids ond mam, anything he would da. We laved aur dad in aur little cauntry hame, But Gad called him away and left us alane.

The doy was cold and dork and drear,
The room was quiet, not a sound you could
hear—

He wosn't suffering and he felt no pain, Then obout five-thirty the angel came.

We cauldn't understond why he had to ga, Becouse God knew we laved him so, But he is ot rest in that beautiful hame, Where troubles and sarraws ore all unknown.

We will meet him some doy; shoke his hond; We will join the singing of the ongels band— Mom's done her best to teach us the woy; So we could meet dod on that great day. day before, and was finally located well out on one of the boulevards in a battered condition. A man at a filling station had reported that a party of boys from Junior High had stopped at his place for gas about eight the evening before. As Jack had been caught in numerous pranks, he was suspected at once.

"Jack," said the principal, "where were you Tuesday night?"

"I was riding with my cousin and some of the boys," he replied.

"What kind of a car?" the officer asked.

"A Hudson sedan," said Jack.

"That's my car," said the man.

"No, sir," said Jack. "That car belongs to my uncle, Luther Stebbins, and I can prove it." Jack's face was flushed and his voice loud. But he could see that his word was not believed. Things were looking black for him.

"What other boys were with you?" asked the principal.

Jack replied readily, naming Tom Doran among them.

Tom was sent for and questioned. He answered in a straightforward way: "Four of us were riding Tuesday evening in Mr. Luther Stebbins' car. We stopped at the filling-station at Sixteenth and Western Avenue. Jack's cousin, John, was driving. We were in by ten o'clock."

Turning to the officer and the angry man, the principal said, "You can check this up if you want to. Tom's word is enough for me. He always tells the truth."

As the boys filed out of the office Jack caught Tom's arm and said, "If it hadn't been for you, I would have had a lot of trouble to prove my word. I am going to try to break myself of this bad habit. After all, it does always pay to tell the truth. A good reputation's a mighty fine thing."—Youth's World.

#### BE HONEST, BOYS

Sit down and think about it, boys. Do you really want to be honest men—men who can be trusted anywhere and with any amount of money? Then you must begin by being honest now. Never allow yourself to take or retain a single penny that is not yours. Take nothing without permission or without giving something in return. Pick no berries that are not on your own side of the fence. Go into no orchards where you do not belong. Plunder no fruit from gardens, nor cheat your little playmates in any trade.

## MISSION PAGE

#### A LETTER FROM BERMUDA

Dear Sister Harrison:

Greetings in the precious name of the Lord and Master who triumphed at Calvary. I am glad because we, who have made covenant with Him by sacrifice, can truly say, "Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things."

The Church of God over on this side is still pressing its way in spite of the war and many dark happenings. We can look above the shadows away to Him, our dear Saviour, who goes before us at all times as a mighty Conqueror.

In the year of 1940, Elder C. J. Hughes and wife were in Bermuda and opened this wonderful work for the young people. Many have been the hardships, storms and persecutions, which are expected, but at all times we had the Lord on our side. We would have been swallowed up long ago, but thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ, 1 Cor. 15:5-7. When the Y.P.E. started, it commenced with about twelve, but the Lord has added to the church such as should be saved. At the present time we have a fine group of young people, and although our Y.P.E. is not very large in number, yet our Father still looketh on us and knoweth how frail we are and encourages our hearts at all times to press on.

We have a fine president and vicepresident of the Y.P.E. who have been carrying on since the work was first started. We firmly believe they are called of the Lord, and the young people look on them as being capable leaders. On Friday night we have our Y.P.E. service, and each one is called on to partake in these services, realizing little is much when God is in it. Praise His name!

Present with us in our Y.P.E. meetings last year was Evangelist M. R. Headley, a servant of the Lord, who preached the pure Word of God. Souls were saved and are still standing for the Lord. Through her preaching and teaching, souls were blest, revived, refreshed, and, above all, received the Holy Ghost and their souls are still rejoicing in a risen Savior.

Many times we could say the Saviour was in our midst with His presence. Praise His name.

We have with us now Brother Robertson and family, a man of God who has but one aim and object; that is to see souls saved. Elder Robertson is proving himself to be a missionary indeed, and we are happy to have him in our midst. He has formed a singing group since his arrival with us. and at the present time is conducting evangelistic services. Souls are being saved. Pray with us for him and his family that God will grant them their desires and their stay in Bermuda will prove a mighty blessing to the sinners and the saints. This work needs much prayer as Satan is very, very busy today to put things under his feet, but God is able.

We also have Visiting Bands that go out in the afternoon to visit the sick. Last year these bands proved a great blessing to many of the shut-ins.

I am thinking now of the psalmist



Why should I give for the heathen,
Dying without the true light,
Which brought me out of my dorkness
And banished forever my night?

Why should I pray for the heothen,
That He who alone is the woy
Might visit them with His solvotion
And turn them from dorkness to day?

Why should I go to the heothen,
To tell them of His dying love,
To tell them that He who is risen
Is coming ogain from obove?

He come from the monsions of glory, He cored for me deod in my sin, He proyed for me: then went to Colv'ry Because I was precious to Him.

Is such love not power constroining
To tell of a Sovier from sin?
Of all that I am, have, or hope for,
Is there ought that's too precious for Him?

Then why should I not tell the story?
Why stoy when He bids me to go?
Why hoord my poor, perishing treosure,
Or woste in on mere worldly show?

Todoy is the doy of salvotion,
Tomorrow the horvest is post,
Oh, be not "ashamed" of His coming!
"Approved" stond before Him of lost.
—G. E. T.

David when he declared to the Lord to set a watch before his mouth that his prayers may go up before God as incense. We must be clean that bear the vessels of the Lord. As we go up this clean way, pray that God will save and sanctify men, women, boys, and girls. The devil seems to be very artful today and is snatching first one and then the other, young and old, and the only way they can escape is by accepting the finished work of Christ.

May God in His great love and mercy bless your work and strengthen our hands as we work together with Him.

> Yours because of Calvary, Eunice Simons,

Secretary of the Y.P.E. Thank you, Eunice, for this nice letter. Your example of being personal workers among the sick, we hope will

inspire many others to do the same.

Ed.

Dear Sister Harrison:

It is a pleasure to sit this afternoon and spend a while writing and thinking of you. The Lighted Pathway has been a blessing to me, and my young boys certainly do find pleasure and joy reading it. We have been getting the paper only a short time. I thank God for a church to attend. The Church of God has been established here recently by Brother and Sister Fred Litton, and many precious souls have been won for Christ. We now have with us Brother and Sister Graham Stilwell. I feel sure that God will continue blessing us. I can feel and see the blessings of God. I haven't been a member of either church, but I was blessed to have a Christian mother and dad, and I am thankful to have the Church of God in our town where I can go and hear the true gospel preached. And through the Church of God we now have the Lighted Pathway to read and refresh our minds and our souls as well.

We have organized a Home Circle. I was appointed secretary. I desire your prayers, and I also want you to pray for my husband, as he is far away from the Lord. May God bless your continually in your work.—Mrs. Etna Morgan, Utilla Spanish Honduras, C. A.

NOTE: Thank you, Sister Morgan, for your interest in the Home Circle. Let me hear how you are progressing from time to time.—Ed.

(Continued on page 33)

#### NATIONAL Y. P. E. AND

From Spartanburg, S. C., comes the news that the local church Y.P.E. there is raising over \$100 per month in cooperation with the church program. Great work, Spartanburg and district superintendent, J. P. Satcher.

\*From Michigan comes the report of the North Woodville District Y.P.E. convention, held March 23 and 24, at Muskegon. H. R. Morehead, the state overseer, was present, as well as the state Y.P.E. and S. S. superintendent, Ralph E. Day. Fine orphanage and mission offerings were received. The church at Muskegon has a new choir loft, with a seating capacity for fifty persons. We are glad to get this good report that things are happening in Michigan, also, from the convention reporter, Gunie Sloan.

From Mississippi — We may have been in the dark about the work there for the first five months, but Brother Day has shed some interesting light on the happenings there: By mid-February there had been nine great youth rallies in the State, with wonderful results, since the last Assembly. A check-up of these months shows an increase in attendance of 6,448 in the Sunday Schools alone, and 4,769 gained in the Y.P.E. department. A gigantic coupon collecting drive for the orphanage is under way, which we will hear from later. Here's a little tip: Mississippi ranked first in seven items, and second in two items in the gain percentage over the same period last year. Their big youth rally is scheduled for June 28 at Laurel Auditorium. If you can attend, you won't regret it. My only comment to the state youth director, T. W. Day, is, "Keep plugging

NOTICE: Do not send any article for the national Y.P.E. and Sunday School page to Sister Harrison. This makes more work for her, and sometimes causes us to be late in getting your message to the page. Please send it to the Associate Editor, whose name

The Nation's Atter		
Group & State A S. C. B Ky. C III. D Ind. E Kans. F Ore. G Dist of Cal	Total 201,425 89,085 51,942 41,094 13,930 5,015 1,724	Weekly Av. 50,356 22,271 12,986 10,274 3,483 1,254



C. M. TRUESDELL Associate Editor

is listed in the publication notice of your paper.

New Sunday Schools and Y.P.E.'s

Below, according to records, are the total new Sunday Schools and Y.P.E.'s organized since the last Assembly. This report includes the month of February.

Ν	lew	N	'ew
State S.	S.'s	State Y.P.I	E.'s
Alabama	13	Alabama	9
Arizona	2	Arizona	1
Arkansas	4	Arkansas	2
California	. 4	California	1
W. Canada	3	W. Canada	1
Colorado	1	Colorado	4
Georgia	3	Indiana	2
Illinois	_ 2	Iowa	2
Indiana	3	Kansas	3
Iowa	. 1	Kentucky	1
Kansas	. 3	Louisiana	5
Kentucky	_ 2	Maryland	3
Louisiana	3	Massachusetts	1
Maryland	3	Michigan	2
Massachusetts	1	Minnesota	1
Michigan	1	Mississippi	5
Minnesota	1	Missouri	7
Mississippi	3	Montana	1
Missouri	6	Nebraska	2
Nebraska	. 1	New Mexico	4
New Mexico	. 3	Ohio	1
Oklahoma	3	Oklahoma	3
Ohio	_ 1	Oregon	1
S. Carolina	_ 1	S. Carolina	3
S. Dakota	. 1	Tennessee	11
Tennessee	7	Texas	4
Texas	2	Virginia	1
Virginia	_ 1	Washington	1
Washington .		W. Virginia	2
W. Virginia	2		
Wisconsin	. 1		

"Watch Alabama! Our gangling friend, Overseer Jake Roberts, and his trusty lieutenant, E. W. Wilson, are shooting the works in establishing new Sunday Schools and Y.P.E.'s. They are 'way out ahead in Sunday Schools, and only Tennessee, with bustling Ralph Williams at the helm, is ahead of them in new Y.P.E.'s. These men are desperate, and the other states should keep them under constant scrutiny.

#### CORRECTION

Although we acted on the information in hand at the time of publication of the January reports in the April issue of the Lighted Pathway, and therefore are not responsible, we nevertheless, for the sake of our readers and the cooperative churches who were not given their proper place, feel that it is only right to give the following corrections:

The Greenville, S. C., church in checking its attendance records for the Sunday School in January after the report had already been sent in, found that a mistake had been made, and instead of the average being 580, it was 588. This gives them a lead in average attendance of 2 over Kannapolis for that month, and places them

on top in the "Big Ten."
Our good friend, Rev. James Cross,

called our attention to the fact that East Chattanooga, Tenn., was eligible for a berth on the "Big Ten" for January Sunday School Attendance. Had the average attendance been listed on the local church record sent the General Secretary for his files, this would have been true. The pastor has nothing to do with this report, and was not aware of this irregularity until his attention was called to it. We appreciate his interest in the growth of his church, and promise full cooperation to all churches whose clerks place a correct average attendance in its place on the report blank. Then we have a record here at headquarters to sustain our action in placing the eligible churches on the national "Big Ten." Negligence on the part of the church clerk may cost a leading church its place on the ten leaders roster.

The Nation's Attendance Leaders in Each Group far Y.P.E.'s in February		
Group & State A Ga. B Ky. C III. D Ind. E Kans. F Ore. G Minn.	Weekly Total Av. 142,558 35,640 65,440 16,360 38,525 9,631 16,766 4,192 9,782 2,446 3,476 869 737 - 184	

#### SUNDAY SCHOOL NEWS

#### NNOUNCING OUR FIRST GREAT NATIONAL YOUTH CONVENTION

conjunction with the General Assembly, at Municipal Auditorium, Birmingham, Alabama. This convention ill be in session for two great days, and a wonderful program is being prepared. Remember the date, August 7, 28. Work for it, pray for it, and attend it. Let's make this first one a real success. Watch for further anouncements.

NOTE: Whatever you do, DON'T miss the June issue of The Lighted Pathway. The story of the great annapolis church Sunday School in action, told in pictures, will begin in that issue. We anticipate having pokpaper again by that time, and we believe you'll enjoy dropping in for a little visit with a live-wire church. ON'T forget. It begins next issue.

We enjoyed a pleasant shock in ecking up on the "Big Ten" this eek when we discovered that Cinnnati was 'way out there in front in ne February average attendance for ne Nation. This will cause widespread arm in the camps at Greenville and annapolis, for these two places have een carrying the chip on their shoulers for a long while. Let us give this ttle warning to Cincinnati though: e rejoice with you over your new urch building, but you'll have to eep going if you stay ahead of the vo churches mentioned above. They e both building big additions for the S. department, and they mean to ll them up.

Here are the Nation's "Big Ten" aders for the month of February:

ncinnati, Ohio	830
reenville, S. C.	768
annapolis, N. C.	568
anton, Ohio	544

North Cleveland, Tenn	440
Hamilton, Ohio	346
Atlanta, Ga.	334
Dillon, S. C.	298
	284
E. Chattanooga, Tenn. 25	51/4

NOTE: The average Sunday School attendance for the highest ten churches (obtained by dividing ten into the total average of the churches) is 467. EXCELLENT!

#### LAST MINUTE REPORT

Brother Clork, who just returned from the North Corolino Stote Pentecostol Youth Rally, reports that it was a tremendous success. The meeting place in Charlotte was jommed and crowded to overflow, while on estimated one thousand delegates and visitors were turned away. This necessitated a move to Kannapolis on Friday, April 12, and the meeting was concluded there Friday night.

Out-of-stote speokers were: Rev. E. C.

Clork, Editor ond Publisher, Rev. H. L. Chesser, Asst. Generol Overseer, and Rev. E. L. Simmons, President of the Bible School and College at Sevierville, Tenn.

#### ANNOUNCEMENTS FOR FORTH-COMING YOUTH CON-FERENCES

Arkonsos Youth Convention will be held at Jonesboro, July 24, 25.

Pennsylvonio Youth Convention convenes
July 23-28 (place to be announced).

West Virginia Youth Conference and Convention is scheduled for Moy 3-5, of Beckley.

Montona Y.P.E. rally will be of Bozemon, June 16-18.

Alobamo Stote Youth Conference is to convene July 7-9. A great program is planned. (Place to be announced.)

Mississippi State Youth Convention will be of Lourel.

Moryland Youth Convention, July 22-26, Compground at Combridge.

### Top Y.P.E.'s in the Nation Attendance for February N. Cleveland, Tenn. 319

N. Cleveland, Tenn.	319
Greenville No. 1, S. C	
Benton, III.	207

ear Sister Harrison:

I know you receive many letters com soldiers everywhere in the world; his time it will be from a Frenchman, hild of God, saved by the grace of esus Christ our beloved Savior.

I read some Lighted Pathways last ear with an American soldier, Cpl. alvin H. Harding, member of the hurch of God in Wake Forest, N. C. I am a member of the Assembly of God in Rouen. I met Brother Harding there and was with him every day until he left Rouen to Lucky Strike Camp in Cany and America. We spent our time in singing praises to the Lord, reading the Bible, going to the meetings and walking in the many woods surrounding the town.

Dear Sister Harrison, I should like to get the Lighted Pathway regularly and subscribe for it, but it is not possible now because there is not yet postal relation for sending money from here to America. I am sorry for that. Please, will you send it to me and I will pay as soon as relation is established between our countries? I

have found great encouragement and comfort in reading the Lighted Pathway and would like to continue reading it.—Roger Lesade, 21 Rue de la Victoire, Neville les Dieppe S. T., France.

#### LIFTED HIM OUT

The old Chinaman described his experience like this: He was in a deep pit. Soon Buddha came along and pitied him, but could do nothing for him. Confucius came along and said, "If you were not in the pit, I could help you." But Jesus Christ came along and got right down into the pit and lifted him out.—Wesleyan Methodist.

## V.P.E. LESSONS



#### ESSENTIALS OF A CHRISTIAN LIFE

Leader's Thoughts

The Christian life is the sweetest life anyone can live, yet there are some essential things that we must do in order for it to count for Christ. We hear so much about essentials in our Nation's army today that we are made to think of the Christian army as well. In our Christian warfare, we find some very important things that we must do in order to be a good soldier of the cross. In Uncle Sam's army they have all kinds of guns. ammunition, etc., to fight with. We as Christians are exhorted to put on the whole armor of God that we may withstand the enemy. After we put on this armor of God, we find that there are some essentials in our Christian experience in order for us to stand true and overcome the enemy. The first and main element is prayer and faith.

#### I. PRAYER AND FAITH 1 Thess. 5:17

Our scripture says pray, pray without ceasing. Prayer is a great, if not the greatest, essential of a Christian life. We should, and those who are Christians, have prayed to be saved. We should pray for God's guidance in our lives, pray for sinners, pray for our daily needs and pray when the way is dark and we cannot see our way out. Our scripture says pray without ceasing. We know we cannot stay on our knees or in a secret place of prayer all the day, but we must keep our lives so in harmony with God's will that we may be able to pray wherever we go. When we pray, we must believe that God is and that He is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him. We must have faith in Him. One writer says that it is impossible to please God without faith.

In Matt. 21:22, the scripture says that whatsoever we ask in prayer believing, it shall be given us. In Acts 6:4, the Christians are exhorted to give ourselves continually to prayer. James says in the 5th chapter and 14, 15 verses, "Is any sick among you? let him (or her) call for the elders

of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil . . . and the prayer of faith shall save the sick." "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much," verse 16. So we see by these scriptures that we must pray and have faith in order to please God. Prayer is the way we cast our burdens on Him and is our way of communing with God. In every occasion, we should pray and with prayer and supplication let our requests be made known unto God.

#### II. GOD'S PURPOSE AND GOAL IN LIFE 2 Tim. 1:9

In our scripture, we find that we must have a purpose in life, not to do our will but to do God's will. That should be our main object, seeking God's guidance. We must live in the center of His divine will in order to accomplish things for Him. After we find God's will or purpose for us, we should also have a goal toward which to work. We should not sit down after we are Christians, but we should work for Him. We cannot say there is nothing for us to do. God never expects us to be benchwarmers. He expects us to seek His will and guidance for us to go forward and work for Him with a goal in view. The main goal we should seek for is the saving of precious souls, keeping ourselves in harmony with His will, and the prize that awaits us at the end of the journey. We should not think because we cannot do anything as well as someone else that that is not God's will. He expects us to do our best, and if we give Him our best, we will be acceptable to Him.

#### III. BIBLE READING AND STUDY 2 Tim. 2:15

The Bible tells us we are to study. Study what? The Bible. We are to study to show ourselves approved, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth. We know we must read the Bible in order to understand its meaning. Teachers, preachers, church workers, Sunday School teachers, and laymen should read the Bible. We should read it and pray for God to show us His will for us from the scriptures. Some people will say, "The Bible says so and so," and do not read it themselves to find its meaning. The Bible itself says, "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life." The Bible is the Book of all books. It is The Book, the Book of Life. In ages past, people have tried

to destroy it, and it was said that one time there was only one remaing copy to be found, but in our prent day there are millions of copies existence. God will not let His Wide. He will keep it in existence us the calls for His people. The Bible been translated into all differ languages and today is world-wand read by all people who he heard it taught. God intended people, regardless of race, creed color, to know and study His Word IV. OUR DAILY WALK AND TAIL

#### 1 Peter 1:15

We know our daily lives count m for Christ than anything else we We know if we are to win souls Him, we will have to have our tong hands and feet, as well as our hea consecrated to Him. In 1 Peter 1 He says that Christ which has cal you is holy, so be ye holy in all ma ner of conversation. We find in Ma 12:36 that, "Every idle word man sh speak he shall give an account to C at the judgment." By this we will ha to be very careful what we say or We must be careful in our walk well as in our talk. We know we not, as Christians, go to the sin places and partake of the worl amusements. Every error we ma every unkind word we say, ev wrong step we take will be noticed the non-Christians. If we expect win souls for Him, we should live close to Him as possible. There two reasons why we should live rig in our daily walk and talk: (1) the we may win souls to Christ, and that we may live with Christ wh this life is over.

#### MOTHER'S DAY PROGRAM

Scripture lesson, Exod. 20:12
For your Mother's Day program, are suggesting that you take the wh paper. Read it, choose the thoug you want brought out in your me ing. Let the leader study well expage and choose his or her cho articles or poems to use in the me ing. However, we are going to su

gest some subjects.

First for the leader: Rev. E.

Moore's article on "Honor Thy Fatl
and Thy Mother," page nine, or g
it to someone else.

Second: "The Future Parenthood America," page nine.

Third: The poem, "The Mothe Trust," page nine.

Fourth: What has mother's advever meant to you, or what influent have your parents had over you, parents had over you.

ht. Open the meeting here for exssions from those who desire to ness for good parents.

Fifth: Have poem read, "My Dad," ge eight.

Sixth: "Tom, the Prodigal," page urteen.

Many other good poems and articles by be studied and used effectively. that poems are given to those to can read them well.

#### LEADERS WITH A VISION

Scripture lesson: Leader's Thoughts

There is nothing needed more today an leaders with a vision, and demination to see that vision come e. Leaders with backbone to stand the face of opposition and do the lings that need to be done. We have me characters to study today who we had that courage and determation. Every great leader has been person around whom some cause s crystallized.

VILLIAM CAREY AND MISSIONS The world never understands an stract idea until it finds it set forth a person. William Carey, cobbler, s possessed by his idea that the urch should carry its gospel to unangelized lands. He proposed it to meeting of ministers and was wned down. At least he persuaded lozen others to join him in organiza missionary society which sent n to India. Supporting himself ere as foreman in an indigo factory, threw himself into the task of inslating and publishing the Scripes for the people of that land, and ote back to England letters which ised that land, and eventually rope and America, to their mission ponsibility. Missionary societies re organized by scores and huneds, missionary training schools re set up, missionary periodicals peared. Money poured in. There re more volunteers for foreign vice than could be accepted. The rld could understand William Cars idea when he dramatized it in his n life.

#### JOAN OF ARC AND FRANCE

son of Arc was convinced that God s on the side of France, oppressed the English. She was certain of the great pity there was in heaven the Kingdom of France." Nothing ald daunt her. In spite of the weakss of the dauphin and the demoraltion of the French forces, she and armor at Orleans, turned addled sheep into lions," and in her first week under fire, mere peasant maid under twenty years of age that she was, won one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world. Without a cause such as she espoused, she would have lived and died a peasant, undistinguished and unknown.

Boys and girls, if just a little peasant girl can be brave like Joan of Arc, and obey the call that comes to do things, you can do the same. If you wait to lead out on something that will be popular, you'll always lag behind. Be sure God has spoken and then go ahead.

#### FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE AND NURSING

Florence Nightingale was convinced that human suffering could be immensely alleviated if nursing could be elevated to an honorable calling for women. She studied hospital work in various European centers and endeavored to train women nurses in England. The Crimean War brought her a chance in 1854. With thirtyeight nurses, she embarked for the war zone, and in spite of almost incredible obstacles accomplished so much for the sick and wounded that the world awoke to the horror of its neglect. A testimonial fund of a quarter of a million dollars was promptly devoted by Miss Nightingale to the establishment of a training school for English nurses. To this "Lady of the Lamp" and to Clara Barton in America, is principally due the modern Red Cross, with its ministry to sufferers from war and from peace time calamities.

#### JOHN WESLEY AND THE EVAN-GELICAL REVIVAL

Fifteenth-century England, weary of religious strife, had fallen into a "miniature dark age," with indifferent faith and low ideals. The church was lifeless. Immorality was rife in the upper classes, and the masses were largely drunken and depraved. Carlyle put the situation tersely: "Soul extinct; stomach well alive." There were religious stirrings, indeed. Men had grown sick of debauchery. Earnest little religious groups were meeting in various places. Some of the greatest hymns now in our hymnals were being written. There was a new seriousness in English literature. The genuine piety of the Moravian brethren was appealing to many people. But the Evangelical Revival did not sweep England and America until John Wesley and George Whitefield took the gospel into the open air and preached it with the certainty of their

own rich experience to massed tens of thousands of neglected commoners.

#### A WEAK FOLLOWER BECOMES A LION-HEARTED LEADER

Peter denied his Lord and sulked away into the night. The next day saw the Lord crucified, not between two friends, but between two felons, one of them reviling him. But shortly thereafter, Peter stood before the same court which had condemned his Lord and flung in the teeth of the amazed judges the charge of judicial murder and blasphemy. "Ye rulers of the people, and elders, if we this day are examined concerning a good deed done to an impotent man, by what means this man is made whole; be it known unto you all, and to all the people of Israel, that in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead, even in him doth this man stand here before you whole." Something had happened to Peter. He had found a cause, and lost all fear in loyalty to it.

#### QUESTIONS

Do leaders create causes, or causes create leaders?

Have there been any great leaders who did not sum up, interpret, and make visible to the world some great purpose, need, or enterprise?

What leaders seem to you to have represented most perfectly and impersonated great causes?

Why did the Lord Morley counsel young men to engage in some worthy but unpopular cause?

Who are the greatest leaders of the world today? What cause do they stand for?

What great causes appear to lack outstanding leadership?

Note: Let me tell you how to have an interesting meeting with this topic. Choose your leader early and let him give out the subject topics in time for study. Whatever your subject is, if you do not have a library of your own, go to the city library or some home library and read up on the character you are to discuss. After you have read about your subject, you will become so inspired you'll want the whole evening to discuss just your character. Young folks, there is no use trying to put on a good, inspiring, spiritual service without study and plenty of prayer. Pray before you study and God will reveal His message to you. This is the reason your services are flat sometimes. Ed.

#### RESULTS OF AN EXPERIENCE WITH GOD

By Hope Goodman

Leader's Thoughts

This week we are studying "Results of an Experience with God." In January and February we studied, "Why We Need an Experience with God," and "How To Keep an Experience with God."

#### FORGIVENESS OF SINS AND PEACE WITH GOD

"Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," Rom. 5:1. "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you," John 14:27. When we accept Jesus as our personal Savior, not only are we forgiven of our sins, but we find everlasting peace. A deep settled peace that abides when the world is in tumult and trouble, steals over us, the kind that assures us everything will be all right, should we die before we wake, when we retire at night.

#### ETERNAL LIFE John 5:24

"And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life," 1 John 5:11. When we have an experience with God, not only do we have happiness, contentment and peace in this life, but we will get to go to heaven, too. Praise God! "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain," Phil.1:21.

#### RIGHT TO BECOME A CHILD OF GOD Gal. 4:4, 5

"But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name: which are born, not of blood, nor the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God," John 1:12, 13, "For ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus," Gal. 3:26. Isn't it wonderful? Jesus is our big brother. And we are joint-heirs with Him. We really have something for which to live pure, clean, and holy. God has really made salvation worth while. Truly living for Him is all that matters, regardless of the price or cost we might have to pay in this life.

#### IS GOD CALLING YOU?

Scripture: Matt. 23:37
GENEVA CARROLL

Leader's Thoughts
In reading the above text, we find

the Lord Jesus using a very common and simple language to convey most of the deepest and important truths of His Word. In this verse He employs the use of a hen and her chicks to speak to us in a homely, and yet in a most beautiful and effective manner.

Did you ever take time to watch the old mother hen with her chicks? This message will be far more effective to those who have been, or will be, around this creature of the barnyard with her little brood.

There are at least five distinct calls of the old mother hen, which will be pointed out in this lesson.

This lesson gives us a glimpse into the human heart of our Savior. How tender and kind are His calls to us, and how careless we have been!

#### THE DANGER CALL 1 Cor. 10:13

There are many hawks hovering over the child of God at all times. We are always in danger and always in need of Him. If we will hear His call and do not stray too far from Him, He will help us.

God is ever watching over us and knows just what we can stand, and He said that He would not suffer us to be tempted above that which we can bear, but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that we may be able to bear it.

We must not neglect this call, for the scripture says: "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" Heb. 11:6.

#### THE FOOD CALL

Most of us have little trouble coming when called for our meals. "Call me anything, but call me in time to eat," is a very common saying among us. Yet, many of God's people do not feed the soul. Christ's food-calls are not heeded by many. We can easily distinguish those who have heeded that call. When a big, healthy man stands before us, we readily conclude that there is a man who looks after his food. He eats and it shows up on him, to be sure. That can be equally true in the spiritual realm. We can recognize those who feed daily upon the spiritual food that our Lord offers, and we can tell it more easily when we neglect this same feeding on Him in our lives. The Lord Jesus is our soul-food, John 6: 53-63.

#### THE SHELTER CALL

"For thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy," Psa. 61:3.

We can feel the strong arm of the Lord leading us in the midst of trouble, if we will depend on Him Truly the Lord is our Shepherd, and what a shelter He is to us today! He is a rock to our weary hearts and shelter from the storm today. Let us abide under the wings of the Almighty.

#### THE NIGHT CALL

Unless the Lord should come ver, soon, some of us will hear the night call. All must pass that way soone or later, but what a joy it is to know that we need not go that way alone

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I wil fear no evil: for thou art with me thy rod and thy staff they comfor me," Psa. 23:4.

"Let not your heart be troubled ye believe in God, believe also in me In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am there ye may be also," John 14:1-3

#### THE CARESS CALL

Can you not see and hear the old mother hen as she calls out this cheery note? And can you not set the chicks come running to her? I may be a sunny day, and it may not but now there is no danger, no need of food, no storm, no night, but just a longing to have her brood near her What a picture! Do we hear our Lord when He sounds this call? Are there times when we just want to be with Him alone? That is fellowship!

In these evil days, we should go to Him often in such a manner and get that which satisfies. How we all need it! There are so many other things we may think we need, and they are all good, but an hour with Him is worth far more to our own hearts and to the souls to whom we minister. Jesus said: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," Matt. 11:28

#### "Child Training and Social Evangelism"

The book, "Child Training and Social Evangelism," by Alda B. Harrison should be in every home. One state Y.P.E. superintendent ordered 50 copies to put in the homes in his state. Order from the Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tenn Price, 35c.



Great plans are being made for the coming summer term of Bible School at Somerset, Pa. The 1946 term begins June 10 and continues through July 20. To give you an dea of how big this school was last year, we are printing a picture of the school enrollment last year. And we are expecting even a greater enrollment this year. Make your plans now to attend this six-week summer school. The entire cost will be less than \$60 for board and tuition. Those

interested in music may study voice, piano, or stringed instruments. For further information write Rev. J. S. Brinsfield, Edgewood Grove, Somerset, Pa.

This school is being backed by about sixteen states and their constituency, and promises to be a great success. Pastor, tell your young people about this wonderful opportunity to attend a school that will help equip them for a successful Christian life in His service.

#### EDITOR'S MESSAGE

(Continued from page 2)

possibilities; and whether the child shall come forth to life, its heart attuned to the eternal harmonies, and after a life of usefulness on earth go o a life of joy in heaven, or whether t shall jar eternal discord, and after a life of wrongdoing on earth it shall go to a home of impenetrable darkness, is being decided by nursery song and Sabbath lesson, and evening orayer, and walk, and ride, and look, and frown, and smile. Oh, how many children in glory, crowding all the pattlements and lifting a millionroiced hosanna, were brought to God hrough Christian parentage!

God may have to come down into our home and carry that little one up to the beautiful city in order that ou may obey Him and draw your houghts heavenward. I have told you nany times about how my eyes were ifted toward the hills by having my ittle son taken away. I had been a hristian for several years and a vorker in His vineyard, but God wantd to lead me on out into the depth of he river Ezekiel tells us about in the 7th chapter. And, Christian friend, f God is trying to lead you out into

this great river, and you are rebellious, just remember He may have to take little Bobbie or Susie, as the case may be, or some other trial may come to get your attention. Oh yes, I remember very well the words of my prayer, "O Lord, lead me in plain paths so that I may meet my darling little son again." As I look into his face in his picture today, the tears will flow, but they are tears of joy. His life work was short, but it will never be known just how great his work was until we get over yonder on the other side. "God works in mysterious ways, His wonders to perform." This great outpouring of the Spirit is a call of God to deeper depths in this great river, and many are refusing to wade out because of opposition. We are living in the time when God is calling us to deeper depths to prepare us for the coming of the Lord. Fathers and mothers, are you and those little ones ready to go if He shall call? Would mother and the children be called and you be left behind, daddy? Or, Mother, is it you who are holding back? Will you be left behind? God, give us more Happy Home Circles. God bless you.

#### A SHUT-IN CLUB

Pauline Klaudt, of Bozeman, Mont., has suggested that we have a Shut-In Club through the Lighted Pathway. Write briefly and give your name, address and age. We will publish it and make it possible for you to write and receive letters from club members. This will be fine. Thank you, Pauline.

Leon E. Metcalf, Waite, Maine, has been a shut-in for over twenty years.

Mattie Beverage, P.O. Box 499, Fordyce, Ark., has been a shut-in for fifty-four years.

G. W. Kelly, Gen. Del., Gastonia, N. C.

#### THE CRYSTAL STREAM

(Continued from back cover)

steeds, caught the chariots of the clouds and bore them away over the plain and hill and valley to that same great mountain that gave this little stream its birth. There they poured out their loads of moisture in the form of snow upon the mountain top. And so God saw to it that the little stream, though it poured its water forth so generously and so freely, never ran dry.

And what about the selfish pool? Alas! It lay there in the heat, lazy and selfish, doing nothing except trying to care for itself. Green slime came on the top, and it became stagnant and filthy, until even the winds that caressed it by mistake carried away ague on their wings. And so it sickened and died.

#### PARENTAL INFLUENCE

The Best Advice | Ever Had (Continued from page 8)

the sick. A great assurance came to me in going about doing good in the quiet of life—to help the needy and sick in ways pertaining to secular, physical, and spiritual matters. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, 'ye have done it unto me." My daily prayer is in keeping with the best advice I ever received—"See to it that you get to heaven." Heaven gained, all will be gained. Heaven lost, all will be lost.—Evangelical Visitor.

#### NEWS FROM BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

(Continued from page 16)

a special blessing. One was from Isaiah 9:6, "His name shall be called Wonderful," and the other was from Hebrews 3:8 on prayer.

I have endeavored to tell you what the revival did for B.T.S., but only eternity will reveal the real fruits; however, here is what some of the students think about it:

"I know it revived me. It's been wonderful."

"I think it has been a blessing to everyone."

"It is the best revival B.T.S. has had."

"I think it was quite successful. Some of the best sermons I have heard in my life were preached. The spirituality of the school is better."

"I think it was very good, it helped us to see where we stand."

"It was a spiritual uplift that was needed by the school."

"I think it put the school on top."

#### Narcotics Education Lecture

On Friday night, February 8, the student body was privileged to hear a lecture given here by Miss Mary E. Grimmett, National Instructor on Narcotics Education.

The unusual but pleasing personality of Miss Grimmett instantly won the attention and appreciation of the audience. She stated that her lecture would be directed primarily to teacher candidates, who should follow the lecture with an intense study of the methods and practices of the Narcotics Educational Program.

Among the many facts given was a scientific analysis of narcotics. The idea that alcohol is a stimulant was disproved by this analysis. A drug is

a substance that changes the activity of the function of the cells and the brain.

A stimulant may be a drug, but it does not paralyze action in the brain cells. A stimulant increases action of the functions of the cells. The narcotic drug is such that it decreases action in the cells, having a paralyzing effect. Among the many narcotic drugs, opium, nicotine, ethyl alcohol, and mariauma. Opium and nicotine have a special effect (contraction of the arteries). Ethyl alcohol affects particularly the nervous system, and mythl alcohol has a deadly effect on the optic nerves.

The profitable study of alcohol must be made through the channels of subject matter. Four direct approaches may be made: Applied Sciences, Social Sciences, Economic, and Historical.

There is no alcohol naturally. It is formed by the breaking up of sugar into starches. Acohol is CO2 and C2 H5 O H, derived principally from grain. It is by nature a solvent and a dehydrant.

There are many uses for alcohol in industry and science, whose annual need is about 100,000,000 gallons. There are no uses for alcohol in the body but there are many effects.

During the year 1944, 85,000,000 barrels of beer alone were consumed. "In 1944, arrests among girls under eighteen years of age increased 39 per cent over the previous year. The Chicago Juvenile Protective Association states in a recent report that 60 per cent of all complaints received by the Association during the year concerned illegal conditions in places selling liquor, and that 70 per cent of those involved were minors."

#### SOME STARTLING FACTS

Amount spent for alcoholic beverages in United States in 1944 was \$7,100,000,000. The average per capita for every person in the United States is \$54.

The total contributions for all church purposes by nineteen denominations in 1944 in the United States was \$423,695,471. The average per capita is \$16.57.

There is now in this country:
One saloon for every 300 people.
Two saloons for every church.
One saloon for every 71 homes.

"A recent survey of motion picture films reveals that out of 270 films received, more than 200 presented drinking, sometimes sanctioned by actors in clerical roles, and seldom, if ever, depicting the realism of after results of drinking."

The Liquor Industry would destroy the Church if it could.

The Church could destroy the Liquor Traffic if it would!—By Esther McDaniel, Dot Williams, and O'Neil McCullough.

#### READING CIRCLE

(Continued from page 11)

If you want to walk in the footsteps of Christ, read this book. Price, 75c.

Bible Pictures and What they Teach
Us, by Charles Foster. Price, 1.50.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I must write you and tell you how grand the Easter number of the Lighted pathway is. When I started to read it, I could not put it down until I had finished it. Every story and poem was so good. It was like eating a tasty meal. I hope you will have another good continued story in soon. I would like to join your Reading Circle. I will try my best to read a good book once a month, if I can get one. I love good reading, but don't get much of it down here outside our church papers .- Gracie Elwood, Key West, Fla.

#### TREASURED GLEANINGS

(Continued from page 15), stand you. I'm not connected with a church!"

"No--- No---," the missionary sadly stated, "but you're a well paid missionary for the devil and daily show thousands of people the easiest way to hell!"

#### Y.P.E.U. PAGE

(Continued from page 13)

"Living or dying, I shall always think of you as the very best friends I ever had."

A year or two ago, I went back to that city and one day in a sermon I related the above incident. After the service, a gentleman came to me and said, "Mr. R-united with the church after you left, and was a faithful attendant. When he became too old and infirm to climb the steps, two of us would wait for him outside the church and, taking him from his carriage, would carry him to his accustomed seat, the front seat in the church. He died a few weeks ago, a peaceful, happy death, falling asleep in his Savior's arms like a child on the bosom of its mother."-Sel.

#### HAPPY HOME CIRCLE

(Continued from page 5)

reconstruction project. He was on the lookout for material that could be used in his own house.

"Is this brick to be used in rebuilding?" he asked the foreman.

"No. It is to be replaced with concrete," was the answer.

"Do you suppose I could buy them?"
"I imagine you could have them for hauling them away. Ask Mr. Stearns, the contractor."

"Yes. Sure. Take all you want. The ground must be cleared. It will save us that much expense," said that individual. Many of the bricks were unfit for use but George found enough for his own foundation. So he drove his stakes and began digging the cellar. They made quite a gala occasion of the throwing out of the first spade full.

Every evening after supper both George and Amelia hurried to the site of the new house and while he shoveled dirt she sat on the porch and watched and talked with Mrs. Rawson.

On the first Saturday evening after the work on the bungalow was begun Mrs. Rawson said, musingly, "It is strange how things work out, isn't it? There is a verse in an old hymn that has been singing itself in my thoughts for these last days.

'Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy and shall break
In blessings on your head.'

For a long time I have been dreading the thought of such close neighbors. But I don't mind you folks one bit. I guess I have been saving it for you," smiling whimsically.

"Oh, do you feel that way about it?" asked Amelia impulsively. "It seemed to me that the Lord sent me here that day that I saw your sign."

"I am sure of it. I had been praying and praying over it and there didn't seem to be any other way. But I was afraid I'd get a rough, Sabbath-breaking family in here. I don't think I ever could have stood that."

Amelia started. She knew George intended to come back and work the next day. What about it? Would the old lady's faith in humanity be shattered again? After all her prayers, was she to live next door to Sabbathbreakers? To gain time she led Mrs. Rawson on to talk of her past life. Later, when it was too dark to see, George came and sat on the step and listened, too. Listened to stories of a

home life of which he knew nothing. Early days when the worship of God was as natural as breathing. When integrity and Christianity were synonymous. When family worship and grace at meat were the accepted rule of conduct, rather than the rare exception that it is today. The conviction deepened on the Campbells that it just would not do to work on their new house on Sunday! In the face of all this godly history, they simply wouldn't dare!

Once away from her, however, George said, resentfully, "When do you s'pose I'm going to get that house done if I can't work on Sunday? It is my only whole day of the week. And not able to do a thing! Guess we picked a lemon after all."

"I was afraid you'd feel that way about it," soothed Amelia. "But you really ought not to work seven days a week. You might overdo and lose your regular job. We can't afford that, you know."

"No," he admitted. "Some family the old lady has had, hasn't she?" reverting to the stories of the evening.

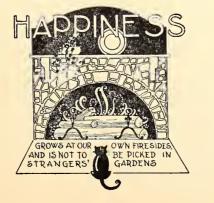
"She certainly has. And she evidently expects us to replace them all, it seems," said Amelia in an awed tone.

"You may, but I'm not good enough to fit into that picture," George said, grimly.

"She reminds me of an aunt of my mother's, Aunt Libbie. We visited her once when I was a small child and I'll never forget the impression she made on me. Like fragile china. Something too good and too frail for this rough world. I don't see how any one could hurt her."

"Some persons evidently have been less scrupulous or she would not be in the financial straits she is in today," he said, reflectively. "Well, we'll respect her religious scruples. But I am afraid I'll grudge the time," he grimaced.

"George, I've thought of something.



I was raised the way Mrs. Rawson talks. I don't know as you were. So long as we moved around from one place to another it didn't seem worthwhile to make church friends, but now—somehow—memories—her talk—our home—oh, I don't know how to say it. It's all sort of jumbled up in my mind," and she stopped, hopelessly.

"Amelia, are you trying to say that when we set up our home there that we ought to make it really Christian?" he asked, slowly.

"Oh, yes!" with relief. "You always know how to put my thoughts into words before I can get them arranged for myself. Yes, why couldn't we?"

"The only objection that I see is that we are neither of us Christians."

"Well, we could be. Isn't there a Bible somewhere in the house? I used to have one but I don't remember seeing it in the last two or three moves we have made."

He shook his head. "I didn't notice one."

"Well, anyhow, the way to begin is to begin. There's a little church a couple of blocks from Mrs. Rawson's. I found it when I was exploring the neighborhood. As you cannot work, suppose we go there to service in the morning."

"Suits me," he assented.

So it happened that the Rev. Mr. Patton had two new members in his congregation on Sunday morning. They felt the embarrassment of strangers, but to their amazement the minister read this text: "Except the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it."

They forgot everything but the message of the hour. And did they listen! The importance of daily living with Jesus; of letting Him be the Architect that blueprints life; the Masterbuilder that inspects every part from the lowest foundation stone to the topmost cornice and pronounces it fit for His indwelling. It was all of keenest interest to the Campbells.

After leaving the church they passed the vacant lot where a hole in the ground and a pile of dirt indicated their future residence. They stopped and looked long and earnestly.

"If what that preacher says is true the Lord Jesus Christ Himself helped to build houses just as I do," said George, thoughtfully.

"Yes, He is a Carpenter. It makes houses seem important, doesn't it? Do you still feel badly because you aren't working on this one?"

"No, not at all. I don't seem to want

to work today. We'll get through sometime."

Next day Amelia went to a bookstore and bought a Bible. She spent some hours over its fascinating pages. Half-forgotten memories stirred to life by different passages.

They asked Mrs. Rawson to study with them. She did and the three of them had some helpful discussions, particularly as to the Bible standards of Christian life and practice.

After the first Sunday they prevailed upon Mrs. Rawson to accompany them to the little church. She had led such a secluded life that she feared the noisy world that had crept to her very threshold. But as she mingled among these people and came to know them as individuals, her fears vanished and she became a real Mother in Israel to the little group who were striving valiantly to win followers for their Lord and Master.

It was a very happy day for them all when George and Amelia Campbell walked with Mrs. Rawson to the little altar and pledged themselves, heart and soul, to the cause they had come to love.

And also there came another day when the bungalow was finished and they dedicated their little house as a Christian home and established the family altar. "The Lord did build this dream-house," they said, "and our labor was not in vain."

#### HONOR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER

(Continued from page 9) ing and good manners, respect for God and men, which trait is appreciated and honored by every one. There are no regrets to follow in keeping this law.

The advice of a good Christian father or mother is generally safe for son or daughter to follow, and even the moral parent usually advises the son or daughter for the very best. In fact, you would hardly find a father or mother giving the wrong advice knowingly, especially if he or she has the welfare of the child at heart. The parents are responsible for the early Christian training of their child, and for the lack of this many boys and girls are having to face this dangerous, evil world unprepared and are more easily trapped by the snares of sin and Satan.

Disobedience and dishonor are the first steps downward. The natural effects grow until the conscience hardens, and then care and respect are lost. Some are disobedient to par-

ents, even in the face of good training. They become unthankful, unholy, without natural effections, despisers of good, and soon are lost in sin. Obedience and respect in honoring at home prepares the way abroad. The employer and all others we deal with help to a more prosperous career in life.

A smile on mother's face will tell—a wrinkle will tell, also, how her children honor her. With every scorn, or evil deed, or neglect, there will come a bitter regret. The grief and sadness that such brings will show up in her countenance and also shorten life.

If one has any disregard for God's law, he will soon disrespect same and will dishonor his parents, will dare soon to break other laws and perhaps go on until every law of God and man is broken. They try to dodge the penalty to avoid the shame and embarrassment; many would rather face the machine gun, poisonous vipers, and many other dangers, but these would be no worse for them to meet than consequence in life and death for the practice of breaking the laws of God and man. Whoso curseth father or mother, let him die the death.

It has been said that, if the cause were written on many tombstones of parents that the epitaphs written would be: "Died of a broken heart, because of wayward children." And the better and more obedient must merit the greater amount of pride. Solomon said, "My son hear the instructions of thy father and forsake not the law of thy mother for they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head and chains about thy neck."

Eccl. of Apocrypha 3, "Whoso honourth his father maketh atonement for his sins, and he that honoureth his mother, as one that layeth up treasures." A long life is promised for this, and comfort to his mother. He that feareth the Lord will honour father and mother. He will have joy of his own children. When he maketh his prayers they shall be heard.

#### CHILDREN'S PAGE

(Continued from page 4)

father who is a sinner.—Dorlee Suddreth, Rt. 3, Box 4, Lenoir, N. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am eight years old. I am in the third grade. I have a twin brother, Tommy. I have another brother and two sisters. All our family are saved and belong to the Methodist church. We all like to read the Lighted Path-

way. I would like to join your club. I am going to learn your verse.—Marjorie Tempest, Columbus, Indiana.

Marjorie, we are so glad to welcome a Methodist into our ranks, Come on, children, from all denominations. We will be glad to have you.—Ed.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I will write to tell you that I want to be a member of the M.O.H. Club. I am a girl thirteen years of age. I belong to the Church of God in Kannapolis. I would like for the M.O.H. Club to pray for my mother; she is unsaved. I desire all the prayers of the Christian people. My father is a member of the Church of God, too. I read the Lighted Pathway every month. It is a grand book to read. Please pray for my loved ones out in sin.—Evelyn Nance, Landis, N. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a little boy seven years old. I am in the first grade. I read the Children's Page. I am a Christian boy. My mother and father belong to the Church of God. I like to go to Sunday School. My mother teaches my class. I am just home from the hospital. I have to go back in ten days for another transfusion and operation. Please pray for me. I know the Lord heals.—Carl.

Note: If we just had your address, Carl, someone might write to you. We will be praying for you.

#### **DAD**PAULINE GIVANS

How often I am lonely How often I am blue How often I am thinking Dad, How are you?

I know I caused you heartache, By the mischievous things I did, But listen, Dad, Can't you see, I am just a kid?

When I grow to be a man,
I'll do for you, all I can,
I'll bring you lots of fun and joy,
Make you proud of me, your boy.



#### TOM, THE PRODIGAL

(Continued from page 14)

friendly hand partly supporting him. It was somewhat confusing, but Tom managed to hear the colonel say: "God is able to make a new man of you. He is able to save you or nobody can. Ask Him, ask Him!"

Tom's brain was getting clearer and his senses more acute. When he felt the grasp of a big, warm hand, he glanced up and saw the colonel at his side.

"I'm the feller, Colonel!" he exclaimed in a broken voice. "I've done it. I'm a gone sinner."

"Never mind that, Brother," said the colonel kindly. "Just ask God to forgive you. He can do it—don't fear."

So the good colonel called him "brother," also! Tom broke into audible sobs. Then he prayed, "God Almighty, don't set down on a poor sinner like me. I ain't got no right to ask nithin', but I'm I'm in fer it sure, if You don't help me. God Almighty, have mercy; give a poor fellow a lift that don't know the way."

Half an hour later Dr. Fernley and the colonel parted with Tom before the church. He was not drunk now, but the odor of debauch still lingered. "I'm afraid it won't last," said one of the congregation to another as they moved off down the street.

But the colonel put something into Tom's hands for immediate needs, and the pastor told him where to call next day to look for work and assistance for a time.

"Go home and tell your wife and children," said the colonel, "and have prayer with them at once."

"What, the likes of me!" gasped Tom.

"Yes, you. Remember, you belong to God now."

When Tom reached his little dwelling place, it was after ten o'clock—early for him to be "going home." He fumbled at the door, and stumbled into the hall, finding his way by the dim light of a smoky gas flame at the end of the hall.

"Mary," he called.

The crouching wife heard, but dared not reply. The voice was so different; the tone so clear. He must be crazy, she thought. Perhaps he would kill her. Tom's ears, so much more acute than at other times, caught muffled sounds from another room, and one child saying to the others:

"It's dad. Wish he was drunk enough to stay in the station house!"

"My God! My God!" Tom cried in agony; just listen to them children!"

He fell upon his knees by the wreck of a sofa, threw off his torn hat, and called peremptorily:

"Mary! Get up, I say, get up an' hunt up yer old Bible. I'm going to have family prayers with you and the children. Get them out quick and get the Bible."

"He's clean crazy, and he's goin' to kill us," groaned Mary. But nothing happened, and she ventured to crawl to the door and peep in. There was Tom on his knees by the sofa, his face turned upward as if looking into the unseen.

"Give me the Bible, Mary!" The tone was kindly. Tremblingly, she hunted out the dusty volume and laid it on the sofa before her husband.

"Now, make the children come in."
One by one the frightened, astonished three scuttled in and backed off behind their mother, gazing wide-eyed at the unimagined sight.

"Whereabouts is that chapter, Mary—the one that tells about the feller that drunk up all he owned? Here, you find it for me."

With streaming eyes, the poor woman managed to search out the 'Prodigal chapter," and Tom took the Book. Then he read, slowly, brokenly, uncertainly right through to the words: "This thy brother was dead, and is alive again, and was lost, and is found." He lifted both hands toward heaven and cried:

"That's me! that's me! God, You've given me a tremendous hoist out of the mud tonight, and if You will help me, I'll be different. Amen."

A week later, Tom, clean-shaven, neatly dressed, was seen nearing one of his favorite saloons. The bartender was at the door talking with a crony.

"Hello, Tom!" both cried, "what's the matter wits you? Heard about your crank notions. Come in and have a good set-up."

But Tom declined, and moved to pass on. The bartender, who had taken so much of the poor fellow's money, threw open the swinging door, allowing the smell of liquor to pour

"Come on in, Tom, and be friendly We'll wipe off the old score and start fresh. It's my treat. Come on in, old chap."

"No, Jim," replied Tom, gazing steadily. "God Almighty has wiped off the score against me, and I'm His man now. I'm going to live on the square."

This declaration was received with guffaws, and renewed urging to enter the saloon. At length Tom wavered. "Well, I'll go in if you let me pray." "Let you what?"

"Pray! Let me pray, an' I'll go in!"

"Oh, go ahead, pray away, if it does you any good," said the saloon man, holding wide the door. But Tom walked straight in, and without so much as a glance at the bar, dropped on his knees beside a small table and began:

"God Almighty, give my old friends the same kind of a life that You gave me. Haul 'em up short, and stop 'em from goin' to hell. Make 'em hungry for good, and right down sick of the bad. Clean 'em out, Lord, and help me to introduce 'em to Jesus Christ. I ain't able myself, but I'm willing to try the best I know how. God have mercy on my friends."

One by one the men who were in the room stole out to the street or the back yard. Tom opened his eyes. He was alone.

About a year after the night he had prayed the saloon empty, Tom came home on one winter evening. His home had become a new place. The bright little house was warm and cozy. The wife, calmly happy and content, sat by the table sewing. The oldest girl had come in from the store and laid her wages in her mother's lap. The two younger, with lessons learned for the morrow, were tucked into bed. The teakettle sizzled comfortably on the kitchen fire. Tom bent over and kissed his wife's faded cheek. Christ had brought peace to Tom's home.—Selected.

We have thousands of good fathers in our land, but we have thousands more just like the one in this story. Thank God there is a remedy for such homes.

There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,

Lose all their guilty stains.

God took the sunshine and roses, God took the moonlight and dew, God took the song of the songbirds And the soul of their melody, too, God took the blue of the heavens

The beauty of angels divine
And molded the image of Mother—
God's masterpiece,

MOTHER OF MINE.

#### A HOME CORRESPONDENCE COURSE

(Continued from page 7)

said. "I could not understand your short letter. I expected a long one. You must be sick. If so let me know, and I will run down at once."

Mary's came in the next mail and was of like tenor. John's reply was in the form of a telegram:

"Anything wrong at home? Received your brief letter, and am worried."

Henry had been away, and his letter drifted in two days later than the others. It showed surprise and wonder; he had expected the long letter which he had been accustomed to receive once a week.

"Oh, Allan, it was wrong of us to startle them like that," protested little Mrs. Leslie. "I must write a long letter, right away."

"No, no, that would spoil the plot. This shorter course in home correspondence can't stop here."

"But-but-"

Mr. Leslie finally persuaded her to his point of view. Answers to the letters and John's telegram followed the shorter course in correspondence. The children were all assured that every one was well at the old home, and that crops were doing nicely, but everybody was busy—very busy.

Mr. Leslie chuckled as he dropped the letters in the post office. He wanted to be sure of their going, for he had his suspicions about his wife. She showed every sign of weakening. In fact, her face had a pathetic look at times that almost made him relent.

"Allan, I can't write another such letter to the children," she protested. "It's cruel to them. I'll write a good long one to each of them tonight."

"You can write the letters, mother, but you can't mail them until we have responses from the last ones."

"But if—if—"

"You write the letters, and I'll mail them later."

Mrs. Leslie spent hours toiling away with pen and paper, and it was late when she finally dropped her pen with a weary sigh. Her husband had been watching her furtively from over the top of his paper all evening.

The following morning a telegram was delivered at the farmhouse. Mr. Leslie smiled as he tore off the yellow envelope.

"It's from John," he said. "He's coming down today to see us."

"He's coming home today? Then I must get ready for him. I'll cook some of those jumbles he used to like

so much, and-"

"I'd cook a lot of them while I was about it, for I shouldn't be surprised if..."

"If what?"

"Oh, nothing; but John always had a big appetite."

Two hours later the stage rumbled over the country road and stopped in front of the farmhouse. Out of it tumbled Mary and Jane. Mrs. Leslie was too surprised to say anything.

"Mother, we were sure you must be sick," they exclaimed in a breath. "You are, aren't you? I knew you were. We met on the train accidentally, and—"

"Hello!" shouted Mr. Leslie, "another telegram. It's from Henry, and —yes, he's coming down, too."

"Well, of all things," exclaimed Mrs. Leslie, dropping into a chair. "What does it mean?"

"Why, mother, it means," replied Mary, "that you frightened us out of our wits. Your letters were so cold and formal and—and—"

"Brief," interrupted Mr. Leslie.

"Yes, brief to the point of nothing." "Now, see here, daughter; we took as our model for letters some of yours and Jane's and John's and Henry's. I counted the number of words in each, and mother's had just as many as any of yours. I told her she'd been wasting words on you. Why, some of her letters were two thousand words long, and yours were—well, about fifty or a hundred. She was just pining away to know what you were doing, what the grandchildren were doing and thinking about, and what pets they had and what children they played with, and where they went to school. I think she even wanted to know what kind of dresses you were wearing, and how you cut the latest frock for the little ones, and what they had for breakfast and dinner. You see, a woman—"

"Allan! Allan!"

"Well, I'll reserve the rest of the lecture for the boys. They're just as guilty as the girls—more so, I guess, for they left the letter writing to their wives."

Before John and Henry arrived, Mary and Jane had fully grasped the significance of the plot concocted by their father. At first they viewed it as a practical joke just to get them home on a visit, but when alone with them Mr. Leslie spoke seriously and to the point.

"Don't let it pass off as a joke," he said kindly. "Mother is getting old,

and she needs your letters. She feels the neglect terribly. A long letter from you means more to her than anything else. She's lonely in a way, and you can cheer her up. If you don't, some day you may regret it. Now, girls, don't forget that letter writing is a two-sided affair."

Mary and Jane stayed two days at the old home, and when they returned they looked wistfully at their mother. Somehow they felt as only girls can, that they would have to make amends for their neglect by some immediate action.

The following day a package arrived at the old homestead. The creation of finery represented the combined shopping experience of the two daughters; but if they could have looked in upon the scene at home they would have opened their eyes in wonder. It was the long letter accompanying the package that held the center of the stage. With the dress goods neglected and scattered over the floor, little Mrs. Leslie was spending an hour reading and re-reading the letter.

When her husband looked in to see if dinner was nearly ready, a happy face glanced up at him.

"Oh, Allan, listen to what Mary and Jane say. Their children are wearing—But wait, I must read it from the beginning; it's such a long letter, and so full of news."

"Well, mother, it looks as if our shorter course in home correspondence is going to bear fruit," Mr. Leslie said, smiling down at the happy face, "for I got a couple of more letters here for you—one from John and one from Henry. And they're long ones, too,—bulky enough to carry two stamps. I wonder if the boys are as gossipy as the girls. We'll compare them tonight."

"Yes, yes, it will be such fun. It's almost as good as having the children here with you."

The eyes lighted up with joy and happiness, and the steps that had grown laggard in recent years began to assume some of the firmness and elasticity of youth.

-Sunday School Times.

#### IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE

(Continued from page 3)
room was empty. A saucepan of milk
was boiling over on the hot-plate of

the grate!

He hurried into the garden, calling "Madge! Julie!" There was no response.

He went back to the house. The turkeys had strayed into the kitchen, there being no one to drive them back. He made a hurried, fearsome tour of the house. Every room was empty!

He went back to where he had been, when Madge was taken; with a groan he dropped into his chair, staring into space with horror-stricken eyes.

Suddenly, as though a living voice uttered them, the words of scripture sounded in his ears.

"Lest, that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway."

A mortal agony filled his eyes, as he groaned:—

"God help me! I know now that I have only been a *minister*, by training and by profession, I have never been a son of God by conversion, by the New Birth!"

His untaught soul had misinterpreted the real inwardness of that passage of Paul's. But it was true, in the sense he meant it, he was "a castaway."

\* \* \*

It was not really until business time next morning, that London, that the whole country, really fully awoke to the fact of the great event of the previous night. Suburbans, in many cases, only heard the strange news on their arrival at their particular railway stations. Even then, a hundred rumors were the order of the moment. Everything reported was vague and shadowy. There were a few rank unbelievers of the garbled stories of the translation, who laughed skeptically, then began to grumble at the strange disorganization of the railway traffic.

More than one annoyed, belated traveller, remarked in similar terms to the utterance of a commercial traveler, at Surbiton station:—

"If there is *any* actual truth in this story of the secret translation of a number of religious people, then the mysterious taking away of so many signal-men, and engine-men, will be an eye-opener to the travelling public, who never, somehow, suppose that Christianity is a strong factor in the lives of railway men."

"It is a revelation in another way," remarked a second, "since it suggests why we have hitherto had so few railway accidents, compared with other nations."

The tens and hundreds of thousands, the millions, poured into London as usual. But the snap had gone

out of most of them. A horrible sense of foreboding was upon the spirits of the travellers. As the newspapers more fully confirmed the news, London approached perilously near the verge of a general panic.

The newspapers were bought up with phenomenal eagerness. "Souf Efriken War worn't in it, fur clearin' out peepers!" a street seller remarked.

But few of the morning papers, (except the "Courier") had anything special to say on the great event. Most of them, in fact, were absolutely silent.

There were weather prophecies, political prophecies, financial prophecies, social prophecies, sporting



prophecies, commercial prophecies, but no prophecy of the Coming of the Christ.

The "Courier's" rival had a brief note to the effect:—

"Some wild, senseless rumors were abroad in London last night, as to the sudden, mysterious disappearance of numbers of the *ultra* religious persons of London, and elsewhere. Some people talked wildly of the end of the world. We therefore dispatched special commissioners, to ascertain what truth there was in all this.

"Our representative returned an hour and a half later, after having visited all the chief places of amusement and principal restaurants. But everywhere managers told the same story, 'There has been no sign of the end of the world in *our* place. We are fuller than ever.'

But the note of the "Courier's" clarion call had no uncertain sound.

Besides all that we have already seen written in the office by the translated Tom Hammond, and afterwards by Ralph Bastin, the latter had added to his postscript, another. It was a solemn, a pathetic word, and ran as follows:

"Our sheets must go to press in a few moments, if the 'Courier' is to be in the hands of its readers at the usual hour. But before we print, we feel compelled to add a word or two more to what we wrote two hours ago.

"During the last two hours, we have made many discoveries, not the least of which, from the *personal* standpoint, is the fact, that the nearest and dearest being to our own heart and life, one whose life and thought, of late, has been strangely taken up by the Christ of God, is missing. She has shared in the glory and joy of the wondrous, mysterious, and—to *most* of us, to *all* of us surely who are *left—unexpected* translation.

"We have no wish or intention to parade our own personal griefs before our readers, but dare to say that no journalist ever worked with a more broken, crushed sense of life, than did we during the two hours we afterwards spent in searching London for facts.

"One curious fact which we speedily discovered, was, that no one had been taken in this wondrous translation, from any of the Theatres or musichalls. In the old days—four hours ago, seems, to look back to, like four centuries—before this awfully solemn event, discussions arose, periodically, in certain religious and semi-religious journals, as to whether true Christians could attend the theatre and music-hall.

"The fact that no one appears to have been translated from any of these London houses of amusement, answers, we think, that question, as it has never been answered before."

Here followed a brief resume of his experiences in other quarters. Then in big black type he asked the question:

"WHAT FOLLOWS, (ACCORDING TO THE BIBLE PROGRAM) THIS STUPENDOUS EVENT?—The Bible, evidently, (when read aright) told those, who have been taken from our midst, that this translation was approaching, then it must surely give some hint of what we may expect to follow so startling an episode as that of tonight. The question is, what follows?

"There must surely be many clergymen and ministers who knew about this great translation, who though not living in the spirit of what they knew, and being therefore left behind, like the common ruck of those of us who were carelessly ignorant— there must be many such ministers left, who could teach us *now*, *what* to expect *next*, and *how* to prepare for the next eruption—whatever form it may take.

"We therefore propose to any such ministers, that they gather us into the Albert Hall, Agricultural Hall, St. Paul's Cathedral, Spurgeon's Tabernacle, Whitfields—why not, in fact, into every church, chapel, Salvation Army Barracks, or even in the great open spaces such as Hyde Park, and other Parks, Primrose Hill, Hampstead Heath, etc., and teach us, who are left behind from the wondrous Translation, that has just occurred, how to be prepared for the next mighty change, for we believe the bulk of us are absolutely in the dark.

"Meanwhile, are there no houses in Paternoster Row, and its neighborhood, where books and pamphlets on these momentous subjects can be obtained, or are all such publishers translated with those of whom we have been writing?"

One effect of the last suggestion, in Bastin's second postscript, was to send thousands of people to Paternoster Row, the Square, Ivy Lane, and all the neighbourhood. Some of the publishers of books on the Lord's Second Coming, had been left behind, and not shared in the Rapture of which they had printed and published.

Storekeepers, packers, masters, clerks, were most of them reading up the contents of their own wares. Business system among them, at first, seemed an unknown quantity. Deadness, amaze, fear, uncertainty, all of these things held and dominated them.

But they had to wake up. Their counters were besieged. Hordes of people thronged the doors. In twenty minutes after the first great influx, there was not a tract, a booklet, or a volumn, on the "Lord's coming, and the events to follow," left in the "Row."

At any other time those in command of the stores, would have tried to get printing presses at work, to run off some hundreds of thousands of the briefest of the "Second Advent" literature. But, today, fear, nameless fear, held every one in thrall.

The "Row" put up shutters, and

went home—or at least got away from business.

Business, everywhere, was at a standstill. By eleven o'clock most of the city houses were closed. Some of the banks never opened at all. Throgmorton Street and the Stock Exchange were in a state of dazed incredulity. A few members were missing, and these were known to be "Expectants" of the Translation.

"Salvation S——, is gone!" some one called out.

"Aye!" cried another, "I'd give all I possess, or ever hoped to possess, to be where he is now. I remember how he tried and prayed to persuade me

once to ——"

There was a rush of members across "The Floor" at that moment. Some one had a proposition to make, namely a trip to 101 Queen Victoria Street, to see if there were any Salvationists left there. A little band, about a dozen, responded, and the silk-hatted, excited little crowd swept away on their curious quest.

To be Continued.

"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil," Prov. 31:10, 11.

# A Letter from the Editor's Niece

Do I hear some mother who is an invalid say, "I am a burden to my children," or "I cannot be of service to my Master, because I am ill"? The mother spoken of in this letter is my sister who could not walk for twenty-five years. And, "her children rise up to call her blessed."—Editor.

May 5, 1945.

Dearest Auntie:

Ina Belle and I wanted to send this card to you as an expression of our love and appreciation for you on this another Mother's Day occasion, to you a very sweet aunt, the sister of our own precious mother whose sweet memory lives on as well as her spirit, even though not in flesh. The month of May, however, brings with it a bit of sadness to our hearts, because with it comes Mother's Day and the birthday of our own precious mother who has gone on before us. As one beholds the windows filled with lovely gifts for Mother, and the lovely cards filled with such beautiful expressions of love to Mother, it cannot help but bring a feeling of sadness as you realize your Mother is gone, and that you can no longer be among the many who line the counters in search for that gift or sentiment which comes the nearest to expressing what we feel in our heart toward the dearest Mother on earth. Even though that privilege is no longer ours, I am so thankful we did have that great privilege as long as we did, and I trust that as long as God gives me breath I shall never cease to praise Him for the great heritage He gave us—a wonderful Christian mother—and I know

of none greater.

To me it seems there is nothing sadder than a home without a Christian mother. Somehow, my heart has always gone out to those who have been denied the privilege of having a good Christian mother, and I have wondered so many times where I might have been had it not been for my own dear mother, who put God first in her life, setting such an example that stands out as a monument, even though she has passed on to her reward, and serves as a beacon light to beckon us on to follow in the paths of the Savior, whom she loved and served so faithfully in her journey here on earth. Some of these days I hope and pray we can all meet her, and sometimes I wish how soon that could be if all were ready to go. I do pray daily for all of our loved ones, that all will get ready and there will not be the loss of one.

Well, dear Auntie, I hope you will have the privilege of having all your family with you on this Mother's Day, for I know how much it meant to our Mother. I hope this Mother's Day will mean much to our nation as our president has proclaimed it to be a day of prayer and thanksgiving.

May God richly bless you on this Mother's Day and every day is my sincere prayer, and may you continue to glorify Him in the great work you are doing, and I feel sure when you hear the blessed words, "Well done," you will truly realize your labors have not been in vain. Again may I say, "God bless you."

Your niece and namesake, Alda Burt.

#### "BUT ONE MOTHER"

A good mother is one person whom you can ill afford to forget. All her life she has loved and served you in the most unselfish manner. She has done more for you and complained less than anyone else you know. You could always be sure of her interest in you. She is one person who actually took pains to understand you. Even when you were wrong, and everyone else stood out against you, mother found something good in your poor soul, and was ever ready with something comforting to say.

It was Mother who watched your health, and was careful about your food. It was she who gave you advice with her warm heart's love. It was she who, night after night, lay awake until she knew that you were home safely and in bed for the night. It was she who suffered most when you broke the rules and got yourself into trouble. It was Mother who suffered for you, prayed for you, talked for you, worked for you, dreamed and planned for you, loved you, believed in you, lived for you, and gave herself for you as none other could or would.

Perhaps she is old now and a bit feeble. She may even be a little childish, but she is still your best friend. A long letter from you regularly, full of details and thoughtfulness, will refresh her memory of earlier days, and minister to her noble spirit. Letting her know that you still consider her your dearest friend on earth will do more to keep her healthy and well than many a doctor's medicine, make her far happier than even money.

Mother does not want your wealth half as much as she thirsts for your thoughts, your devotion, and your love. "A rose that son sends means more than a whole floral display of some agreement-society friend."

The love of mother comes freely to a man, but when she is gone no one ever quite takes her place. She never seems to have an equal, and her compassion stands in a class by itself. Sometimes it seems almost divine.

You may forget her, but she will never forget you. She may live in a single room, but she finds place for your picture on her table, along with some of your boyhood articles that she still keeps on display. She sings your praises to the neighbors, and intercedes for you with God. She watches the postman zig-zag up the street, and holds her breath as he reaches her door. To herself she may

say, "It has been a long time, but surely he will not forget." If you but stop to think, I ask you now, how could you?

Submitted by Hyrum B. Barker, Pennsylvania Industrial School, Huntingdon, Penn.

#### DO YOU LOVE GOD?

"Mr. Bartell, do you love God?" This was the question that the bootblack flung at the lawyer whose boots he was blacking. The lawyer, though an upright man, was not much given to religious thought. "Why do you ask me that?" he questioned in his turn.

"Well, I'll tell you, sir. Me mother an' me's got to git out, for the place we live will be torn down pretty soon, an' a feller like me can't pay much rent. Yesterday I heard two men talkin' an' one of 'em said God would help anybody that loved Him if they'd tell Him they was in the hole. This morning I made up my mind I'd lay for somebody that knew God well enough to ask him."

The lawyer was embarrassed. Thrusting a dollar into the boy's



#### Mother's Influence

"Kept all these sayings in her heart." (Luke 2:19-51.)

F. W. Boreham tells of a baby girl in Virginia who in the early days of the settlement was carried off by Indians. For years the heartbroken mother searched in vain for the child. At length she found in a tribe of Iroquois a young woman whose likeness to herself was remarkable. The older woman tried in many ways to establish identity. At length it occurred to her to sing the lullaby with which she had crooned her baby to sleep. In a moment the girl's face changed, and before the song finished the two women were in each other's arms. Through all the years the mother had treasured that lullaby in her heart.

hands, he hurried away. But the lawyer was an honest man, and he faced the question, grappling with it till he could answer it. Then he sought the boy, helped him to good lodgings, and had him educated, and then took him into his office as a student.

The boy had found at last somebody who loved God; and in time he learned to love Him himself and to "know Him well enough to ask Him."

#### MISSION PAGE

(Continued from page 24)

#### A Life Saver

A missionary and an Egyptian pastor were returning from a long, hard day of visiting among various villages in the Delta. At the point where they separated, each to return to his own home, the pastor hired two men to drive him the remaining distance. Reaching a lonely bit of road, the car stopped, the two men got out mumbling an excuse about the engine, whispered a moment together, then started toward the pastor. Sensing trouble, he quickly drew out the only weapon he had ever carried, held it in his hand, so that, in the moonlight, it gleamed in the eyes of the advancing men, and said to them, "Be careful, I have here the best weapon in the world, and I am trained in its use."

Both men stopped and began to back off, protesting that they meant no harm. The pastor could not refrain from laughing, and said, "My friends, look here. I am a preacher. I have neither money nor firearms. What I have is that Sword which God has given us to save life rather than to take it. I have a New Testament. The gleam you see, instead of being from a pistol barrel, is the gilt edge shining in the moonlight, even as God's love shines on our hearts if we will allow it. God's Word is sharper than any two-edged sword, and through it we who trust God find all our needed help and protection for every time of need."

The driver came up and begged forgiveness, explaining, "We saw you
come to the crossroad with the
foreigner, and supposed you were his
assistant in cotton buying in the villages. When you asked to go to your
town, which is one of the large cotton
centers, we imagined that you would
be carrying money to close cotton
contracts with the farmers; and we
thought this was our opportunity to
take it from you. Will you forgive us
this wrong?—United Presbyterian.

#### LIGHTED PATHWAYS FOR MEN IN SERVICE, ETC.

Amount sent from each state to the Publicity Fund and to the fund for sending Lighted Pathways to men in Service for March:

Service for March.	
Illinois	\$16.70
Missouri	14.60
Texas	8.40
Michigan	6.01
Georgia	
Alabama	4.00
North Dakota	3.00
West Virginia	2.10
Florida	2.00
Pennsylvania	1.35
South Dakota	1.00
California	1.00
Louisiana	1.00
Ohio	1.00
Virginia	
Tennessee	

\$69.11

NOTE: We are not receiving enough for the Army Fund to keep up our regular mailing list. It is true that papers will not continue to go to many on the list, but there is a goodly number who ask that the papers be sent to them yet. Letters are coming to us from chaplains and soldiers, too, who ask that we still send the papers to them. Many boys are in hospitals and they will enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway. We are depending on you, it co-workers.

May God bless each of you; we thank you from the bottom of our heart for what you have done in the past.

#### FEBRUARY PRIZE WINNER

Giadys Warden, Canton, Ohio, is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5 for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.

#### Honor Roll

Gladys Freeman, Greenville, S. C. Margaret Varner, Baltimore, Md. J. L. Barfield, Greenwood, S. C. Pauline Albro, Louisville, Ky. Edwin Mortenson, Columbia, S. C. E. C. Byrom, Port Arthur, Texas.

#### MARCH PRIZE WINNER

Mrs. James L. Slay, N. Cleveland, Tenn., is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5 for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.

#### Honor Roll

Margaret Varner, Baltimore, Md. J. L. Barfield, Greenwood, S. C. Pauline Albro, Louisville, Ky. Edwin Mortenson, Columbia, S. C. Mrs. Mabel Garrett, Ninety Six, S. C. E. C. Byrom, Port Arthur, Texas.

### LIGHTED PATHWAY RATING FOR MARCH

FOR	MAKCH	
	Sold for Mar.	Total
Alabama	2,819	22,889
Alaska	7	49
Arizona		1,609
Arkansas		5,275
California		7,595
Canada		2,050
Colorado		344
Connecticut	20	66
Delaware	122	8 <b>3</b> 8
Florida		20,866
Foreign	337	2,848
Georgia		38,521
Idaho		1,149
Illinois	1,665	12,425
Indiana	871	8,625
Iowa		1,225
Kansas		4,187
Kentucky		16,731
Louisiana	452	3,318
Maine		2,606
Massachusetts	45	316
Maryland		8,630
Michigan		7,358
Minnesota	88	560
Minnesota Mississippi	816	7,629
Missouri	1.541	10,300
Montana	127	1,239
Nebraska	18	192
Nevada		46
Now Homoshira	9	26
New Jersey	140	1,012
New Mexico	244	1,558
New York		880
North Carolina		43,323
North Dakota		1,535
Ohio		22,512
Oklahoma	<b>43</b> 8	4,219
Oklahoma Oregon	143	1,068
Pennsylvania		6,214
South Carolina		61,437
South Dakota		1,351
Tennessee		29,303
Texas		12,470
Utah		1
Vermont		4
Virginia		11,263
Washington	295	2,401
Washington, D. C	76	530
West Virginia		12,120
Wisconsin		516
Wyoming		44
	56,502	403,273
	,	,

#### The Benefits (?) of Whisky

A man once said to a friend of mine, "You are fighting whisky; whisky has done a great deal of good; why, whis-

ky has saved a great many lives." "Well," said my friend, "you remind me of a composition a boy wrote on the subject of a pin. 'A pin is a very queer sort of thing. It has a round. head and a sharp point, and if you stick pins into you, they hurt. Women use pins to pin on their cuffs and collars, and men use pins when the buttons come off. You can get pins for five cents a paper; but if you swallow them, they will kill you, but they have saved thousands of lives.' The teacher said, 'Why, Thomas, what do you mean by that?' Said the boy, 'By people not swallowing them.' "-Platform Echoes.

#### OUR BELIEFS

Those who do not believe as we do are watching us to see what difference our belief makes in our conduct. If our beliefs do not show in our words and acts, then they conclude that there is nothing to what we say we believe.

People across the seas—in Africa, India, and China—are weighing our words and deeds to see if our particular brand of religion makes a difference in us. Do they want to be like us because we are what our beliefs have made us?

Basing his words on his own knowledge of contacts between so-called Christian people and the people of other lands, Kippling has said,

"By all ye will or whisper,
By all ye live or do,
The sullen, silent peoples,
Shall weigh your God and you."

#### **Notice to Gideons**

When it is necessary to make a change in your order or a change of name and address of Gideon, please let us have this information on or before the 10th of each month. If it is received later, the change will likely not be made until the following month.—Editor.

#### "Perfect Through Sufferings"

(Continued from page 6) flax, plus the bath that cleans." All these are things that the mere human does not appreciate to pass through. Why be concerned about the process? Why not be more concerned about the end? He sees the end from the beginning.—R.

"In that he himself hath suffered ..., he is able to succour them that are tempted," Heb. 2:18.



REV. J. A. CROSS Pastor, East Chattanooga Church of God

Dear Sister Harrison:

We took the matter of the Student Loan Fund up with the local church. We consider this Penny-a-Day plan exceilent, only too small for so worthy a cause. I decided to double that amount and make it 2c per day for each member, which would be \$7.30 per year for each person. This amount will be paid in on or before our state camp meeting which convenes in June, also we will take a special offering for the Fund, and send it ail in at the close of the state camp meeting and convention.

Thank you for putting the opportunity before us for giving to this worthy cause. May God bless you as you work for Him.—Wesley H. Snyder, Bozeman, Mont.

Thank God for Brother Snyder and his church. Without vision the people perish. They have caught the vision. I am sure that this clear, crystal stream of water we have pictured to you will not cease to flow through by this small church up in Montana. I hope to publish Brother Snyder's picture in the near future with the amount he sends in. God is slowly working His way into the hearts and we are expecting great things from Him.—Editor.

Sister Lora E. Rider, of Summerville, Ga., writes:

"I noticed that you asked how many would pay one penny-a-day on the Student Loan and Endowment Fund. I think I can pay that much. I would like to pay a lot if I could, but you will remember the widow's mite. I am sending it in as I have it to spare."

She sends in 25c of the amount. Now isn't that a great example for our sister to set before the rest of us? Just think, this is such a little bit for us to give for the education of our youth in one whole year, and yet we say we can't. Come on and let us build a great Endowment Fund for our school to carry us over any depression that might come. If every one would send in their widow's mite, or double or triple it as the Bozeman church has, we could soon have \$100,000 in our fund.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I read your letter and article for the "Voice." This will appear in the next issue. Thank you for this fine suggestion. I believe it will

#### STUDENT LOAN FUND

J. A. CROSS

One of the most worthy projects I have known of in a long time is the present drive for the Student Loan Fund. I believe that it is possible for the entire membership of the Church of God to back this drive to the limit. I also feel that a new stimulus has been added to the drive by the acquisition of the College in Cleveland.

Fourteen years ago the school was struggling along with inadequate classrooms, and housing facilities. Money was a scarcity. We were struggling along in a depression. Under such circumstances, I was attending school. No one, unless he has gone through such an experience, can realize what a blessing such a loan fund would be to anyone under similar circumstances. If I remember, the Assembly had recommended a loan fund for students, but no one had promoted or financed the loan fund. No such help was available.

By giving to this fund, it can be a blessing to the youth of today and the future ministry of the Church of God. I fancy I hear the cry of many answering not only in a vocal assent, but with the jingling of silver and the rustling of bilis, as the "penny per day" plan catches fire and gains momentum. By your giving to this fund we will not only have a provision for such a loan, but we will actually have the cash money to back up the provision, and enable the coming ministry of the Church to obtain the education that they need.

The folk at the East Chattanooga Church of God have responded to this, and the response has not stopped. We have appointed a responsible representative for this fund, and the people are going to her, pledging their support, and paying off piedges. While our folk are carrying a heavy load by maintaining a daily broadcast, giving to missions, orphanage, and keeping up current expenses, yet they have responded and are continuing to do so.

May God help you to catch the vision and work for God and the School—our School—and help our boys and girls of the Church of God.

be a great strength to our Youth Program and their education. May the Lord richly bless you in your great work for Him.—J. H. Hughes, overseer of Ohio.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am very interested in the Penny-a-Day Loan Fund for the Bibie Training School and College. I hope every pastor witi get this on his heart and carry it over the top for Jesus. I would suggest that every church have a penny-march once a week, like we have in the Sunday School for the orphans. Prayer meeting night would be a good time for this. A box could be made and let everybody march around the box and drop in their seven pennies for the week. Some may put in more, which will make up for those who are not there. I am sure it will work if every pastor witi get behind it.

I think it is a wonderful plan you have started to help our young people go through Bible School. Surely every true child of God should be only too glad to do his part. We have only a short time to work, and what we do must be done quickly. May God bless you and give you the needed strength to carry on for Him. I am praying for you. Much love from Sister Gracie Elwood, Key West, Florida.

Dear Sister Harrison:

The Youth Movement is one that I am vitally interested in, as I am the father of five children and all are now in school; and I feel that unless they get some Christian education from godly teachers their education will be incomplete. Then, too, anyone with a vision of the world of tomorrow must feel their obligation to the youth of today.

Rest assured that you have my wholehearted support in your efforts to make secure the future of our youth, and in building up a Loan and Endowment Fund for our Bible Training School and College. May God's richest blessings abide with you.—O. C. Crank, overseer of Arizona.

THE CRYSTAL STREAM

There was a mountain canon through which ran a little stream that gurgled and splashed and sang its way over the boulders and under the ferns down the mountainside, shining like a thread of silver where now and again the sun reached it, hurrying on to bear its tribute to the river. Soon after it left the mountain, it passed a stagnant pool, and the pool called to it, "Whither away, little stream?"

"I am going to the river to bear this cup of water God has given to me."

"Oh! you are very foolish to do that; you had better keep it for your own use; you'll need it before the summer is over. It has been a backward spring, and we shall have a hot summer to pay for it—you will dry up then."

"Well," said the little stream, "if I am to die soon, I had better work while the day lasts. If I am likely to lose this treasure from the heat, I had better do good with it while I have it."

So away through the canon and the pastures, and afterward through the meadows and the fields it helped to make green, ran the little stream, and everybody who saw it smiled, and everyone who slaked his thirst at its fragrant side rejoiced and blest it. The pool that had given it advice smiled complacently at its own superior foresight and held back every cupful of water, not letting a drop slip away that it could help. A little later the hot summer heat came down, and it fell upon the little stream. But it had its source away back there on the side of the high mountain where it came gushing out between two great rocks from a vast hidden reservoir in the heart of the backbone of the continent—a reservoir that was filled by the melting of the snows up above it, and it did not dry up.

The trees crowded to its brink and threw out their sheltering branches over it when the days were hot, for it brought refreshment and life to them; and the sun peeped through the branches and smiled most gently upon its dimpled face, and seemed to say, "It is not in my heart to harm you." And the birds wet their beaks in its silver tide and sang its praises; the flowers breathed their perfume upon its bosom; the horses and the cattle and the sheep loved to linger by its banks; the farmer's eye was aiways joyous as he looked on the line of verdant beauty that marked its course through his fields and meadows-and so on it went, bringing verdure and blossom and life and happiness wherever it passed. It blest everybody and everybody blest it. It was always giving and yet it was always fuil. It poured its little tide of pure water into the river, and the river poured it on the sea. The sea welcomed it, and the sun smiled upon the sea, and the sea sent up its incense to greet the sun. The clouds caught in their capacious bosom the incense from the sea, and the winds, like waiting

(Continued on page 25)



# HOME

Where burns the loved hearth brightest,
Cheering the social breast?
Where beats the fond heart lightest,
Its humble hopes possessed?
Where is the smile of sadness,
Of meek-eyed patience born,
Worth more than those of gladness
Which mirth's bright cheek adorn?
Pleasure is marked by fleetness
To those who ever roam,
While grief itself has sweetness
At home, dear home.

ALLANGER SALASARA SAL

There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits, when most brief;
These eyes in all their splendor
Are vocal to the heart,
And glances, gay and tender,
Fresh eloquence impart.
Then dost thou sigh for pleasure?
Oh, do not wildly roam:
But seek that hidden treasure
At home, dear home.

Does pure religion charm thee
Far more than aught below?
Wouldest thou that she should arm thee
Against the hour of woe?
Think not she dwelleth only
In temples made for prayer;
For home itself is lonely
Unless her smiles be there.
The devotee may falter,
The bigot blindly roam,
If worshipless her altar
At home, dear home.

Love over it presideth
With meek and watchful awe;
Its daily service guideth,
And shows its perfect law.
If there thy faith shall fail thee,
If there no shrine be found,
What can thy prayers avail thee,
With kneeling crowds around?
Go, leave thy gift unoffered
Beneath Religion's dome;
And be her first-fruits proffered
At home, dear home.

-B. Barton.

# Lighted Pathway

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

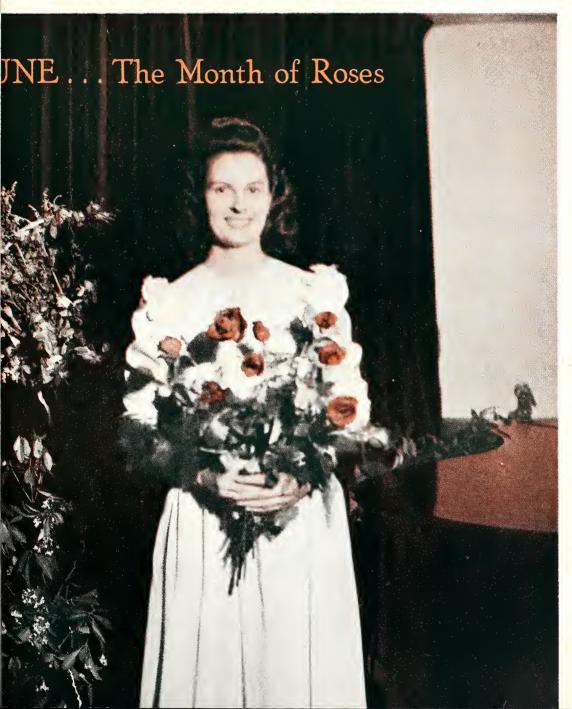


Vol. 17

JUNE, 1946

No. 6





"Thy Word is Light Unto My Path"

Psalm 119:105

## THE EDITOR'S MESSAGE

#### A PRAYER

Draw near to me, O God. I come to Thee that I may be lifted above the murmur of the street, the confusion and unrest of office and shop, and become aware of Thy presence. In communion with Thee, may I gain strength,



courage, and confidence, that my work may be more acceptable to Thee and to my fellow men. I think of Thee, sit in wonder as I contemplate Thy nature and purpose, and long that my life always may reflect Thy character. Be pleased, O God, to make the stillness of this place vocal, that I may feel assured I have heard Thy voice, and that its words of love and counsel continue as music in my heart, I ask these things in the name of Jesus Christ, whom I love and seek to honor. Amen.

I wish I could stand before you in one great audience and we could pray to-

gether this prayer. Will you stop now and close your eyes and pray this little poem prayer with me from the depth of your heart? How about committing it to memory?

> I do not ask for golden mists, Nor rosy paths to tread, Nor e'en that the least small flower May bloom above my head. Nor wealth, nor fame, nor ease, nor love Find place in these, my prayers, Nor lightning of the cover robe My spent soul ever wears. I only ask that Thou wilt take My pain and grief and fear, And to Thy glory wilt transmute My every pang and tear. I only plead that Thou wilt use This broken life of mine And for my dust and ashes give The beauty that is Thine.—Selected.

I am sure, boys and girls, you are not looking for an easy place in this great warfare. God has a plan for every life. Many are missing that plan, but that is not God's fault.

For days, office workers had been watching a towering building go up: they had observed the excavations and had endured the racket of the riveters. One morning as people hurried along to their work, they saw men tearing away the protecting canopy built over the sidewalk. High overhead the structure of steel and stone glistened in the morning sun. The skyscraper was finished.

But the passing throng had seen only the outward aspect of the building process. Up in that little office which was now being torn down, men had been studying blueprints until the edges of them were torn and the corners were dog's-eared. The construction firm took pains to follow the plan of the architect.

God has a plan for every life. If we neglect this layout, we cannot hope to build a character which will stand up and command respect. Every day we need to consult the divine blueprint, for the process of building goes on without stopping. The principle of selection of materials and the pattern of the structure depend on the plan which we have chosen to follow. By daily prayer we get a view of the blueprint which helps us to build strong, beautiful lives.

Don't worry because you think you cannot carry out God's plans. For by the plan of God, your opportunities are always in proportion to your talents. He who had five talents received five opportunities. He who had two talents had two opportunities, and he who had one talent had one opportunity. No young person, or older person for that matter, will ever have reason to complain of his opportunities, for God has planned for each one of us all the opportunities which we have gifts to use.

Many of the five-talented men and women are lying down on the job and the one-talented are trying to do the work of the five-talented, and so both are failing. What we want to do is get in the little niche God has planned for us and do our best in that niche.

When we have but one life to live in this world, is it not an unspeakable pity for us to drift? The humblest of us have gifts which we could use to the glory of God and in the service of humanity, if we were only thoughtful enough, serious enough, industrious enough. We may not be able to do great deeds and to accomplish great things. That is not necessary to noble manhood and womanhood.

At Storm Lake, Iowa, there lives a native Greek, Jim Pappas, born on the Island of Crete, who shines shoes and blocks hats for a living. Jim has one ambition in his work, and that is to give his customers the best shine in the world. The other day he shined a man's shoes for thirty minutes, and talked freely about the Scriptures, and the prophetic Word which tells him that his native land shall soon be liberated and resurrected into a great empire. Jim is an ardent student of the Word. He takes old, soiled, and unpolished shoes, and sends them away glowing with new life and luster. He has made his bootblacking business an art. What a lesson Jim has taught me!

Are we putting our best into that which God has placed in our hands?

God will help you if you desire to do your best.

A keen-eyed, medium-sized young sea captain stood in a lobby of a large hotel in Hongkong, conversing with a portly Englishman.

"So you have come to trade in the Orient?" the portly one asked. "Well, step into the bar and tell me about your plans."

"I am sorry, but I never enter bars and I don't take alcoholic beverages," the young sea captain replied.

The Englishmen's eyebrows rose and his florid face broke into an unbelieving smile. "Entering the Oriental trade without Scotch and sodas?"

"Yes. sir."

"Do you expect to be able to do business in the Orient without taking your friends into the saloon and enjoying a friendly drink?" The florid-faced one laughed. "If you do, God help you!"

The keen-eyed young sea captain smiled and replied, "God will help me."

And apparently God did. Before his death that young sea master, Captain Robert Dollar, sat on the tenth floor of the Robert Dollar Building on California Street in San

(Continued on page 25)

# In the Twinkling of an Eye

By Sidney Watson

(Used by permission of Fleming H. Revell Compony)

(Continued from last issue)

There was one "Hallelujah Lass," in the front shop, at the "Headquarters." She was bonnetless, but the big, navyblue head-dress lay on a glass showcase. She wore a finely-knitted crimson jersey and braided blue skirt. Her eyes were red with weeping. She was strangely distraught. There was no lilt of the song upon her lips:—

"Oh! the peace my Savior gives,
Peace I never knew before."

"Not all translated then?" began the leader of the Stock Exchange band addressing her.

There was nothing flippant, nothing sneering in his tone or manner.

The girl essayed a reply, but at first it ended in a sob only. Presently she recovered herself enough to say:—

"No, we're not all translated! You see, sir, the Army, as a body, never quite admitted the truth of this Second coming of our Lord. It has always preached that we, as an Army of Salvation, were raised up by God to get all the world converted. A lady in the train, as I came up to business, only yesterday—"

The girl sighed wearily, as she interpolated, "Yesterday seems as far off as Wesley's times. But, only yesterday, this lady, in the train, talked to me about the Lord's near return'—that is how she put it—and said, 'God is undoubtedly using the Army in evangelizing the distant heathen, and thus allowing them to fulfil His purpose in calling out those who are to form the Bride of the heavenly Bridegroom—but, believe me, my dear, the world will never be converted before Christ comes for His Church.'

"She talked to me very beautifully, and simply, only, as she said, one could only grasp these truths in proportion as one kept clear in his mind the things which belonged to the separate dispensations.

"'If,' she said, 'the Lord came tonight'—how little she or I dreamed that He actually would—'this dispensation would be closed, and a new one would begin tomorrow.' "

The girl looked around in a bewildered way, almost as though she was looking for something she had lost.

"I have never known anything about the dispensations, and their bearing on the Bible," she went on. "The Army has always taught us that we should all die, lie in our graves until 'the last Day,' then appear before the Great White Throne, and be judged according to our lives, and all that. The lady who spoke to me yesterday—yesterday? oh, how far off it seems—explained to me, from the Bible, that true Christians would never appear before the Great White Throne.

"That when the Great White Throne shall be set, the real Christian will be seated in glory with Jesus, the Judge. And only the wicked, unsaved dead will be judged there. The sin of the true Christian, she said, is done with, settled, put away on the Cross.

"'There is therefore now no condemnation (judgment) to them who are in Christ Jesus.' 'He that heareth, and believeth on Jesus, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment, but is passed from death unto life.'

"She told me that the true Christian, who might be living, when the Lord should return, would be caught up into the air, with all the Christian dead, who will rise from their graves; and, that then the only judgment that can ever come to the Christian, will take place. That will be at Christ's judgment of Rewards. She said that eternal life did not enter into the question. That was settled once and forever, but at Christ's reward-judgment, the Christian's work would be tried."

Some of the silk-hatted listening men began to fidget. All this talk was foreign and uninteresting to them.

"The lady," the girl went on, "promised to meet me this morning at the station, at the same time as we met yesterday, 'should the Lord tarry,' she said. But I saw nothing of her this morning. She had been 'caught up,' of course, to meet her Lord in the air, and I——"

The girl's voice broke, her eyes streamed with tears. One of the youngest of the stock-brokers asked:—

"But why, if Salvationists are Christians, are you here? Why were you not translated?"

"God help me!" she cried, "I know

now, now that it is too late, that I was never converted. I was drawn into an Army meeting by reports I heard of the singing and music. The Army's methods fascinated me—the young officer who came to our town, was a very taking fellow. He talked to me in an after meeting, I wept with the many emotions that were at work within me; I went to the penitent form—and—and—afterwards joined the Salvation Army—but I know now I was not really saved."

She caught her breath in a quick sob, then a little glow suddenly filled her face, as she added:—

"But I have settled the matter this morning. I have yielded, intelligently to Christ, and I know that

'Jesus with me is united.

Doubting and fears they are gone; With Him now my soul is delighted, I and King Jesus are one.'

"And," she cried, her eyes flashing with a holy light, "if witnessing for Jesus means martyrdom, then, by God's grace, I'll show by my death that——"

"Are there many Salvationists left?" interrupted one of the listeners.

A quick flush dyed her cheek; as she replied:—

"I can't say! There are some here at headquarters, who I should not have thought would have been left behind, but who are. Though I don't believe there will be more, if so many Salvationists, as other sects, in proportion, be found to be left behind, or

The sound of thousands of tramping feet broke into the girl's speech.

(Continued on page 30)

# THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

Devated to the general welfare and spiritual uplift of aur young people everywhere

Published manthly at the Church of God Publishing House Clevelond, Tennessee

F. W. LEMONS, Editor-in-Chief of Youth Literature

ALDA B. HARRISON, Editor Editor, The Lighted Pathwoy Clevelond, Tennessee

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# Children's Page

Dear Children:

I have been getting letters from a large number of children and if I publish all of them. I will have no room for anything else. Our M.O.H. Club was started in January 1946. Get your paper and read it again and see what I have required of you in order to be a member. If you have qualified always, say, "I am qualified." If you are just joining, say, "I will qualify," and we will publish your name only. That will give room for our qualified members to see their letters in the paper. We do want our club to mean more than just writing a letter to the paper. If you mean to be something when you are grown up, you must begin now. You are laying the foundation for your life when you are young. God bless everyone. I have never seen you face to face, but I love you and want to see you grow into fine young people and be ready to take up God's work when we get through.—Ed.

#### RIDDLES

Lena, Ralph, and Tom were sitting by the fireplace playing a guessing game.

Tom shut his eyes and said, "I see a bald-headed man, and some naughty children, and some bears. Who was the man?"

"I know," shrieked Lena. "That was Elisha."

"Yes, you are right. Now it is your turn."

Lena screwed her eyes into tight little knots. "I see a boy with a slingshot. He puts a stone into the slingshot and wham! he throws and down goes the giant. Who was the boy?"

"I know him!" exclaimed Ralph.
"That boy was David and the giant was
Goliath."

"Your turn," said both the others at once.

"I see a little girl by the edge of the river. She is picking flowers that grow down by the water, but all the time she is watching a basket that is partly hidden by the rushes. Who was she?"

"The baby Moses was in the basket," said Lena.

"His sister was watching him," added Tom.

"What was her name?" asked Ralph.
The others thought and thought,

but they could not remember the little girl's name. "Ralph beat this time, but I will the next time, for I'm going to look in the Bible for more names," said Lena.

"I'm going to look, too," promised Tom, for he liked the game.

Next Sunday afternoon, you and your brother try this game, too. I am sure you will have lots of fun guessing.—*Junior Joys*.

(This is good for your M. O. H. Club meeting.)

#### NO USE THINKING

Nellie was a very thoughtful child, dutiful, kind, and of a loving nature, but she was not saved, not born again.

Mother often spoke to her about being a true Christian, and her answer

#### A PRAYER

Ann Jones

O God, do help us today, And chase all of our troubles away; And we will sing a song, For we to You belong.

O God, do help us, we pray, As we go from day to day; And guide us with Thy tender care, For we want to meet You there.

Keep up from all harm and danger And from all our anger, Because we pray every day While we go along life's weary way. We pray that sinners will come to You, As our journey we pursue; And in morning, noon, or night I know Your Word is always right.



always was, "I am going to think about

One day mother said to her, "It is no use thinking."

She was rather taken aback at that. "No use thinking," she repeated.

"No," mother said; "no use thinking."

She was silent for a few minutes, and then, looking up at mother, said, "I see now. When you always say you think you will give me a doll, and never do it, it is no use thinking."

It was not long after this that dear Nellie gave up thinking and became a very decided child of God by accepting the Lord Jesus as her own personal Savior and is now a missionary in Africa amongst the poor, dark, heathen seeking to win them for the same Savior she knows and loves.

Dear children, come now, while you are young and follow Nellie's example.—Gospel Chimes.

#### HOW TO BE GOOD AND HAPPY

"How is it that Freddy is not as cross and fretful as he used to be? I have not heard one ugly, faultfinding word from him for ever so long!" That is what his auntie asked.

"It is because I have given my tongue to God," said Freddy, "and cannot speak bad words any more."

This is good, but Freddy must not stop there. He must give his ears to God, and his eyes, and his hands, and his feet, and above all, his heart. Then he will be God's child, and God's child will be a good and happy child.—

Unknown.

Dear Mrs. Harrison:

I am a girl eleven years old and will be in the sixth grade when school starts. I wish to be a member of the Reading Circle. Write me a letter, please, and tell me more about the Reading Circle.—Mae Lawson, Doyle, Tenn.

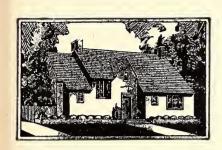
Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a girl of ten years and am in the fourth grade. I have the Holy Ghost and I am a member of the Church of God at Mabscott, W. Va. My sister, who is seven years old, has the Holy Ghost and is a member of the church, also. I thank God for a Christian home.

I want to be a member of the M. O. H. Club. I enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway very much.—Patsy Ruth Gilbert, Mt. Hope, W. Va.

(Continued on page 33)

# HAPPY HOME (IRCLE



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#### KITCHEN-DOOR NUPTIALS

Nellie L. Harrington

#### An Ideal Mother

Anne, ask your mother if you may come over and stay all night with me tomorrow night," urged pretty Mae Brandon, as she hastily entered the Stanley home.

Anne Stanley shook her head dubiously. "It isn't any use. She won't let me."

"Why not?" insisted Mae.

"The last time I was over there she didn't like—some things, and she said I couldn't stay all night any more."

"What was it that she didn't like?" demanded Mae.

"Why-you know-Lee and Bill came

and we all went to the shore, and we had car trouble and didn't get home until nearly norning," said Anne reluctant-

"Why did you tell her, silly?" again demanded Mae. "Really, I sometimes wonder why I keep you as my best friend. Your New England conscience is a rial to live with."

"I've told you before that you needn't tell me anything that I cannot repeat to my mother," said Anne with finality. "Of course, I'd tell her about our going that night, and she explained to me why it wasn't best o do things in that way. She says we're much too young, and oo inexperienced in the ways of he world."

"Huh!" said Mae contemptuusly. "Too young! My mother vas married when she was sevnteen, and"—lowering her oice—"I'm going to be, too." "You are!" incredulously. "You're seventeen right now!"

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

"I know it," she giggled. "And I'm going to be married tomorrow night, and we're not going to let any one know about it. That is, nobody but you and Bill and the preacher. I guess we're going to have a preacher. Maybe, though, Lee will get a justice of the peace to tie the knot."

"Mae Brandon! Whatever are you saying!" breathed Anne. She had listened in a thrilled, terrified daze. It simply couldn't be, and yet she sensed that it was true.

"I didn't intend to tell you until we were on our way," continued Mae. "But your old stubbornness wouldn't let you come, so I had to let it out."

"Mother won't let me go unless she knows, and she may not then. You know what my mother thinks of childmarriages."

"This isn't a child-marriage," denied Mae indignantly. "I tell you, Lee and I are both old enough to know our own minds, and we are crazy about each other. There's no sense in waiting until we are old and grayheaded, is there?

WE NEED MORE TRUE MOTHERS TODAY

Gracie Elwood

We need more true mathers in Americo todoy— The need is real urgent, I hear someane soy, We can look all oraund us and see it is sa; Yes, we need mare true mothers tadoy.

Our bays ond our girls ore straying away— They're wandering in poths that are wrang; They need a strang hond to guide them todoy Away from the world's giddy throng.

We need more true mathers to make hoppy homes, And to teach our foir youth the fear af the Lard. God help us to win them whatever the cost; We must hosten today, e'er they stray and be last.

Our youth of tadoy will be our Americo tomorrow; We must save them, or else it will be to our sorrow. We connat neglect them; we must teach them the right. God, give us true mothers to help in the fight.

Remember now thy Creotor, fair yauth of today; Won't you give Gad o chonce in your yaung life, I proy? Evil days are ohead; you will need this true friend To lead you and guide you even down to the end.

Agoin I say there's o need in Americo todoy,
Of more good, true mothers who know how ta pray
Far our boys and our girls who are going astroy;
Yes, we need more true mathers todoy.

"Not a bit. I didn't mean that. But I must tell mother or you'll have to get somebody else to go with you," said Anne firmly.

They argued the question a little further and then, reluctantly, Mae yielded. "A secret isn't a secret when the whole town shares it," she remarked irritably.

"Well, why should it be a secret in the first place?" asked Anne. "I thought weddings were a 'Know all men by these presents' sort of an affair. If I cared enough for a man to give my life into his hands, I'd want him to be a person that I'd be proud to face the world with. No secrets for mine, thank you."

"Anne Stanley, you exasperate me almost beyond endurance sometimes. Of course I'm proud of Lee, and of course I'll want everybody to know that I'm married—after awhile—but I don't like all the fuss they make over newly-weds. Showers, and the frumpery and all the talk, talk, talk. It makes me sick to think of it. And if I told mother, she'd make me wait a vear or two-to see if I wouldn't change my mind. No, this is the only way for me. But come on. I suppose we'll have to tell your mother, but don't, if you can avoid it," and together they sought Mrs. Stanley.

She was in the sewing room with a mending basket piled high. "Mae wants me to spend the night with her tomorrow night," stated Anne simply.

> "Please, Mrs. Stanley. It has been so long since you've let her come," interposed Mae pleadingly.

> Mrs. Stanley shook her head. "No, Mae, I can't let her go. I don't like to consent to my daughter's going one place and when she comes home I find that she has been somewhere else and in entirely different company." Both girls thought of the present intentions, and at least Anne was relieved by her mother's refusal. Mrs. Stanley went on placidly, "I am an old-fashioned mother and I hope I am raising old-fashioned daughters."

The girls exchanged glances and Mae nodded slightly. Anne said, diffidently, "Mother, Mae is getting married tomorrow night and she wants me to be bridesmaid."

Mrs. Stanley dropped her (Continued on page 29)

## HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED AND TRIED

#### IT IS GOOD TO BE AFFLICTED

In the 119th Psalm, we read these wonderful words: "It is good for me that I have been afflicted" (Psa. 119: 71). Words such as the Psalmist brings before us at this particular time and on this special occasion are words that bring comfort to the soul. The comfort of God's Word is most sweet. When all other words fail, when comforts flee, when it appears as if everybody has forgotten us, it is then that

the Word of God brings sweet solace to the heart. McCall Barbour says: "A closed and neglected Bible is not infrequently the cause of a comfortless heart. To open its pages, to peruse its precepts, to utter its promises, to meditate upon its message, all direct from the heart of God—is a sure means of bringing to our cast-down spirits the balm and blessing that they need. It is in His Word we can hear His voice and—

"He can whisper words of comfort

That no other voice can speak."

The secret of the "comfort of the Scriptures" (Rom. 15: 4), is, that behind their hallowed pages, is the Comforter Himself. To put our trust in them is to place our confidence

in Him-

"Behind the Sacred Page, I seek Thee, Lord."

God permits afflictions to come to His children in various ways and at different times. For some, it is very hard to endure afflictions. They feel as if they had been forsaken by God, and forgotten by Him when He lays His hand of affliction upon them. For others, it is quite easy to bear them because it is then that they realize

"When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.
For I, the Lord thy God, will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not I will help thee."

Isaich 43:2, 41:3

IN THE GRIP OF GOD

REPUBLIC HER BY THE MANUAL MANUA

that God is a true Father, a faithful Parent, dealing with them in love and tender mercy. Oh, how vastly different are human beings in their actions and attitudes one toward the other! Surely, the Psalmist found the well of sweet waters when he found the secret of getting comfort from God's Word.

There are many people, professedly spiritual, who do not know what it is to find comfort and consolation for their famished souls in God's Word.

There are many others who can honestly say, "The comfort of God's Word is most sweet." Pitiful subjects, truly, are those who have no more satisfying place in which to hide and to which to cling than creature comforts! Just the time when trouble comes upon them and affliction lays them low, then they are utterly bereft of that which they greatly stand in need of.

Often, when affliction comes to some people, they feel like David did when he said, "Why hidest thou thyself in times of trouble?" (Psa. 10:10.) This was the time when David was greatly and deeply perplexed He was at a loss to answer it Possibly the trouble which came did not hurt David as much, as did the seemingly apparent hiding of the Fa-

(Continued on page 32)

### The Challenge of Jehovah

By the late Belle Staples

"I know, my child, that sorrows press;
I know thy inmost deep distress;
When others thoughtlessly pass by,
I understand, ond hear thy cry.
But listen! listen! now to me,
For I've a message just for thee;
'I om the Lord, that is My nome,'
From everlosting, still the some.

"Away back in the cycles vost—
The untold oges of the post,
Before the morning stars did sing,
Or man had form, or bird hod wing;
'Before the mountains were brought farth'
Or ever I hod formed the earth,
I dwelt in uncreated light,
And ruled in majesty and might.

"The heovens My glory do declore,
The storry hosts My imprint bear;
I coll by nome those orbs of light
Thot glow and sparkle in the night;
My hondiwork from doy to day,
The eorth, the sky, the seo disploy;
Naw listen! I will chollenge thee,
'Is there onything too hord for Me?'

"Up in the high ond holy place,
I dwell in love, and light, and grace;
But with the humble, contrite heart—
With him I also have a port;
'Tis My delight to answer proyer;
Roll now on Me thine every core.
Again, my child, I challenge thee,
'Is there anything to a hard for Me?'

"I know thy inwrought deep desire
To honor Me and spreod the fire;
I know how Satan doth oppose,
And 'every stormy blast that blows';
I know the rugged pathway, lone,
The heavy burden for thine own;
I know, and core, and feel, and see;
'Is there onything too hard for Me?'

"Commit to Me thine every core,
Thy deepest sorrows let me beor;
Now lean thy heod on Me, and rest,
Just as a little child, coressed.
My boundless groce thou soon sholt prove
And know thot with unchanging love
I will protect ond succor thee,
And there is naught too hard for Me."

# The Big Pull

## By Gleason Williamson

Ralph Rogers had been working part time on the C.W.A. work. Like so many others, the good position he once held was no more. His wife, Anna, was good at making ends meet, for she seemed to make everything count. How many times her husband had praised her for being an economist.

Their darling little daughter of three summers, to whom they had given the name Annette, composed the rest of the family.

They lived in a large steel mill city, and it was here the Rogers had been able to buy and pay for their own home. They were indeed fortunate in this respect, for many of their neighbors had lost their homes.

As Ralph Rogers came home from work one afternoon, his wife met him at the door.

"How long do you get to work, dear," she inquired.

"Daddy," insisted a little voice, "me and muyver want a tiss."

"That's right, Daddy's little darling shall be kissed on this cheek and now on the other one, and here is Mother's. How is that?"

"Dood, Daddy," and she squealed with delight.

"Well, Mother," he always called his wife this when talking to her before their little girl, "only two more days of work for the present and then what? The Lord has supplied all of our needs, for He has never failed yet?"

"Here is an ad I saw in today's paper. 'Wanted: Electric crane operator, Temple Steel Mills.' You did wiring and operating at the Calumet Mills, perhaps you have a chance there."

"They tell me Temple is a hard man to work for, but since I have never worked for him I should not judge," and Ralph Rogers walked to the telephone.

A telephone number was given with the ad and said: "Call, leaving your name and telephone number. We will call you for an interview."

"There, I did my part," he said, "not much chance of that job."

"Don't be too sure. Through the blessings of God you never can tell what will happen next. Look at that clock, almost five. Are you hungry, Annette?"

"Ise bout empty, Muvver."

"You help Mother get supper and I'll clean up. Will you, Annette?" asked Mr. Rogers.

"Uh, huh, me hep too," and she pattered off to the kitchen with her mother.

The next two days were uneventful, but the afternoon of the third day brought a pleasant surprise to Ralph Rogers. Mrs. Rogers called him to the telephone. After he finished talking, Mrs. Rogers inquired, "Who was that big, booming-voiced man?"

"That was the President of the United States, wants me to become treasurer of the county," teasingly.

"Ralph Rogers! you tell me the truth and nothing but the truth."

"To be sure, little lady, that was Mr. Temple of the steel mills. I am to go for an interview at two. Don't forget to pray for me, seems odd that no one has been hired during the two and one-half days."

"I will do my best, Ralph. Ever since we were married ten years ago, I have done my best by you as the Lord helped me."

"You have been wonderful, how much I owe to you. Because you would not marry me until I was a Christian, has been a big factor in my life. I'm so happy today," and tears of joy coursed down his cheeks.

"Annette, where are you?" called Mrs. Rogers.

"Wite here me is, me tumin."

"What, why, look at that child!" exclaimed her mother.

Her pretty little rose-colored frock was a different color, it was all daubed with green paint, and not only the dress but her hair, face, and hands. What a sight for any particular mother!

"Me hepin' Daddy paint," explained little Annette.

"My fault, dear. When you called me to the telephone, I left my paint bucket and brush on the floor in the workshop. Oh, it's one o'clock! I must get ready to go to Temple's office." Mr. Rogers hurried to get ready, while his wife and Annette had a clean-up job.

In the Temple office, two men were earnestly talking.

"Put this man, Rogers, through the same test, no more men for responsible places like this one if they don't test well."

"Yes sir, I understand you, Mr. Temple, and as superintendent of your mill I'll say that is a good test. I'll do as you say."

Last week a man had been crushed to death at the mill. Huge electric cranes were used to transfer steel and iron at the mill. Some used magnets, others used only large chains.

The operator of the crane now idle had gone to his cab above, a sober man. From a container in his pocket drinks were taken. Becoming fogged in mind, he jerked the wrong switch, cutting the current, and two tons of steel fell, killing one man instantly.

Mr. Temple said that he would never hire another man who drank liquor, especially where other men's lives were continually in danger.

Ralph Rogers arrived on time. He was ushered into the spacious office of Mr. Temple. He felt a trifle weak in the knees as he was motioned to a chair. He looked like he needed a nurse instead of a job. The reason was, Mr. Temple sat before him, a formidable figure.

"Well, Mr. Rogers," began Temple in a rumbling voice, "you make the forty-ninth man who has applied for this job, all others failed to measure up to my expectations. Does that sound much like you are going to get a job?"

"No sir. I didn't expect any too much before I came here."

"Where have you been working?"
"C. W. A. work."

"Ever work in the mills before?"

"Yes sir, for Calumet. I worked there for eight years."

"What did you do?"

"Supervised the entire electric work of all cranes, rewired and operated part of the time."

"Fine," replied Temple, "so far so good. Now let me introduce you to the superintendent of the mill, Dan Elroy. You follow Mr. Elroy's instructions the rest of the afternoon, and we'll let you know in the morning whether we want you."

Dan Elroy and Ralph Rogers entered the large, town sedan of Temple's, and the chauffeur was soon taking them through busy streets.

"Have a cigarette, Rogers," Elroy said, passing his open case across to Ralph.

"No, thank you, I don't smoke."
(Continued on page 31)



# rison

#### THE MAN WITHOUT A SOUL

Laura C. Evans

In the early part of the winter of 1913, a young man by the name of Henry Spencer was arrested in Chicago for the murder of Mrs. Mildred Allison-Rexroat, a Chicago dancing teacher. This man was believed to be the vilest, most daring and profane man who had ever been in a courtroom. The newspapers called him "the man without a soul." So ungovernable was he, that, when he was placed in the county jail at Wheaton, Illinois, it was necessary to have several guards watching him. The police were particularly proud of so great a capture. The deeds and daring and desperation of this man formed the news of the day.

During the progress of this man's trial in the courthouse at Wheaton, some of my relatives and friends, who attended the sessions, were greatly impressed with the utter depravity and desperation of this noted prisoner. They frequently spoke to me about him until I began to think of the awful condition this man was in, and wondered if there would be any use in telling such a one of God's love. The thought came to me: "What an awful condition this man must be in and what an awful life he must have lived in order to get the name 'the man without a soul.' What a terribly hopeless life that title represented, and how great must be his need of God and salvation."

My husband and son were in the courtroom on the last day of the trial, when Spencer was sentenced to be hanged on December 19, 1913. As we sat around the supper table that night, my oldest boy, who had been with his father at the trial, said to me, "Mamma, I believe that something could be done for that man." I said, "Why do you think so, my son?" He replied, "I saw him smile when he was called so many vile names, and that smile showed me that the man had a heart. I wish you would go and speak to him." I then told my husband again that I felt I must go and speak to Spencer. "Very well," he said, "I believe the Lord has called you. I would go in His name and speak to Spencer about Christ."

On December 10, I went to the jail. On my arrival, the sheriff went to Spencer's cell and said to him: "There is a lady here from Wheaton who wants to speak to you. Will you treat her right and not abuse her?" Spencer replied, "All right, send her up."

The sheriff then took me upstairs and introduced me to Spencer. I took a chair and sat down outside his cell. I wish I could describe to you what I saw—a man beaten,

driven, haunted by the devil. If ever there was a man who looked as if he needed God's love, it was this poor, condemned man.

I began by saying, "You may wonder why I came to see you. I came because I had to come. I am a mother o three boys and when I think of all the love I bestowed upor them and the care and guidance they received, and ther read in the newspapers that you have never known what it was to have a mother's love or a father's care, I felt that you had been denied the greatest blessing that any one can be denied, and that is a mother's love and care. I came because I know that for you to get the name 'a man withou a soul' must have meant a hopeless and desperate life. came because I knew that your heart must be bleeding torn, hungry, and broken. Is not this so?" Spencer replied "Yes, it is."

I then continued, "You have missed a mother's love, but I have come to tell you about a love that far exceeds a mother's love, and if you will listen to what I have to tel you, and accept what I am going to offer you, you car be the happiest man in Wheaton, even though you are ir jail and have but nine days to live." Spencer was interested He gave his attention to the message while I told him the way to salvation, asking the Holy Spirit every moment to guide me that I would not make one mistake. I did not have to tell him he was a sinner; he knew that already. told him about the prodigal son and the thief on the cross and how Christ saved that thief. Spencer made the remark that he had never heard of any one having a kind word for a thief.

(Continued on page 28)

#### In the Master's Hand

"To give unto them . . . the oil of joy for mourning, the garmen of praise for the spirit of heaviness," Isa. 61:3.

I never knew the old, brown violin,

That was so long in some dark corner thrust

Its strings broken or loose, its pegs run down, Could ever be of use again. The dust

Of years lay on its shabby case, until

One day a master took the instrument,

And with caressing fingers touched the wood, Adjusted pegs and strings; his mind intent

On making music as he drew his bow.

Then from the violin, long silent, sprang Once more arpeggios, runs, trills. The wood

Quivered, leapt into life, and joyous sang.

I now believe that any broken life, Jangling with discords, unadjusted, tossed In some far corner, wasted, thrown aside, Can yet be of some use; need not be lost

From heaven's orchestra. A Master's Hand, Scarred with old wounds, can mend the broker thing

If yielded to Him wholly; and can make The dumb life speak again, and joyous sing In praise of One, who gave His life that none Need perish. And this message, glad, mos blest.

I now believe: for placing in His Hand My life, I find my world is now at rest.

-Dorothy M. Barter Snow

# SHUT-IN PAGE

#### A Cripple

I wonder if you've ever known The heartaches and the pain That make a helpless cripple groan, And nearly drive insane? I wonder if you ever think How lonely it must be, To never pick a rosy pink Or pretty violets see?

Deprived of health and other things, I still have Christ, my Friend: And in my heart this message rings— "Be faithful till the end. A crown of life then thou shalt wear, A spotless robe of white; No earthly joys here can compare With that fair land so bright."

-Leon E. Metcalf.

#### BETTER THAN GOLD

"Silver and gold have I none; but what I have, that give I thee," Acts 3:6.

Long, long ago there lived in Jerusalem a certain lame man. He was over forty years old, but he had never been able to walk at all. When other babies were learning to toddle, he had lain still and quiet, not because he did not want to walk, but because his little feet and ankles were quite powerless. Later he had watched the boys at their merry games and longed to join them; but his poor, useless legs would not bear him, and he was obliged just to look on and long. Then he had grown to be a man, and he had seen other men, strong and straight, go out to fight the world and earn their bread, and still he lay helpless; and as he was poor and could not work, his friends carried him daily and laid him at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple so that he might ask alms of those who were going in to pray.

I do not know why he chose the Beautiful Gate. Perhaps because it was one of the main entrances. Many people passed that way, and he would be likely to receive a good deal of money. Perhaps it was because he liked to have something beautiful to look at, for the name seems to tell us that this gate was more beautiful than any of the others. At any rate, there he lay day after day, year after year, until he came to be a middleaged man.

Then one morning he saw two men approaching. They were plainly clad and seemed to be poor men, but they had kind faces. Perhaps they might be able to spare him a few small coins. As they passed, he stretched out a hand to ask for alms. The men stopped and looked at him steadily. This was something different from what usually happened. People had become so accustomed to seeing him there that they either passed him by unheeding, or, barely glancing at him. dropped a coin into his hand. But these men stopped to look at him, and the elder one spoke. "Look on us," he said. And the lame man obeyed, expecting to receive a coin. But he was going to receive something that would be of more value to him than all the money in the world. "Silver and gold have I none," said the stranger, "but what I have, that give I thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, walk." Then he stretched out his hand to raise him up, and the lame man grasped it. Immediately



Inez Edwards, in "The Tennessee Smilo Club, says:

"They whisper, 'She's a shut-in,' As they pass my cottage door, Where daily, by my window, I've sat twenty years ar mare. My feet are lame, I cannot walk, I've been that way since birth; I'll never travel 'raund, and see The wanders of this eorth. They whisper, 'What o pity She should be offlicted so! She just sits there in her wheel choir, Never has a chance to go! They wonder how I bear it, And perhops you wonder, too? Well, it reolly is no secret, And a simple reoson, toa. It's becouse I have a promise That was given long ago, By another One who suffered Greater pain than I could know. And He's building me a mansian, In a land more wondraus far Thon the majesty of oceans, Than the lofty mountains are. And I know when I shall go there, The very first thing I'll da, Is exchange these withered feet of clay For others straight and new! Then, up and down the golden streets, On limbs so fine ond strong, I'll wend my way 'mid ongels foir, And lift my voice in song!"

strength came into his ankles and his feet, and springing up, he stood and walked for the first time in his life.

He went with the two strangers into the Temple, walking, and leaping, and praising God. And all the people who saw him were filled with wonder, for they knew that this was the man who for long years had begged for alms at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple.

You know that this is a true story, that the stranger who healed the lame man was none other than the apostle Peter. Now, if you forget all the rest of the story, I want you to try to remember just one little bit-Peter's gift to the lame man. "Silver and gold have I none," he said, "but what I have, that give I thee."

I think most boys and girls are a little like Peter. They haven't any silver and gold to give; sometimes they haven't even any pennies. Well, perhaps they have something better. I don't say that it is not good to give pennies if you have them, especially if you have to give up something you want in parting with them, but there are some things worth more than monev.

This story of Peter and the lame man reminds me of an incident in the life of a great Russian author and prince-Count Tolstoi.

One day, in the streets of Petrograd, he came upon a beggar who held out his hand and asked for alms. The count felt in all his pockets, but not a single coin could he find. But he had something with him that he always carried. He went to the beggar (Continued on page 34)

#### A Thought for Shut-In Folk

In our active life, we can only touch a few people, but as prayer warriors we can touch the world. It is told of a missionary in India that she was a hard worker but had very little results. One day it came to her, "I am going to change my ways. Instead of so much activity, I am going to pray." She found that whilst in the first eight years of intensive activity she only saw fifteen souls saved, during the first six months of intensive prayer, she saw one hundred and twenty-five adults saved. No one knew for years what the secret was. Then it became known what her great secret was. She had become a secret, hidden-away prayer warrior. All hurry and stress was gone and a beautiful life of trust had taken its place.—Word and Work.



# of Inspiration



#### In Tune

I don't remember when I first began To call you "friend." One day, I only

The vague companionship that I'd seen grow

So imperceptibly, turned gold, and ran In tune with all I'd thought, or dared to plan.

Since then, you've been to me like music, low,

Yet clear, a fire that throws its warm, bright glow

On me as on each woman, child, and man,

And common thing that lies within

You've been like wholesome food that stays the cry

Of hungry, groping minds; and like a star-

A self-sufficient star—you make me

My utmost being to a higher sky, In tune, like you, with earth, yet wide, and far.

-Florence Steigerwalt.

#### Building

For yesterday is but a dream, And tomorrow is only a vision; But today, well lived, Makes every yesterday A dream of happiness, And every tomorrow a vision of hope.

#### More Holiness

More holiness give me; More strivings within, More patience in suffering,

More sorrow for sin,

More faith in my Savior.

More sense of His care,

More joy in His service,

More purpose in prayer.

More gratitude give me;

More trust in the Lord,

More pride in His glory, More hope in His Word,

More tears for His sorrows,

More pain at His grief,

More meekness in trial. More praise for relief.

More purity give me;

More strength to o'ercome,

More freedom from earth-stains,

More longings for home.

More fit for the kingdom,

More used I would be,

More blessed and holy-

More, Savior, like thee.

-Philip Paul Bliss.

Kind words are the music of the world. They have a power which seems to be beyond natural causes, as if they were some angel's song which had lost its way and come on earth. It seems as if they could almost do what, in reality, God alone can do-soften the hard and angry hearts of men. No one was ever corrected by a sarcasmcrushed, perhaps, if the sarcasm was clever enough-but drawn nearer to God-never.-Frederick Faber.

#### \_\_\_\_\_ Out of Touch

Only a smile, yes, only a smile, That a woman o'erburdened with grief Expected from you; 'twould have given

For her heart ached sore the while: But weary and cheerless she went

Because, as it happened, that very day You were "out of touch" with your Lord.

Only a word, yes, only a word, That the Spirit's small voice whispered, "Speak";

But the worker passed onward unblessed and weak,

Whom you were meant to have stirred To courage, devotion, and love anew, Because when the message came to you.

You were "out of touch" with your Lord.

Only a note, yes, only a note To a friend in a distant land. The Spirit said, "Write," but then you had planned

Some different work, and you thought

It mattered little. You did not know Twould have saved a soul from sin and woe:

You were "out of touch" with your Lord.

Only a song, yes, only a song, That the Spirit said, "Sing tonight; Thy voice thy Master's by purchased right":

But you thought, "Mid this motley throng

I care not to sing of the city of gold"-And the heart that your words might have reached grew cold-

You were "out of touch" with your Lord.

Only a day, yes, only a day! But oh, can you guess, my friend, Where the influence reaches, and where it will end

Of the hours that you frittered away? The Master's command is "Abide in me,"

And fruitless and vain will your service be.

If "out of touch" with your Lord. -Jean H. Watson.

When I want to speak, let me think

Is it true? Is it kind? Is it necessary? If not, let it be left unsaid.

-Babcock.

#### Speak Gently

Speak gently: It is better far To rule by love than fear; Speak gently. Let no harsh words mar The good we might do here.

Speak gently to the little child, Its love be sure to gain; Teach it in accents soft and mild, It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the aged one; Grieve not the careworn heart. The sands of life are nearly run; Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly to the poor; Let no harsh word be heard. They have enough they must endure Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring; know They must have toiled in vain. Perchance unkindness made them so; Oh, win them back again.

Make a rule, and pray God to help you to keep it-never, if possible, to lie down at night without being able to say, "I have made one human being, at least, a little wiser, a little happier, or a little better this day."

-Charles Kingsley.

# Do You Drive A Christian Car?

... By Anne West ...

Someone pronounces a benediction, and the minister takes quick strides to the vestibule to shake hands with the congregation as they file out. Rain pelts down and the walks are slippery. Grandma Wilson peers out from under her little black hat and wishes she had thought to bring her umbrella. She hopes her shoe soles will keep her from falling. What's that saying about old folks and little children being at odds with bad weather? Maybe she should have stayed at home after all and listened to a radio sermon.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Quinn came out behind Grandma Wilson. Their long black sedan is parked just around the corner. Henry's brows draw close in a frown when he remembers that he had the car washed only yesterday afternoon. It will be a pretty sight now. He makes a dash for the door, and Mrs. Quinn climbs in the front seat beside him. They pull away from the curb where Grandma Wilson stands figuring how she is going to get around a big puddle of water without taking to the mud.

Scenes like that occur time after time, all over the country, on rainy Sundays. Perhaps Mrs. Quinn had a roast in the oven that needed basting. Possibly Mr. Quinn was expecting a telephone call. Maybe they were expected out for dinner and had several miles to drive. But surely Grandma Wilson had not walked to church from a distance that would require more than two minutes for their car to retrace. Perhaps they "did not think."

Jesus certainly taught the principle of being unselfish with possessions. A car belongs on the list of possessions as definitely as a fine house, a bank account or a field of wheat. It provides an opportunity to be gracious. It might be called an "acquired talent" with which to serve.

An automobile becomes such an accustomed necessity to the family that always has had one. Perhaps that explains why people so often fail to realize their car's possibilities in working for God, too. Henry Quinn probably gave a generous offering that same

Sunday morning, but he hurried out the door of God's house, and forgot that paper and coin were not legal tender for all of his responsibilities as a Christian.

God can use your car in many ways. Any car, too—not just the Packards and the Cadillacs.

The Grandma Wilsons whose pride never would let them ask to ride, if you do not think of it first, would be so glad if you did. I know one man who spends an hour and a half every Sunday morning just seeing that older people in the congregation have a way to get to the church service. First he calls them to see if they will let him come by for them, with special emphasis on the let. He makes it sound like a pleasure instead of a duty. If they are unable to go, he discovers that by the call and saves himself an unnecessary trip. If they wish to go, he tells them just when he will be along, and maps his route about town so that he can manage two or three of them at a time. He finds that old people are especially nice in two respects. They are almost always ready —he rarely has to wait for them as he does for young people—and they do not mind getting to church early if he has another trip or two to make.

I know a Sunday School teacher who carries out a similar plan—with children. Almost every neighborhood has parents who would be glad for their youngsters to ride to Sunday School

with you. They dislike letting them go alone, crossing streets over which Sunday traffic crowds. To help the children form the habit of attending proves one of the surest ways of getting their mothers and fathers churchminded, too.

A car does not have to be full of people to be of benefit. It can carry flowers to the morning church service, or away after the service to the homes of those who are ill.

Nor does a car have to confine its Christian service to Sundays only. The midweek meetings, the choir rehearsals, the practice nights for special programs offer occasions for service as do conventions and meetings in other towns, class parties and young people's picnics. A car shortens the distance between personal calls—and many members would be glad to help make them, if only they had some means of transportation.

A plain automobile ride, without definite destination, has lost much of its charm for people who have a car, but for people who never owned a car, a drive still marks a high in entertainment. People who go around with empty back seats in their cars on a sunny spring day, or when the hills and the fields are riotous with color in autumn, simply "do not think."

Do you drive a Christian car? Take a look at the number of miles that peep through the dashboard. How many of those miles were ticked off in Christian service? They furnish your answer.

Our faith can be strengthened by cultivation and proper care. Obedience and loyalty to God and truth and principle will furnish good soil for faith, and if these are cultivated, faith will be sure to grow in us and cause us to grow in grace.



# Treasured Gleanings

#### Gain or Loss?

"A young man once found a five-dollar bill on the street," says William Feather, a well known writer. "From that time on he never lifted his eyes when walking. In the course of years, he accumulated 29,516 buttons, 54,172 pins, twelve cents, a bent back, and a miserly disposition. He lost the glory of the sunlight, the sheen of the stars, the smiles of friends, tree-blossoms in the spring, the blue skies, and the entire joy of living."—San Francisco News.

#### Growth in Spiritual Knowledge

One time a Christian worker went to Dr. R. A. Torrey, asking him for a method of Bible study that would make him really love the Word. Dr. Torrey told him to pick out some short book such as 2 Peter and read it twelve times a day for a month. The man and wife followed this plan for 2 Peter. Soon the birds seemed to be twittering 2 Peter, the stars at night twinkled 2 Peter, the preacher wanted to talk to everyone of 2 Peter. When the month was nearly up, one day the man said to his wife, "These pages are getting blacker and blacker in 2 Peter." She replied, "Husband, while the pages have been getting blacker and blacker, your life has been getting whiter and whiter." "It has been the same with you, Mrs. Sem," I said. "I have seen you growing and growing in spiritual knowledge and holy life in these months when the pages of your Bible were getting blacker and blacker." May you ever continue to let the pages get black as your life gets whiter and whiter! -Missionary Banner.

#### What Makes It Easy

An old flagman in the service of an Eastern railway was stricken with a heart attack as he was running back along the track to flag a train that he knew was nearly due. Despite extreme suffering that rendered him almost unconscious, he planted his torpedoes on the rails and then rolled to the side of the embankment as the engine thundered by. His first words as he regained consciousness were, "Did I stop them?" When assured that he had, the old man turned over

and said, "Well, that makes dyin' easy." He never spoke after that.

Is there anything that can so comfort and compensate the human heart when life flows from it, as the consciousness of some unselfish service or generous kindness performed in behalf of others? Someone has said, "God gave us memory so that we could have roses in December." It is self-evident, however, that no one can have roses in December, even in memory, unless he plants and cares for them carefully in their proper season.

#### Sowing and Reaping

Two Scotchmen emigrated in the early days to California. Each thought to take with him some memorial of his beloved country. The one of them, an enthusiastic lover of Scotland, took with him a thistle, the national emblem. The other took a small swarm of honeybees. Years have passed away. The Pacific Coast is, on the one hand, cursed with the Scotch thistle, which the farmers find impossible to exterminate; on the other hand the forests and fields are fragrant and laden with the sweetness of honey which is one of the blessings of the western slope of the Rocky Mountains. Even so does every Christian carry with him some sort of thistle plucked from the old man, or honey from the new man, with which to bless or curse men, according as he makes choice for God.—Publisher Unknown.

#### **Childhood Conversions**

Mr. Spurgeon's experience is a wonderful encouragement to the Sunday School teacher. "Capacity for believing," he says, "lies more in the child than in the man. I have more confidence in the spiritual life of the child that I have received into the church than I have in the adults thus received. I have met with deeper spiritual experience in the child of ten or twelve than I have in persons of fifty or sixty." The church's most golden lamps are lit in childhood. For example, Moody was converted at fourteen; Fanny Crosby at eleven; Polycarp at nine; Matthew Henry at eleven; Robert Morrison, first missionary to China, when a lad; Jonathan Edwards, the great evangelist and soul-winner, was converted at seven; Isaac Watts, the great hymn writer, at nine.

"Only a Day at a Time"

A woman was injured on one of the London Tube Railways.

After being placed in her bed and attended to by the doctor, she asked anxiously, "How long shall I have to lie helplessly here?"

"Only a day at a time," was the wise answer.

How much happier we should all be, we who know that an eternity of blessing is sure through Christ, if we took life a day at a time.

"Day by day the manna fell,
Oh! to learn the lesson well;
Still by constant bounty fed,
Give us, Lord, our daily bread."

The promise is, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be," Deut. 33:25, not as thy weeks or months. Grace is not issued in season tickets, but is "available on day of issue only."

The tomorrow we fear will never come. The Lord Himself may come today.

Only a day at a time, anxious mother, tired sufferer, or tired preacher "Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," Matt. 6:34.—W. L., in Scattered Seed.

#### The World's Greatest Peril

Some years ago a group of newspaper reporters approached Genera William Booth, founder of the Salvation Army, and inquired what in his opinion was the greatest peril of the immediate future. The old genera answered like a flash, under eviden inspiration of God: "The world's immediate and greatest peril is that the church will offer the world a philos ophy of Christianity that provide forgiveness without regeneration 'Christianity' without Christ, religion without the Holy Ghost, politics with out God, heaven without hell." Wha clear-thinking person can deny tha General Booth's prophecy is being ful filled in our very day and generation -King's Ambassador.

"How large is your sphere? As larg as all the good you can possibly do all the worth-while things that yo can possibly learn, and all the lov and sympathy that you can give tothers."

# "TO ERR IS HUMAN . . .

Dear Friends:

We have been having some criticisms on our May cover page. We did not notice that the mother in this picture had a mannish-bob hair cut. Our church does not believe in women dressing like men, according to 1 Cor. 11. We saw above everything else the beautiful home life suggested in this picture and chose it to represent the Happy Home Circle. We are very sorry to have caused any confusion for we desired, above everything else, to make this issue a blessing to our homes. We can only say, Please forgive. Sometime ago I found the clipping, "To Err Is Human," clipped from the Assemblies of God young people's paper, "Christ's Ambassadors." My own apology could not be given more beautifully or humbly than this one. Thank you, Brother Editor, for your assistance at a time like this.

Sincerely,

Alda B. Harrison, Editor.

#### "TO ERR IS HUMAN-"

(From Christ's Ambassadors Herald)

Have you wondered how we obtain the pictures that you see on the cover of the C. A. HERALD nearly every month? Some have asked about this. We purchase the pictures from various commercial photographers and have the engravings made by a Pentecostal brother in St. Louis.

It is difficult, however, to get pictures of young people which measure up to our standards of modesty and simplicity in appearance. We are able to use only a few out of many hundreds that commercial photographers submit to us.

In most of these photographers' pictures the young ladies are wearing short dresses, fingernail polish, lipstick, slacks, or other things unbecoming to Christ's Ambassadors. However, our artists are able to work wonders in

some cases. A few strokes of their brushes, a little retouching, and—lo! the picture has been "converted": the dresses are longer, the fingernail polish is gone, the lips are as their Creator intended them to be, and it is fit for our use.

We do our best to keep out everything objectionable, but we are only human. Occasionally something slips by. For our cover last month we chose a picture of a young lady receiving a Christmas gift from a young man in uniform. In hurrying to get the layout in the mail in time, the artist forgot to retouch the photograph! As a result, the young lady appeared wearing a bracelet, to which some object, and there was some debating as to whether or not she was wearing lipstick and fingernail polish!

Previously, there had been a cover picture in which a lady was wearing a pearl earring! The reason was that this had escaped our notice. Had we seen it in time we would have had our artists take it out, but it escaped our attention. However, the earring was so inconspicuous that we doubt very much whether many readers noticed it.

In case any have wondered why certain things have appeared in our cover pictures, we hope this explanation will assure them that we have no intention of lowering the high standards of modesty, simplicity and godliness with which our movement has been blessed in the past.

Please remember the paper in prayer whenever the Lord reminds you. Pray that each writer may be anointed to write, that each one will be led of God in all that is published, and that the paper may be a means of blessing among our young people and the many young men in the armed services who read it. Contributions, criticisms, and suggestions are always welcome.

See letters of appreciation, page 16.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* OUR COVER PAGE

The young lady on our cover page is Miss Mary Elsie Blackwood, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Robert Blackwood, and she is one of our music teachers at B.T.S. and College.

#### 

If we print jokes, folks say we are silly.

If we don't, they say we are too serious.

If we publish original matter, they say we lack variety.

If we are rustling news, we are not attending to business in our own department.

If we don't print contributions, we don't show proper appreciation.

If we do print them, the paper is full of junk.

Like as not some fellow will say we swiped this from another paper.

Well, we did.

#### The Faults I See in Me

I have so many faults myself I seldom ever see

A defect in another's life, But what I see in me.

I make so many foolish mistakes, I feel condemned to find

A bit of fault in anyone When I'm so far behind.

I used to censure everyone; I was a Pharisee Until, quite unexpectedly, I got a glimpse of me.

I tried to justify myself, And frame some alibi;

But here I stood—caught by myself, And I to me won't lie.

And now whenever I'm inclined Some other's judge to be,

I always go and take a look At him whom I call me.

I find it is a splendid thing— Just try it and you'll see—

To keep from criticizing folk, Let each "I" look at "Me."

—Herbert Buffum.

#### Illimitable Ideals

It is by believing in, loving, and following illimitable ideals that man grows great. Their very impossibility is their highest virtue. They live before us as the image of that into which we are to grow for ever.—Stafford Brooke.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have surely enjoyed the May Lighted Pathway, for it makes me think of the Christian home in which I was reared. My father always had family prayer and when I married and left that home, I missed that prayer more than anything else.

I failed to have family prayer in my own home, though the Spirit seemed to whisper to me, "You should have family prayer if your husband doesn't." But the devil would say, "Man is head

of the house," and I failed God in not having family prayer until my oldest boy was grown and had left home, away from God. If I had been privileged to read a paper like the Lighted Pathway when I first married, I might have done better myself. So pray for me that I may stay so close to God that I can claim the promise where He said, "Ask what you will and it shall be given unto you." With much love.—Mrs. G. J. Melvin, Rt. 1, Box 215A, Pinson, Ala.



# . READING CIRCLE . .

Reading With a Purpose

The University of Chicago requires each applicant for matriculation to fill out a long questionnaire—not merely the principal facts of his life, but also what he likes to do, how he spends his summers, his principal satisfactions to date, what he wants out of life, and what he has recently read. One who reads these applications for days on end becomes impressed with the significance of the last question— "What have you recently read?" This seems actually diagnostic. You could turn to the answer to that question on each questionnaire and tell better than by any other what kind of young man or young woman filled it out and whether he or she is really bound.

"A man's life is made by the hours when good ideas lay hold upon him, and except by way of living persons there is no channel down which great ideas come oftener into human lives than by way of books."

We may read for amusement, or for curiosity or information, as with books on scientific discoveries or astronomy or developments in Russia; or to develop new appreciations, in music, for example, or literature, or art; or to understand ourselves and improve ourselves in specific ways by reading one of the many new books on personality; or to broaden our point of view by study of other countries or of points of view opposed to our own; or to prepare ourselves for new duties; or to inform ourselves on the progress of the great mission enterprise of the Church; or to understand and better apply the great truths of the Christian religion.

#### For Classical Reading

William Lyon Phelps once listed the best books of all time as the Bible, Homer's "Odessy," and Dante's "Divine Comedy," Lucretius' "On the Nature of Things," Goethe's "Faust," Dickens' "David Copperfield," Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," Virgil's "Aeneid," Milton's poems.

Here are six rules for making

Bible Reading attractive:

- 1. Read your Bible at regular times.
- 2. Read your Bible on your knees.
- 3. Read your Bible for personal uplift.
- 4. Read your Bible to search out certain truths.
  - 5. Read your Bible through.
- 6. Read your Bible, a chapter at a time and then a book at a time.—Sel.

If you should desire to use this as a Y.P.E. lesson, here is the leader's questionnaire:

#### To the Leader of the Discussion

You might undertake by this discussion to encourage worth-while and better balanced reading.

Why read? Put the answers on a blackboard. Encourage adequate consideration by further questioning when it appears that important aspects would otherwise be ignored. How do good books lengthen our thinking? How would any good historical novel do so-"Ben-Hur," for example? How would the Bible? What advantage is there in understanding the life of other ages? How do good books broaden us? How much advantage is there in understanding the life of other countries and other kinds of people? Why read biographies? How does good reading deepen us? Do we ever catch ourselves looking out at life through the eyes of some author we have been reading, or great soul we have been following through history-Lincoln, for example?

What books have your members recently read which they found worthwhile? Could your church establish a loan shelf of books of modern prayer, books about prayer, great biographies, and books on religious and personal problems?

Our book for the month is the "Life of D. L. Moody." This book will inspire hope in your life and give you courage to move out for God. If you cannot get this book, or if you have read it, choose some other good book.

#### Other Books To Read

Girl's Stories of Great Women, by Elsie E. Egermeier. We are eager to learn about these great women who have had a part in making life more pleasant for us. We are glad to know they were real people, like ourselves. And we are interested to find out facts about their childhood days, and their early youth, when they, too, were girls. Price, \$1.00.

Boy's Stories of Great Men, by Elsie E. Egermeier. The stories told in this book are about real, honest-to-goodness boys who became great men. These boys were not different from the boy who will read this. They did not have greater opportunities to make good. But they were wide awake and ready for every opportunity to learn more about the things in which they were particularly interested. Price, \$1.00.

In the Twinkling of an Eye, by Sydney Watson. Price, \$1.25.

The Mark of the Beast, by Sydney Watson. This is the companion book of In the Twinkling of an Eye. Price, \$1.25.

#### APRIL PRIZE WINNER

Gladys Warden, Canton, Ohio, is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5 for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.

NOTE: In order to qualify for winning the prize of \$5 in any one month, you must sell the most papers and have your money in on time. The due date for the money to be in is the 20th of each month. For instance, the money for May papers must be in the office by May 20.

Encouragement

It is hard to believe long together that anything is "worth while" unless there is some eye to kindle in common with our own, some brief word uttered now and then to imply that what is infinitely precious to us is precious alike to another mind.—

George Eliot.

#### A NEW PROGRAM BOOK FOR YOU

We ore indeed glod to onnounce o new progrom book for Y.P.E. The title is "Sundoy Evenings With Jesus." We hove only glonced through this book ond it looks wonderful to me. This fills o greot need in our young people's work. Send for your copy ot once to the Church of God Publishing House, Clevelond, Tenn.

# Youth Personal Evangelistic Union

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am happy to report to you that I have already organized one Y.P.E.U. and it looks as though it will be possible to organize another one this week.

Here is a story that I feel will be interesting to you, for it certainly was a blessing to me. A few months ago a Service boy, by the name of Charles A. Sharp, walked into a U.S.O, picked up a Lighted Pathway, read it, and became convicted of his sins. He gave his heart to God, joined the Church of God, and is now in our Bible School at Sevierville, Tenn. Praise God for your work and The Lighted Pathway.

May the tender mercies of our risen Lord ever rest upon you and your work.

Yours sincerely, Manuel F. Campbell.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Greetings in Jesus' dear name. I have been in B.T.S. since September. I enjoy it here more every day than I did the day before. I thank God for opening up a way through my state overseer, Brother A. V. Beaube, and some of the Georgia preachers. May the Lord bless everyone who helped.

I take the Christian Workers' Course. I believe I enjoy my Personal Evangelism Class best of all. I have a good teacher, Sister Swiger. The Lord surely does bless in that class. We are learning a lot and I think that it is an important class. We learn how to deal with individuals and that is what we need more than anything in the Church today. Ezek. 18:20, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die. The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son: the righteousness of the righteous shall be upon him, and the wickedness of the wicked shall be upon him." That verse shows us that every person is going to have to give an account for himself. That is the reason we need good personal workers, and I believe that everyone who goes out from that class surely will be good personal workers.

Sister Harrison, may the Lord bless you in that work. I think you are do-

ing a good work.—Charlie Hugh Mathews.

## THE CONVERSION OF D. L. MOODY

In Which His Sundoy School Teacher
Ployed a Vital Port

By his early training, Mr. Moody was religious, but he had never experienced the regenerating work of God's Spirit by a definite acceptance of Christ. But in the Mount Vernon Sunday School (Boston), his Bible class teacher had been gradually leading the young man to a fuller knowledge of God's plan of salvation, until it needed only an additional personal interview to bring him to that decision of the will which should determine whether he would accept or reject God's provision for overcoming sin and entering into harmony with Himself. The opportunity for this interview was not

## WHY STAND YE ALL THE DAY IDLE?

If you connot preach the gospel
Where the leorned ond gifted meet,
Winning proise from rich and noble,
Sitting in the highest seot;
You con gother in the children,
Who in streets, neglected, stray;
You can Colvory's story tell them,
You can teach them how to pray.

If you connot in the temple,
Where the gay ond wealthy throng,
Pleose them with the chanted measure,
Swell with them the choral song;
Yau can seek the dreory dwelling,
Where the poor and friendless stoy;
You con comfart, oid, ond cheer them,
Paint to heaven and lead the way.

If you connot lead devotion
Where ossembled Christions proy;
If you find you lack the tolent
There to speok, to edify;
You can in the closet enter,
Only to the Sovior known;
You con humbly osk His blessing
On the seed by others sown.

Do nat, then, sit idly waiting
Far some greater work to do.
Precious time is swiftly possing,
And eternity's in view.
Oh, improve the golden seoson;
Grosp the moments os they fly.
If yau'd eornest be for Jesus,
Now's the time! You soon must die!
——Selected.

a chance event, but one carefully and prayerfully sought by Mr. Kimball who thus relates the story of Dwight L. Moody's conversion:

"I determined to speak to him about Christ and about his soul, and started down to Holton's Shoe Store. When I was nearly there, I began to wonder whether I ought to go in just then during business hours. I thought that possibly my call might embarrass the boy, and that when I went away the other clerks would ask who I was, and taunt him with my efforts in trying to make him a good boy. In the meantime I had passed the store, and, discovering this, I determined to make a dash for it and have it over at once. I found Moody in the back part of the building, wrapping up shoes. I went up to him at once and putting my hand on his shoulder, I made what I afterwards felt was a very weak plea for Christ. I don't know just what words I used, nor could Mr. Moody tell. I simply told him of Christ's love for him, and the love Christ wanted in return. That was all there was. It seemed the young man was just ready for the light that then broke upon him, and there, in the back of that store in Boston, he gave himself and his life to Christ."

From the moment that Moody accepted Christ, his whole life changed. The merely passive religious life that suffered the restrictions of the moral law suddenly became a life of joyful service. Whereas, church attendance had been observed simply because it was a duty, from this time forth for nearly fifty years, he found his greatest joy in the service of his God.

#### SEQUEL

Bread cast upon the waters returns again, and the Bible-class teacher received a blessing in his own household, seventeen years later in the conversion of his own son. Mr. Kimball's eldest son was visiting an uncle in Worcester, Mass., while Mr. Moody was conducting a mission in that city. After one of the services, young Kimball introduced himself to Mr. Moody as the son of his old Bible class teacher.

(Continued on page 26)

# $\begin{bmatrix} \vdots \\ \vdots \end{bmatrix}$ of Appreciation

Campbell Hall State Park, S. C. April 30, 1946.

Dearest Sister Harrison:

Greetings in the precious name of our great Redeemer—even Jesus.

First, I thank God for you and all your co-workers. You will never know what blessings you bring to me. I have been strengthened spiritually and physically by your encouraging messages.

I didn't know where I stood with Christ Jesus, but, thank God, through you and other Christians I know the real love of Jesus.

Your message and prayer in the May issue really touched my heart.

When I was home I lived in comfort. Honestly, I didn't think of those who were less fortunate than I, not as I should have. God took me from all the comforts of this life. How can I thank Him? I had rather have tuberculosis than not know the real love for my fellow man and lose my soul in hell.

My desire is to be a real soul-winner for Christ Jesus. My friends and classmates don't understand me since I have been here. They think I am crazy. It was hard at first to tell them I didn't care about parties, dances, and movies. I don't even read the same books.

I wasn't thankful once. I must admit I was selfish. But thank God, I am washed clean through the blood of Jesus.

Please pray for me, that I may soon be well again and go out into the highways and hedges and tell sinner men and women, boys and girls about Jesus. I love Jesus. I am sure everything works together for good to those who love God and are called according to His purpose. Please pray for me. I can sing there is a great change in me, I am "so" happy, I am "so" free.

Sister Harrison, I have never met you personally but in the spirit, I have.

May God be ever with you. I enjoy reading and sharing "The Lighted Pathway."

Sincerely yours,

Evelyn L. Frinks.

NOTE: Write our little sister a letter .-Editor.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I would like to be a member of your Reading Circle. I have been looking for something like this for the past year. You see, I am a young Christian just twenty-two years am a young Christian just twenty-two years old, and have been serving the Lord only about a year and a half. I have always liked to read books, but since living for God. I have wondered just what kind of books I should read besides the Bible, Lighted Pathway and Evangel. I read all of these, but it doesn't take long to finish the last two. I am sure I can qualify for membership in your Reading Circle if you supply a list of books that Christians should read, and where to get the books.

I always read the Lighted Pathway through and enjoy it from cover to cover, but most of all I like your message. It usually helps me to carry on. I think it was most beautiful this month. It brought tears to my eyes. Please keep on writing every month, and do publish a book with these messages in it. I would be glad to have one to read in times of trouble and sorrow, and then just for comfort and beauty.—Mrs. R. C. Johnson, P. O. Box 116, Port Tampa City, Fla.

Jonas Ridge, N. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have left a ray of sunshine when I leave a paper in a home. They surely are called by the right name as they are a Lighted Pathway.

We have a good Y.P.E. at the Pineola church and have a fine group of young people with whom to work. We are unable to have regular services through the rough winter weather but are looking forward to spring and good Y.P.E. every Sunday evening. We have a good pastor, Brother W. J. Pritchard, and wife. They surely are a blessing to the church and the

young people. Our aim is for bigger and better services.

When you pray, remember us at the Pineola Church of God and help us pray for the young people who have not yet accepted the Lord.

—Reporter, Sister Elva Weatherman.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Although I am sixty-four years old, I really enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway, and I read it from cover to cover each month. The Editor's Message is so timely every month, not only for the young, but for the old as well. It is food to my soul.

It is food to my soul.

I have the baptism of the Holy Ghost, am a member of the Church of God, and I am trusting God for my healing. Less than a year ago, the Lord let me believe He was going to take me home. I had to give up my work, and He showed me visions and told me I would soon be there. I have never been happier in all my life. This was only a test, for when He saw that I was going through, He instantly healed me of ulcerated stomach, and the next day I could eat anything I wanted. Now I weigh more than I ever have, but I know it won't be long, even if I live to be very old. I may be here when Jesus comes for His own. Wouldn't that be wonderful!—G. A. Harvey, Rt. 3. Box 129, Lakeland, Fla. G. A. Harvey, Rt. 3, Box 129, Lakeland, Fla.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I read the Lighted Pathway all the time and it means much to me. I am a Christian and belong to the Church of God at Dyersburg. May God always bless you in your good work.—Annette Goodwine, Dyersburg, Tenn.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I think the Lighted Pathway is the best literature anyone could ever read. These fourteen copies that my little boy sells are all sold to Methodist people or some nonchurch goers. So you see they don't buy them to help the church. They only buy them because they are so very good.

they are so very good.

I am the vice-president of our Woman's Society of Christian Service. Every meeting night (which is the first Wednesday of each month) I have charge of a short devotional service. I always fall back on the Lighted Pathway for help. Before the last meeting, the president asked me if I had my part ready. I said, "No, I'll get it up today." She didn't understand why I'd put it off until the last day. And I said to her, "I am expecting the Lighted Pathways to come today." Sure enough, they came at noon and I got my program for that night. The Lighted Pathway is my standby. I am expecting your next issue my standby. I am expecting your next issue in time for May 1 meeting. I know you will have good things about mother in it. May God bless you in your good work.—Mrs. Lester Lee, Chester, Md.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a recipient of this good magazine and I want to say, as a minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ, that your paper is of great benefit to me in my work with older people as well as young folks. It is truly a real inspiration to me and should be so to all who read it. I would never wish to be without its help. I look forward to its coming eagerly, and can truly say, "Thank God for an editor who is so consecrated and able to compile such a wonderful paper, especially for pile such a wonderful paper, especially for the young people far and near." May God richly bless the editor and staff continually is my earnest prayer.—Mrs. L. E. Chase, Woodland, Wash.

Dear Sister Harrison:

We like the sincerity and highly spiritual tone of your magazine, The Lighted Pathway. God bless you all is my prayer, and help you to keep people reading spiritual literature, for there is such a lack of interest in the closer walk with God. We have been blessed with a godly minister and his family and we sincerely appreciate them.—Mrs. Thomas R. Tempest.

P. S.: God has made it plan to me that some

of our means or dollars should be used in your work. We know from reading your monthly paper that it will be used in the best possible manner to advance His kingdom and we will leave its distribution to you. Perhaps some will go to the Student Loan Fund.

some will go to the Student Loan Fund.

NOTE: Sister Tempest is a Methodist. We appreciate the interest of all Chirstian people. The writer was born and reared in a Methodist church and we remember what a wonderful conversion we experienced. We are always glad to welcome people into the great Lighted Pathway family, realizing that there are good, saved people in other churches. God bless you, Sister Tempest.—Editor.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have six children, ages twelve down to one. They always enjoy hearing me read the Lighted Pathway stories. There is nothing else that will keep them quiet as long as the Lighted Pathway stories do. They always want me to read more to them. I am sorry now that I ever missed a single copy, but I am glad I saved what copies I did receive.

am glad I saved what copies I did receive.

To read these stories and then read the story in the Bible that corresponds is the best way I have found yet to help my children to understand. I still don't know why I didn't find it out before. Everything happens for the best. I really believe that and thank God for everything. Some think it is awful that I have six children and such poor health, but I don't see it that way. May God bless you in all your undertakings.—Mrs. Win. Liller, Cumberland, Md.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Dear Sister Harrison:

Thank you very much for the papers you are sending to me. That seems like an answer to a great desire I have had for some timepapers to read that are in harmony with the Bible. I am quite sure these will help me and I certainly need help so much. I have seen so much sin, restlessness and discontent among people that I have nearly despaired. Thank you for your prayers and I hope you will continue to pray with me until I again find full salvation and peace. I am bewildered, confused, and troubled. Everything I do seems to be wrong.

I joined the M. E. Church, North, when I.

I joined the M. E. Church, North, when I was twelve years old and it proved a remarkable experience to me for several years, then I married and my father died. My whole world changed and has never been entirely straight since. For the last few years, when I have attended church I have gone to the Baptist and Holiness. Our only hope is in Christ and He has promised to remain with us always, even to the end of the world.

May God pour out His blessings on you and your work, and please pray for me.—Mrs. C. M. Shupe, Rt. 1, Box 264-A, Norton,

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am writing you concerning the continued story, "In the Twinkling of an Eye." I have missed several copies and wonder if I could get the book there at the Publishing House.

I have handed a Lighted Pathway to some friends and they have been very much impressed with the story.

We love the Lighted Pathway and we love the Lighted rathway and truly know it is the most wonderful paper in all the world. I hand them out often. May God continue to bless you in your good work.— Mrs. Eula Ponder.

NOTE: Sister Eula, we are glad you liked the continued story. We are getting many orders for the book. Order it from the Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tenn. Price, \$1.25.

Perhaps you would like to read the companion book, "The Mark of the Beast," which reveals what takes place on the earth after the bride is caught away. Price, \$1.25.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a reader of the Lighted Pathway and I am a reader of the Lighted Pathway and enjoy reading it. It has been a real blessing to me. I enjoy the Happy Home Circle and pray that all homes will adopt the rules of daily Bible reading. May God bless you in your work. I would enjoy getting letters from any one who cares to write.—Miss Audrey Mitchell, Crane 3, Mo.

NOTE: Here is another young woman who enjoys the Happy Home Circle page.

# Prayer of Youth

Carl E. Sturgeon

Recent scientific developments are astounding. Achievements in radar, atomic energy, and jet propulsion add to that interest. Progress in worthwhile and respectable ways merit praise. Accomplishments in the perfect way of life as given by Christ should command more interest and attention by youth. Along with other progress, we Christians must be ever alert to the basic principle of Christian advancements—prayer of youth.

For clarity of this subject four topics seem imperative:

(1) A YOUNG PERSON LEARNS WITH LESS EFFORT. Fewer worries make greater concentration possible. When one is old, the channels in his nerves are deeper from habits; he accomplishes less through more effort. Why did the Air Corps have a maximum twenty-seven-year age limit for pilot trainees? Obviously, because youth can learn more in less time. Do we become skilled in basketball without practicing? In anything that requires speed with efficiency, much practice is necessary. No time is better to start that practice than when one is young and can learn much more with considerably less effort.

(2) TO DECIDE FOR CHRIST IN LATER LIFE IS MADE EASIER BY THE PRACTICE OF PRAYING WHILE YOUNG. Those who frequently pray, although not Christians, seem to have much less dread in giving themselves entirely to God when He, at His chosen time, makes that heavenly call to their souls. Had they started business of their own choices, many, many people today would be prominent businessmen or businesswomen. Not being willing to start is a common weakness. Had they made attempts to live for Christ, men who are staggering on the streets today would be proclaiming salvation from pulpits of progressive churches. Lack of early training and frequent reminding add tremendously to this demeanor. Attending church or various types of Christian service does not necessarily make a Christian of one, but it helps in becoming a Christian and remaining one. Lack of correct training in early years is chiefly responsible for riotous living of so many young

women. Possibly they have not learned that young men prefer Christian girls, and vice versa. Often young people are afraid to start living for GOD because they think that they do not know enough about His way to live the life that He expects. "But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him; Neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned," 1 Cor. 1:14. When we have His Spirit guiding us, we see and understand differently. We get wisdom in proportion to our ability to use that wisdom for the advancement of God's plan. The Lord said to Paul, "My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness." Jesus said, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." Pray while young. God will reward you according to your sincerity, faith, and strength. "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it," Proverbs 22:6.

(3) THE TIME FOR WORK IS SHORT. The times demand dexterity and zeal. Immediate action is often deluded by the mirage of distance. How much time have we? We are, say twenty years old. In the next fortyfive years we will sleep about fifteen years, eat three years, and be lucky if we have two hours daily for self-improvement. We will have something like twenty-five years in which to work, taking for granted that we will be healthy during that period of time. When one tries merely to get a kick out of life, he usually kicks himself out of life in his attempts. Young people have really done things. At the age of twenty-four, Pitt was Prime Minister of England. Shakespeare wrote "Hamlet," generally considered his greatest play, when he was thirtyseven. Mozart died at thirty-six. Newton, at twenty-five, discovered the law of gravitation. Watt invented the steam engine before he was thirty years of age. Edward Bok was editor of the Ladies' Home Journal at twenty-five. Bryant was reported to have written "Thanatopsis" at the age of

seventeen. Many other young people are striving to make this "ONE WORLD." Jesus redeemed the world when He was about thirty-three. Are our spare moments utilized most advantageously? Usually one thinks that the purpose of the flywheel of a car is to contact cogs of a gear, but it has another use. When the pistons reach the end of their strokes, part of the momentum which is stored up on the flywheel carries the pistons past dead center, and thus enables the engine to function. Good habits are the stored-up energy of the mind to carry us past the dead centers of life when some temptation catches our attention and appeals to our emotions. By starting young, we can have a greater supply of energy for useful, Christian leadership. So many things are to be learned in so little time that the actual time for efficient work is very short. In a garden in England is an ancient sundial. At the edge of its base are the words "IT IS LATER THAN YOU THINK."

(4) CHRISTIAN PRAYERS THROUGH FAITH ARE ANSWERED. To learn this while one is young gives him a better foundation upon which to build his faith and works. St. James 5:15, "And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him." In St. James 1:5 we find, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." Christ gave us a definite statement about prayer: "Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire, when you pray, believe that you receive them, and ye shall have them," St. Mark 11:24.

When I was a young child, I was given a harmonica. Another child with me received a monkey-on-astring. I preferred his present until after we had traded and the monkey would not climb the string. I had been too rough with it and it had lasted only a few minutes. I learned a lesson from that. An older sister who said, "You'll be sorry later on," was right. I enjoyed the tin monkey-on-a-string while it lasted. The joy was shortlived, but the sorrow lingered. Life is the same way. For several years I thought that I was enjoying life very much as a sinner. After I had learned better, I was sorry, but I had wasted much time and happiness before I was convinced. Youth, pray! You will

(Continued on page 24)



# The Boy Who Would Not Smoke

EDWIN D. SNYDER

Here he is, fellows; here's Al. We've got him now!" The speaker was Ruel Norris, a lean, tall, young fellow, a little older than the so-called Al.

Albert Barkhart, a boy of sixteen, dressed in a heavy, gray linen shirt and blue overalls, soiled by the reddish dust of the brickyard, turned to find himself looking into the eyes of "Bully" Bill Harkins.

Albert stood without flinching; within him fires of intense emotion were hotly burning.

About a month before, Albert had joined the brickyard force. Since that time he had helped to wheel the burnt brick from the kilns. It was hot, heavy, and dirty work. The pay was good, and he needed the money.

He was boarding in the village. His parents were both dead, and he had to make his own way. He expected to attend college, and he needed every cent he could scrape together. He came from a home where he had been taught industry and economy, as well as clean living.

Albert had not been with the brickyard boys long before he found himself face to face with a serious problem. Whatever good qualities they possessed, they were rough fellows. They smoked enough cigarettes to keep a thin cloud of smoke in the kilns all the time.

Albert did not like their smoking, though he could bear it, but he would not smoke himself. Every time they smoked they passed the pack to him. When he refused to take a cigarette, he noticed they seemed hurt.

"You can't belong to this bunch," spoke up Bully Bill Harkins, "unless you are sociable enough to smoke with us."

Albert assured them that it was not because he desired to be unsociable, but that his parents had always taught him that it was not good for one's health, and he did not wish to start the habit. "I have never had a cigarette in my mouth," he declared.

The boys let the matter drop at

that; but as the days passed, they became more and more intolerable. Albert obtained permission to wheel from a kiln all by himself. His action caused the other wheelers to have anything but a good feeling toward him, and they expressed themselves very emphatically about him. Fortunately, he could hear practically every word they said. Leading from their kiln to his, there were several underground air tubes, through which were forced blasts of air when the kilns were burning, but now they served as a secret telephone.

One day Albert heard Bully Bill say, "If you fellows agreed, that smart upstart will smoke. We'll make him smoke. What do you say, boys?"

"We're agreed," spoke up the other two.

"All right," said Bully Bill, "then at noon we'll capture the abstainer and make him smoke."

Although Albert burned with anger, he kept on working all the harder. The more brick he wheeled the more he earned. Each wheeler kept his own account.

After Albert had eaten his lunch, he sat with his back against the walls of the kiln before resuming his work. He was thinking about the threat, when suddenly Ruel came in, followed by Bully Bill and Dave.

"Al, we had intended to be rough with you this noon, but because of a suggestion of Dave, we have thought of trying something else," said Bully Bill. "We are going to see who is the champion brick wheeler. Do you want to be in on it?"

"I would not object to a contest," said Albert, "but, being a little new at the work, I fear I would not make much of a showing against you experienced wheelers. Yet I'll enjoy taking part.

It was agreed they should start the next morning when the whistle blew, take off the usual time for lunch, and stop at six o'clock. New stacks were started so that it would be easy to de-

termine what each had done that day.

The next day every boy worked as if his life depended on the contest. About noon Dave slipped over to see how Albert was getting along. "Fellows!" he announced on his return, "if he doesn't have one third more brick on his pile than any one of us, I'm no judge."

"Stop your kidding," spoke up Bully

"Honest!" declared Dave. "Go look for yourself."

In the middle of the afternoon Bully Bill slipped over to spy Albert's stack. "It's no use, fellows," he said on his return. "We're beaten. If he'd stop right now, we could not overtake him by quitting time. That fellow is going as strong as he was the first hour. He has wind to burn, while we're most fagged."

"Well, what would you expect from a bunch of cigarette smokers?" said Dave.

"I suppose you couldn't expect as much," acknowledged Bully, "but we must not let the boss know that we've been beaten by that green hand."

"What can we do?" asked Ruel.

"We'll quit right now for the day. Then we can say we didn't work the whole time. Tomorrow there is to be no work for the wheelers; they are going to haul the stacks away in trucks."

"Well, what's that got to do with it?" asked Dave.

"Why tonight—" repeated Bully, "we can come here and wheel enough from Al's stack to keep—"

"But his count," broke in Dave.

"Of course his count won't be correct," cut in Bully Bill. "He will be a lot short when they check his count tomorrow. Result, he'll be in wrong for cheating. But we must all stick together."

"I'll take no part in it," spoke up

"And you'll peach, then, of course," said Ruel.

"No; I'll not tell, but count me out, and don't put any more bricks on my pile. That fellow is better in every way than any of us."

The secret telephone did its work well. Albert saw the fellows going down the road long before quitting time and he knew exactly what it meant. That evening he made it his business to go to the brickyard after dark and hide in the bushes.

Soon he recognized the voices of Bully Bill and Ruel. "Let's have a smoke first," suggested Ruel, and they

(Continued on page 26)

# CANNON ...CITY

By CECIL M. TRUESDELL

An account of our second visit to a top Sunday School in the Nation's "Big Ten," and a glimpse of our church system in the Nation's largest unincorporated city, Kannapolis, North Carolina's "paradise town."

Everything was bathing in the warm spring sunshine as we drove to church that beautiful morning. Birds were singing as we steered through a boulevard lane and passed an imposing structure in which the famous Cannon towels, sheets, and nylons are made for

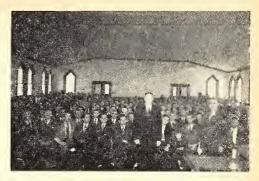
the Nation. Cleanliness and order greeted us everywhere.

The date was March 31. Rally day was in swing at the Kannapolis Church of God Sunday School, and the long cavalcade of parked cars extending for a quarter of a mile and vanishing over the hill directly in front of the church warned us that this was really a rally. The pastor, Rev. A. V. Childers; assistant pastor, Rev. Glenn Weatherby, and Sunday School officials were busily engaged getting everyone to his proper place, and that was no easy task. There are forty-three teachers and twenty Sunday School officials sharing the responsibility of getting the Sunday School message to its students, who numbered twelve hundred on this day, with an approximate hundred who could not get into the building for lack of space. There would easily have been thirteen hundred, had there been facilities to accommodate them. Forging ahead as rapidly as possible under the existing material shortage, the pastor is personally supervising the erection of a splendid new Sunday School annex, which will be finished in the late summer, at an approximate cost of \$30,000. A member of his Sunday School board is a leading building contractor in the city, and is overseeing the actual construction. Completion of this building will increase attendance wonservising the actual construction.

derfully.

It was not our good fortune to visit these classes personally, since the pastar honored us by allowing us to take his place as teacher of a class of young married couples, most of whom were newly-weds, but judging from the order in the halls as the classes marched to their rooms, and the report of the other members of our party who taught that day, we conclude that Kannapolis is putting a Christian educational program over second to none in the Nation. I found these young married couples highly intelligent, with a knowledge of the Bible far superior to that of the average young Christian, in the class that I attempted to teach. Frankly, I felt that I should be listening while some of them

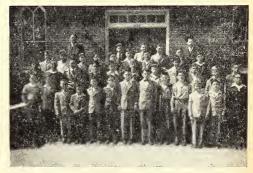
After the class, pictures were taken, and we marched to the section reserved for us. This was the largest crowd I have ever seen gathered in a Sunday School meeting anywhere. As a safety precaution, two aisles were kept open. Otherwise the building was jammed. Every inch of available space apparently was utilized. Here is a casual report: There were twelve hundred attendants, besides those who left because they



Men's Bible class. These men ga after their textbaak. Regular teachers are Mr. Leanard Price and Mr. Jahn Hass. Standing in right faregraund is Rev. Jahn C. Jernigan, Church General Overseer, who was guest speaker this day.



Teachers of this lavely girls' class are J. R. Nichals and Mrs. Dave Hardin. Enthusiasm and real interest is keynote of its rapid grawth.



Intermediate bays' class. Teachers are Mr. C. T. Smith and Mr. Sam Lambert.



tendants, besides those Mrs. Fred Davis is the teacher of the Mathwho left because they ers' class. There is no room for expansion here could not get in. The until completion of annex.



This rally was an the birthday of the pastar, as well as one of his members. It was also the wedding anniversary date of the writer. Surprise for the pastar was this beautiful cake which a convert presented. Anticipating a huge slice are, left to right, Jimmie Rickles, Youth Literature Staff Artist; the writer, and Rev. Jahn C. Jernigan, General Overseer.



Primary bays' class, Mrs. Leanard Price and Mrs. George Weddington, teachers. These men of tamarraw face the future unafraid. They are being raated and nurtured in Christian principles.

offering for the service was \$756.18, with no preliminary drives whatever. Of this amount, the upstairs classes turned in \$397.33, and the downstairs classes gave \$358.85. Six small boys' classes of the downstairs group contributed \$126.56. There were seven superintendents, and none of them were honorary executives. Every man had a job to do, and was doing it well. There are nine of the classes whose teachers use the flannelboard reqularly, and the visual method of teaching for youngsters is a proven success. After all business was over, and the Sunday School had adjourned, the pastor was called to the pulpit, and the General Overseer presented him with a very pleasant surprise, a beautiful birthday cake, baked by Mrs. Nettie Hodge. Attractively decorated and gracefully covered with fresh shredded coconut, the mammoth cake was studded with candles (plenty of them), and all the fixings. I can personally testify that it was delicious. The pastor was overcome, but collected himself enough to have his picture made with it, at the General Overseer's insistence. Following this little impromptu service, which was so aptly sandwiched in between, there was a glorious singing service such as I've rarely heard before. The congregation is blessed with plenty of natural talent, and has done a splendid job of utilizing it for God's glory. The assistant pastor, a Texas boy, who began his ministry under Brother Childers, with whom he now works, was joined by our artist and wife, Jimmie and Mrs. Rickles, in two beautiful trios. After the song service came the morning message by Brother Jernigan. He seemed to be at his best, and the service was a great one.

In the afternoon, we drove out to the state church orphanage with the pastor, who is the founder and present superintendent of this institution. With ample farm land, this orphanage is estimated, from notarized reports, to be worth above \$120,000. Two attractive new brick buildings have been erected

at a cost of \$52,000, and to the original fifteen children who were there, twenty-five more were added last Easter Sunday, at which time one of the new brick homes was dedicated.

There are a few things I would like to say about the men who, at the present time, direct the destiny of this wonderful church. Both are consecrated and gifted men of God, with a gravity which allows place for all the enthusiasm and virile qualities that normal young men usually possess. The pastor, Rev. A. V. Childers, has proportions somewhat resembling the paintings of Abraham Lincoln as a struggling young lawyer. Lithe and rangy, he would hardly impress anyone at a casual observance as being a minister, but don't let that guess fool you, for that is an impression that will lead you off on a tangent, and those who develop this opinion should hear him preach, or consult someone who has heard him, before settling on the question. Chances are, you'll change your mind. At least, that's what the North Carolina people think.

On January 26, 1945, at a banquet given by the Kannapolis JayCees (Junior Chamber of Commerce), he was formally tendered the title "Man of the Year" for Kannapolis during the year 1944, as the man having contributed the most outstanding service to his city and community that year. This annual



Young married ladies' Bible class, 117 presand Mrs. Jernigan, natified at last minute, gamely went inta actian. Standing in frant raw behind the little girls at left center are Mrs. Jernigan and Mrs. Childers. Laak aut, Greenville!



Dan't let anyone tell you this chair can't sing. Church broadcast, "Hymn-Time," far ane haur each Sunday afternaan, is a tap-ranking gaspel pragram in the State. Pastar is seated at left of pulpit, and the versatile assistant pastar, who directs church music, sits at immediate right, with face partially abscured by pulpit.

of selected eligibles who receives the largest number of votes from the citizens of this unusual city. In recognition of his splendid work as organizer and superintendent of the state church orphanage, a special delegation of faculty members from Mount Vernon University, Washington, D. C., including the president, spent the day with him soon thereafter, and later conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. This degree hangs in a very obscure spot in the pastor's study. He has every reason to be proud of it, but never mentions it unless put "on the spot" by some inquisitive person (like me). The conservative university does not deal in "mail-order" degrees, and went to considerable time and expense to honor him with a degree of which they felt he was fully deserving. I can take their word for it, can't you? Rev. Childers married Miss Cleta Mae Jennings, Asheville, North Carolina, and four bright children make the family complete.

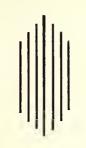
The assistant, Rev. Glenn Weatherby, grew\_up among the bluebonnets out in Texas,

and so did his wife, the former Miss Geneva Dodson. Although this is true, their courtship began in our church Bible School in Sevierville. They now have one son. Glenn ent. Teachers: Mrs. A. V. Childers and Mrs. preached his first sermon while conducting a music school for Brother Childers, and after J. S. Andersan. Class matta: "Over the Tap far some time in evangelistic work, plus a year as state youth director in the Lone Star State, Jesus." Theme: "Victory in Jesus." General he returned to become the pastor's co-worker at Kannapolis. He is a versatile and gifted **Overseer's wife was scheduled ta teach ladies'** young man, and has a flair for going "all out" on whatever he attempts. His efforts class turning in largest affering. This class wan have been blessed of God, and the pastor regards his work with the utmost appreciation and respect.

Do not forget to pray for the continued success of this noble church, and if you ever get the chance, give yourself a real treat! Drive by and worship with the folks in the City of Kannapolis. You'll declare the half hasn't been told.

# NATIONAL Y. P. E. AND SUNDAY SCHOOL NEWS

Don't forget that great Nation-I Youth Convention to be held n conjunction with the forthoming General Assembly at **Municipal Auditorium, Birming**iam, Alabama. Two great days



for youth fellowship, August 27, 28. Remember, this is the first one. Be a charter delegate, and include this mammoth meeting in your plans for 1946.

SUNDAY	SCHO	OLS
Group State A Tenn. B Ohio C III. D Calif. E Kans. F Maine G Neb.	Total Attend. 50,378 24,079 10,882 8,528 3,251 1,343 548	Av. Attend. 10,075 4,815 2,176 1,705 650 268 109

Below are the top churches in the novement for the month of March. Some other churches are fighting hard to get on the "Big Ten," so you present churches had better keep scratchng. Here are the attendance leaders (average).

Among those claiming honorable mention this time are East Chatta-googa, Tenn., 299; McColl, S. C., 286; Alabama City, Ala., 285; N. Chatta-googa, Tenn., 268; Lakeland, Fla., 263.

#### Remember our slogan: "Youth for Christ, and Christ for Youth."

Below is the list of Y.P.E.'s that are out on the front line in average attendance for March. Your church Y.P.E. can be on this group if you'll one drive put on a drive.

N. Cleveland, Tenn.		390
Lenoir City, Tenn.		282
Sumiton, Ala		280
Greenville, S. C.		228
Pumpkin Bend, Ark.	,	202

C.	M.	TRU	ESDELL
A	\ssoc	iate	Editor

#### GROUP CHAMPS

Look on either side of you to find the group leaders in Sunday School and Y.P.E. work for March. In the group of seven, there are five new leaders this month. That shows plenty of competition. However, states may come, and states may go, but it seems that Kansas and Illinois plan to stay in front forever, doesn't it?

		Y. P. E.'s	
		Total	Av.
Gro	up State	Attend.	Attend.
Α	Tenn.	29,225	5,845
В	Ky.	14,183	2,837
C	HÍ.	10,526	2,105
D	Calif.	3,800	760
E	Kans.	2,496	499
F	Maine	870	174
G	Neb.	529	106

#### WATCH THESE COLUMNS. Announcements of great Youth Conventions will be found in the following paragraphs:

The South Georgia youth for Christ camp meeting convenes June 20-26 at Jesup, Georgia. If you can attend, don't miss it.

The North Georgia youth for Christ convention will be held in the Municipal Auditorium, Rome, Georgia, July 3, 4. This will also be a great meeting. Georgia is a state working faithfully to promote the interests of our young people in the Church.

If further information relative to these meetings is needed, write Rev. A. V. Beaube or Rev. Joe R. Little, 787 Flat Shoals Avenue, S. E., Atlanta, Ga.

Alabama state youth conference is scheduled for July 7-9. Outstanding church youth speakers are expected, and so are you.

The place is the Church of God campground located on the Super highway between Birmingham and Bessemer.

Maryland youth for Christ congress. Date, July 22-26; place, Cambridge. A real meeting is anticipated. If you can attend, make your plans to be there.

The Mississippi state youth rally will be held June 26-28, at Laurel Auditorium, and a great meeting is anticipated. If you are somewhere near, go over and share the blessings. Write T. W. Day, 1804 Piedmont, Jackson,

The first annual Oregon Youth Conference will be held at the beautiful Troutdale Camp near Troutdale, Ore-

gon, fifteen miles east of Portland on highway 30 — the Old Oregon Trail, June 23-30, inclusive. A hearty welcome is extended to all. (For further information write to LaVerne Selman, Rt. 5, Box 11, Salem, Oregon.)

Arkansas' first youth conference will be convened in the large gospel tent at Jonesboro, Ark., July 24, 25, Rev. Brooks Youngblood announces.

Florida state youth convention will convene at Wimauma, Fla., June 14-15. Outstanding state and special youth speakers will be on the program. —E. Ray Kirk, state youth director; Wm. E. Johnson, state overseer.

Hurrah for Texas!
To state overseer, V. B. Rains, and youth director, Manuel Campbell, of the Lone Star State, goes the honor of having the first pastor in the Church of God to gather and contribute between 1,000 and 2,000 pounds of clothing for Europe's starved and needy millions. If we should call the name of millions. If we should can the name of the pastor possibly you would know him. He is Rev. J. H. Walker, former General Overseer of the Church of God and the present pastor of the church at Dallas, Texas. Brother Walk-er is still on the firing line and has er is still on the firing line, and has established a precedent by giving to this worthy cause through the N.A.E. God bless each of these men. May every overseer, superintendent, pastor, and member of the Church of God is this public enterprises from the church of God is the church join this noble enterprise of war relief through the N.A.E. Millions are count-ing on you. Will you help?

# <mark>V.P.E. LESSONS</mark>

#### KEEPING FIT

Thoughts for the Leader

"Keeping Fit for the Sake of Others" is our theme today. "A Sound Mind in a Sound Body" was laid down as an aim even as early as the poet Juvenal and has been quoted as a motto ever since. Of course, I want my mind to be sound because I cannot rise to what I might if it is otherwise; and I want my body to be sound because I cannot really get the same pleasures out of life if my body is handicapped by sickness or depleted in any way. Then, very naturally, I shrink from pain and suffering. These reasons are commendable. But, is that my only or even my chief reason for trying to "keep fit"? What of my obligation to my family? my neighborhood? my example to the youth about me? my duty to my state? In the late World War it was found that a very large per cent of the men drafted for service was "unfit," or at least below par. for reasons that might have been prevented or that were remediable. As young men and women, what of our duty to those we hope to have as "bone" of our bone and flesh of our "flesh" in the happy days to which we look forward?

> "To man, propose this text-Thy body at its best."

> > -Browning.

#### THE TEMPLE OF THE HOLY GHOST

1 Cor. 6:19

Of course, the very highest reason for "keeping fit" is given by St. Paul when he says that the body "is a temple of the Holy Spirit which is in you." Let every one resolve, "I will keep fit for my own sake, for my parents' sake if they are living, and in respect to their memory if they are gone, for my wife and children's sake, or for the sake of the hope I cherish, for my state's sake, and for the holy consideration that the Eternal Spirit has consented to dwell in my body.

"In order to keep fit, I will exercise regularly and systematically, I will eat moderately, and those things that are best for bodily development. I will not indulge in sensual pleasures that weaken and endanger both body and mind. I will especially refrain from

alcoholic stimulants, which medical science has proved to be injurious to the highest fitness of mankind in every way."

#### THE SOCIALLY UNFIT

If you invest money in some commercial enterprise, are you justified in expecting efficient handling of your funds? Suppose the enterprise fails, and those responsible offer the excuse that they had not had sufficient training in that particular business to enable them to succeed. What would you say to that?

If a man has a family to support, has he a right voluntarily to work so continuously or to expose himself so recklessly that he dies early and leaves his family to struggle on as best they can? Do you think there is any moral obligation upon one member of a family to keep himself fit for the sake of the others?

#### THE FIT MAN AND HIS GOD

We can easily understand the social obligations to be intelligent and physically efficient, but we may not so readily understand Paul when he insists, also, that a man must be fit because of his relation to the heavenly Father.

Ordinarily, we speak of the "soul" as the seat of our religious life, as if it were something completely removed from the body and those mental functions which we usually speak of as the "mind." We talk as if our podies were simply cages in which the soul is confined, and many have thought that it makes little difference how we mistreat the body.

But Paul has another word. In speaking of the body as the temple of the Holy Spirit, he teaches that one cannot be truly religious if the body does not function at its best. What do you think about this? Have you ever known people whose religious feelings seemed to be the result of poor digestion? Do you know anyone who is always "morally indignant" about something, always wanting to fight something-for righteousness, of course? What kind of disposition does such a person have—mild, peace-loving?

Would it change your conception of your duties as a Christian if you were convinced that you cannot be a good Christian without making every effort to keep your body in good condition, your mind clear, your emotions controlled and helpful?

#### THE LARGER VIEW

Suppose you put two parts of this

lesson together. We have spoken o one's obligation to keep fit for the sake of his social obligations, and we have also considered one's duty toward his God, which lays upon us the same necessity. Do you suppose it is possible that these are simply two sides of the same truth? Do we have one obligation to our fellow men and another to our God? Is our obligation to God also our obligation to men?

#### PRESENT PROBLEMS

Do you see why a moral reform is also a religious question? What reasons have you to suggest why we should be interested in such a problem as that of temperance? Ought temperance to extend to anything besides alcoholic stimulants? Can we settle our social questions better if we think of all as united in God and by Him, so that we should both keep our bodies fit temples for the Holy Spirit and have them ready for our social responsibilities?

What about your health? Have you regarded it as anything but an individual matter? Has the community any right to demand that you be healthy? Is it anyone's business when you dissipate your natural energies in useless enterprises? How does this reasoning affect the old "personal liberty" argument for the saloon?

Which is better for the individual and the community, that we should learn to control ourselves and keep ourselves fit, or that we should depend on the state to do it?

#### THE LOWER LIGHTS

By Marie Smith Nuzum

Matt. 5:15, 16

#### PREPARATION FOR PROGRAM

Purchase as many white candles as you think you may need. The size you will need are the ones you pay five cents for four. Put them in a box or basket. Also have one large red candle in candlestick holder. At the close of the service place large red candle and the basket with white candles on table and light the large one. After a talk on consecration by some consecrated young person, give an invitation to all who desire to dedicate or rededicate their lives to the Master, to make it known by receiving one of the white candles. As they take the white candle they light it by the large, red one and start the march, which has already been planned. Have some good leader to lead who will know where to march. Make the march as impressive as possible. As you march, sing "Where

He Leads Me, I Will Follow." The red andle represents the blood of Christ.

Thoughts for Leader

To be a very useful lower light, one must be very pliable in the Master's nand. Have you ever seen a potter with his clay? He can use the clay and mould it into anything he desires. That old song "Have Thine Own Way, Lord" is so impressive. Sometimes it takes grace, but while in prayer, promise God to supply the man if He will supply the grace.

In rural districts, one may find places in homes where the oil lamps are used. During the week the good lady of the house will clean up the lamps and trim the wick so that the light will burn evenly. Often Jesus must trim us up; it hurts while we are going through the process or trial, but when it is over our lights shine more beautifully than ever. He wants a people who will keep their lights shining evenly and brightly.

Many times the oil burns out of the lamp and it sends forth an odor. So this is true in our lives, and when we see the oil running low, we should go for the spiritual filling station at once—that is, GET ALONE WITH Jesus somewhere and talk to Him awhile.

Song: "Be a Light," No. 14 in "Revival Favorites."

#### HOW THE CHURCH CAN BE A LOWER LIGHT

This is a vast territory, but really the church can be a true lower light. The services should be as spiritual as possible so that all may keep on the victory side. Each member should attend the services and show his or her loyalty to the Church and to God. "Encourage your young people to stand true and show their loyalty by attending their services. Pray for them, that God will bless their lives. Always make strangers within your gates feel at home by letting them know you appreciate their presence. Shake hands with them and invite them back. This old world is so cold and unfriendly that they need someone to show them this is a warm place in the fold of God.

#### HOW THE MINISTER CAN BE A LOWER LIGHT

The minister holds a very sacred place in God's cause and should consider it so. His conduct is one of the most important items in his life. His prayer life is very important. If he doesn't pray you may expect to have a very lighthearted minister. His words from the pulpit have no weight

to them. It will be easy for light, chaffy things to get into his life. But show me a man who prays and waits on God for his messages and for success and I'll show you someone who will be a real lower light for God.

It is told of a minister who had such great success in his revivals and ministry, that someone asked him why it was that God so richly blessed him. He said, "While I am preaching, there is an old warrior of God praying behind the pulpit." Time passed on, and one day the old praying warrior came and said he was leaving now to go help some other young minister.

Several years elapsed and one day the minister saw the old man coming back. He ran to meet him and told him his congregations had gone down, that he didn't have the success he did when the old man was with him. The old warrior looked into the minister's face and said, "Let me have a pair of your old pants." Of course, the minister went at once and got them. The old prayer warrior said, "Just as I thought, the knees are good as new and the seat of the pants are shiny. You have been sitting around too much and not doing enough praying and waiting on God. You have not been visiting the sick and praying with your members."

Truly this is one of the greatest ways a minister can be a lower light.

#### HOW CAN I BE A LOWER LIGHT?

There are many different ways that young people can be lower lights. Among the first is being of service to lost and dying humanity. Have a cheerful disposition, that folks will really know you have salvation. Be dependable; not up one day and down the next. It is a great problem now to keep the victory, but if you stay close to your good Friend, Jesus, He will pull you through. We do not live any higher than our prayer life. The person who sits back in the corner, though unnoticed by the congregation, who knows how to pray and get in touch with God, is the one who will go forward for Jesus.

D. L. Moody had a very close friend who owned a beautiful canary. One day while visiting this friend he mentioned the bird's being beautiful. The lady spoke of how it had ceased to sing until one day she hung the cage out under the tree and the little English sparrows would fly above in the tree tops and chirp. The canary listened to the sparrows and in a

short time he began to sing again. That is the way with many of our young people; they listen to the wrong kind of advice and lose their song for Jesus. Our good living and cheerful disposition will cause them to sing again. Young people should live closer to Jesus than ever before. Our intentions may be good but we keep putting off doing what we should for Jesus. Let us take a new grip this very evening and promise the Lord to do more than ever before.

Close this program with a short, touching appeal, by some Spirit-filled young person, to the young people to consecrate their lives and become lower lights for Jesus. At the close of this talk, someone lights the red candle and stands at the altar, while those who will dedicate or rededicate their lives to the Master come to the altar, receive a candle, and have it lighted from the large red one at the altar. After all have received a lighted candle, they begin to march, and continue the march through every aisle of the church. As they march, let them sing softly "Where He Leads Me I Will Follow." Each local Y.P.E. will plan the march as best suited to their church.

NOTE: We are repeating the program which many of you enjoyed at the Assembly at our consecration and farewell service in the young people's morning meeting in Chattanooga several years ago. We had a great time. The power of the Lord was there in a wonderful way.

#### SELF DENIAL

by Mozelle S. Lasyone
Matthew 16:24-27; Matthew 10:37, 38.
Leader's Thoughts

We have all read or have heard of how Christians in times past were willing to give up anything, including their lives, so that they might please God. They denied themselves, and so must we if we expect to meet Jesus in peace. Let us think first of some of the things which we, as Christians, must deny ourselves.

#### 1. WORLDLY PLEASURES

In Hebrews 11:24, 25, we find that Moses refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, but chose "rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." He knew that the pleasures of this life were only for a short time and would soon fade away. Any person of the world can tell you that one taste of worldly entertainment only calls for a second one. None

of them furnish a lasting satisfaction. The soul keeps longing and seeking for something else.

John tells us to "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him." Therefore, let us abstain from the very appearance of evil and set our affections heavenward. Luke tells us to take up our cross daily. This does not mean just denying ourselves these worldly entertainments on Sunday. It means seven days a week. We must be ready to meet our Savior on Monday as well as Sunday.

This world holds nothing but sin and sorrow for all who partake of it. On the other hand, there is peace and satisfaction for those who are willing to turn their back upon the world, take up their cross, and follow Jesus.

#### 2. COMFORTS OF LIFE

Other things which we must often deny ourselves are the comforts of life, if we do what God commands. We are told in the Bible to let him who hath two coats give to him who hath none. Many a missionary and preacher has been called upon to leave his home, his friends, possibly his family, and the comforts of life which he enjoyed, to go into some other land and preach the gospel. Many have gone without food, without a home, and with very few clothes, in order that they might help some soul to receive Christ. Others have waded the snow and water to get to some hungry soul. Lives have even been given for this worthy cause. Surely we could be willing to sacrifice that some soul might escape torment. Let us examine ourselves to see the many other things we could give up for our Savior and His great cause.

#### CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE

As Christ was led up into a high place in the wilderness, the devil began to tempt Him. Jesus could have made Himself ruler of the whole world. He could have had bread to eat, and certainly He was hungry after fasting forty days and nights. Nevertheless, He denied Himself these things and told Satan to get hence.

Christ took upon Himself the form of a servant so that He might minister unto us. He even gave His life on the cross that we might be saved. (Phil. 2:7,8.) During His ministry here, the Son of Man had no place to lay His head. (Matt. 8:20.) He journeyed from place to place telling the plan of salvation. His mission on earth was to

serve and bless others. To do this, He humbled Himself and denied Himself the comforts of life. Sleepless nights were spent in prayer for His followers and in healing the sick. He is our example that we should follow in His footsteps.

#### REWARD FOR SELF-DENIAL Luke 18:28-30.

Jesus tells us that anyone who leaves house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children for the kingdom of God's sake will receive much more in this life, and in the world to come, he will receive life everlasting. Surely that would be reward enough for anything we might give up in this life for Him. There is nothing too great for us to give up in order that we might serve and please our Master and gain a home in heaven.

JUDGMENT UPON THOSE WHO FAIL TO GIVE UP THE WORLD Eccl. 11:9 and Rom. 8:13.

(Read these aloud)

This first scripture tells us that we shall be brought into judgment for these worldly pleasures which we failed to give up. Our next scripture teaches us that we shall die for the life we have lived in sin.

Sinner friend, why won't you give Jesus a chance in your heart and life? Let Him fill your soul with joy unspeakable and take away that desire for things of the world. He can so fill your life that your desires for those things of the world will be gone. Then you will have a hope of life eternal rather than a sentence of death. The Bible tells us to "remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Give Him the full service of your life. Don't wait and offer Him your life after you

#### READING WITH A PURPOSE

Scripture: 2 Tim. 2:15

We are referring you to our "Reading Page" for one lesson this month. You may use thoughts from the Reading Page in last month's paper, also, in connection with this lesson. Our book for the month is the "Life of D. L. Moody." Let someone review the book in your Y.P.E. Many will not read and it may help them to become interested. Open your meeting for expressions from others besides those on program. Let them discuss what books they have read which have been a blessing to them.

have spent nearly all of it for Satar Don't say "I intend to give Jesus m life at some later date." We have not the promise of one more day in thi life. Today is the day of salvation. To morrow may be too late.

#### **Christian Witness**

At a meeting I heard a missionary home on furlough, tell of a simple ac of his. By it, he unconsciously save another's life. He was on board ship and when in his berth, one dark night he heard that cry—so awful to listen t at sea—"Man overboard." He arose a once from his bunk and took the swinging lamp from its bracket, and held it to the window in his cabin. He could see nothing; but the nex morning, he was told that the flast of his lamp through the port showed to those on deck the missing mai clinging to a rope. He could hardly have held on another minute. The light of the lamp shone just in time to save the man's life.

Have your lamp of truth alway burning, and be ready to show the flash of its light whenever you heat the call for help. On some dark night you may help to save a poor soul whe has fallen into the waves of temptation or despair.—J. W. W. Moeran.

Moody Monthly

Doing His Will

"I notice," said the stream to the mill, "that you grind beans as wel and as cheerfully as you do the finest wheat."

"Certainly," said the mill, "what an I here for but to grind? And so long as I work, what does it signify to me what the work is? My business is to serve my master, and I am not a white more useful when I turn out the finest flour than when I turn out the coarsest meal. My honor is not in doing fine work but in doing anything that is given me to do in the best way that I can."—Richard Newton.

Liberty and Obligation

There is one thing diviner than duty namely, the bond of obligation transmitted into liberty.—W. R. Alger.

#### PRAYER OF YOUTH

(Continued from page 17) not regret it. Attend to the MOST IM-PORTANT thing you shall ever be called upon to decide in all your future life. Eternity is but the extension of time. Tickets for this excursion may be purchased through prayer of youth.

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THE CHURCH OF GOD BIBLE SCHOOL  2659 North Ash Street, Spokane 12, Washington  E. E. COLEMAN, Principal  APPLICATION FOR ADMISSION  Our 1946-47 Term Begins October 14, 1946.  (Any one void of good moral character need not apply)
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APPLICATION FOR ADMISSION
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(Any one void of good moral character need not apply)
Dute
* Name Age
₹ Street or R. F. D
Post OfficeStateState
Male or female Married or single
Are you a Christian? Denomination
Who will assume responsibility of your expense?
Name
Address
Please have two persons sign below in regard to your character and financial responsibility.
This is to certify that I have known this person for
years, and thatis honest and reliable, and has a good moral
character.
Name
Address
* Name
Address
Please have parent (or guardian) sign below.
As parent (or guardian) I agree to cooperate with the Bible Training School in the rules and regulations. I also promise to meet the terms of the agreement about expense.
* Name
* Address
IF ADMITTED, I WILL CHEERFULLY CONFORM TO THE RULES AND REGULATIONS OF THE SCHOOL.
SIGNED
Name

#### Love

The night has a thousand eyes, And the day but one; Yet the light of the whole world dies With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes, And the heart but one; Yet the light of a whole life dies, When Love is done.

-Bourdillon.

#### "Now"

"Now," is the constant syllable ticking from the clock of time. "Now," is the watchword of the wise. "Now," is on the banner of the prudent. Let us keep this little word always in our mind, and whenever anything presents itself in the shape of work, whether mental or physical, we should do it with all our might, remembering that "now" is the only time for us.—Dr. Parr.

#### EDITOR'S MESSAGE

(Continued from page 2)

Francisco Bay, where there was always one or more of his great ocean liners and cargo boats in the water at anchor, charging or unloading cargoes representing the industries of almost every nation in the world.

Here are some boys who found God's

Jonathan Edwards, the great minister and educator, when eighteen said, "If there could be but one man in the world at one time who was pleasing to God, I would want to be that man." He became one of the world's greatest men, whose influence is still

Spurgeon decided, when a small boy, to become a preacher. Time did not change his decision. His sermons, both spoken and translated into other languages, reached the entire Christian

Judson's ideal as a boy and young man was to become famous as an actor. He became famous and one of the world's greatest men, but in quite a different work. He became a pioneer missionary to Burma.

Livingstone cherished a desire in his teens to go to China as a medical missionary; he studied and planned to that effect, but Providence saw to it that he was to plant the Cross in the heart of Africa.

James A. Garfield, when a boy, said, "I intend first of all to make a man of myself," and his resolve never failed. It was always his ambition to do a little better than others.

Would that young men and boys of today would consider the way their lives are to go and decide to climb to the higher and safer level. In the little poem of John Oxenham there is wonderful advice to all: .

"But to every man there openeth A way, and ways, and a way, And the high soul climbs the high way,

And the low soul gropes the low; And in between, on the misty flats, The rest drift to and fro; But to every man there openeth A high way and a low, And every man decideth The way his soul shall go."

#### Personal Reliability

If you cannot rely on your own reliability, what moral right have you to expect others to expect much of you? If you lack resolution, decision, faith in yourself, will power, you're no good.

# Y.P.E.U. PAGE The Conversion of D. L. Moody (Continued from page 15)

"What! are you the son of Mr. Edward Kimball, of Boston? What is your name?"

"Henry."

"I am glad to see you. Henry, are you a Christian?"

"No, sir, I do not think I am."

"How old are you?"

"I am seventeen."

"Henry, when I was just seventeen, and you were a little baby in the crib, your father came to me and put his hand on my shoulder and asked me to be a Christian, and he was the only man who ever came to me and talked to me, because he loved my soul; and now I want you, my boy, to be a Christian. Henry, don't you want to be a Christian?"

Henry replied that he did, and Moody then had the privilege of leading the young man to the Lord, as he himself had been led by Henry's father so many years before.—From "The Life of D. L. Moody, by His Son."

Dear Sister Harrison:

I really enjoy telling others of God's great love. Surely there is a great need for those who will face a sinful world and tell them the story of Jesus. We have a large personal soul-winning class here at B. T. S. that is really on fire for God. I enjoy all of the Bible very much, but there is one scripture that is quite outstanding to me.

Ezek. 36:26,27, "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh. And I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them."

These two verses explain fully what God does to anyone who fully surrenders to Him. May the Lord richly bless each of you.—Derbl Dority.

# The Boy Who Would Not Smoke

(Continued from page 18) walked over beside the dry house as they talked in low tones. Albert kept his eyes riveted where they were in the darkness. Then he saw the remains of a cigarette making an arc as it was snapped from the fingers.

Suddenly the fire flew in all directions, and there was a loud noise. In a second flames had arisen all around.

Albert jumped from his hiding place and ran. The clothing of both Bully and Ruel were a mass of flames. The cigarette had set off the fumes of a gasoline tank left open. Albert grabbed several pieces of burlap which had been used to protect special-shaped brick in shipment, and without apology he threw Ruel roughly to the ground and wrapped the burlap tightly about him, then he treated Bully Bill the same way. His quick work saved the day and the flames were quickly extinguished.

"Now, get a move on, you fellows," commanded Albert, "we must save the dry house."

Although the faces of the boys were blistering, they succeeded in putting out the fire without doing much damage.

"We owe our lives to you," said Bully to Albert, after the danger was over. "Yes, I suppose you do," replied Al-

"And we were going to cheat—" stammered Ruel.

"I know all about your tricks," put in Albert.

"I'm glad Dave told," said Ruel, "if he hadn't—"

"Dave didn't tell," said Albert.

Only the rustle of the leaves could be heard as they walked together.

"Well, it's no use to put it off any longer," spoke up Bill. "I wish to ask your forgiveness. You are better than any of us, physically and morally. We knew it, but hated to admit it."

"I forgive you," said Albert. "I am glad you both have the courage to admit you were wrong."

Several days later, when the three boys met again in their kiln, Bully said: "If we don't smoke for a while, we may be able to stand up to the work like Al. It takes a real man to take what we have been throwing into his teeth, and it wasn't because he was a coward, either. He's as husky as a young giant. Hereafter, we're not saying anything against his principles."

"Dave and I have been talking it over, and we are heartily with you," said Ruel.

This bit of conversation pleased Albert not a little as the sound of loud voices came through the underground air chamber.—Selected.

# Y.P.E. State Superintendents, Also Local Superintendents

Just a reminder relative to distribution of the Lighted Pathway, and the

rating. You get credit for the number of Lighted Pathways distributed in your state, and your rating each month is taken from this record. When the final check-up is made in determining who is entitled to the state banner in your group, only the Lighted Pathways that have been paid for can be counted. For example, if your \*state has distributed 50,000 copies and paid the Publishing House for only 20,-000 copies, the rating in the final check-up will show a distribution of only 20,000. So don't let your accounts get behind. If we collect for Lighted Pathways distributed in our state some year prior to this year, that have not been paid for, we get credit for them the same as if we had distributed them this year. So, local Y.P.E. superintendents, check on your Y.P.E. and see if some old accounts are standing; get them paid and out of the way. should there be any, help your state superintendent win in having the highest rating.—H. L. Chesser.

#### Honor Roll

Gladys Freeman, Greenville, S. C.
Margaret Varner, Baltimore, Md.
J. L. Barfield, Greenwood, S. C.
Pauline Albro, Louisville, Ky.
Edwin M. Mortenson, Columbia, S. C.
Leonard Price, Kannapolis, N. C.

#### Serving in Love

It is said that when the late M. Gustave Dore was busy painting the face of Jesus in one of his pictures, a lady friend visited his studio, and her attention was immediately riveted upon the face. As she stood there the artist from one corner of the room watched closely the eager face of his lady friend. Suddenly turning around and facing the artist, she said, "M. Dore, why do you look at me so anxiously?" "I wanted to watch the impression that face produced upon your -and I think you like it." "Yes, I do," she replied, "and do you know that I was thinking that you could not paint such a face of Christ unless you loved him." "Unless I loved Him!" said Dore. "Well, I trust I do, and that most sincerely—but as I love Him more I shall paint Him better." Yes, that is true; the more we love the better we serve. The old proverb is quite true: "He who has love in his heart has spurs in his side."—James Learmount.

# MISSION PAGE

Dear Sister Harrison:

I promised the Lord if anyone was saved here that I would write in a testimony to the Lighted Pathway readers. I have been here in Japan with the occupational troops for about six months and have seen the great need of the gospel in this faraway land, and the need of missionary work over here by someone who has the love of God in his heart and a burden for the lost and dying world.

My only prayer tonight, as I sit here thinking and meditating on the past few months of my life, is that this testimony will be a help to those whom the Lord is calling into the missionary fields and will encourage them to go forth for the glory of the Lord.

Upon arriving in Japan about six months ago, we landed at Negonia, the third largest city in Japan, or rather it was before the war, but it has been destroyed, like many other cities here in Japan, leaving thousands homeless and on starvation. There is many a person here in Japan in a terrible condition, without home, food, or help of any kind. Most of them are lost and undone, without God and completely ignorant of the blessed Savior's love, not knowing when or how soon their soul will be going out into eternity to meet God.

Now we have been moved to another place about thirty miles from Negonia, and a much smaller town, but it has also received much destruction. This small village was once a large Japanese airfield and there has never been a church in this location, however, there were some Christians in a town close by before the war. With some other dear Christian brothers, we met a Japanese professor here who has been in America, and with his kind help, together with some others, and by the help of the Lord, we have managed to start holding services with a group of Japanese children in the auditorium of the agricultural college. We held our first service December 31. Since then, we have spent many hours doing what little we could for the Lord and testifying of His great love.

After about three weeks of our meetings, I was transferred to the west coast of Japan to a city of about 150,000 population. I was with one of the companies as an aid man and there I stood many trials and tests, but the Lord blessed me in so many ways in which I was not worthy. I met some dear holiness brothers and sisters of the Japanese people up there, who really had victory in their souls, but they had to go through so much persecution during the war. The Japanese militarist did way with the holiness movement and many were put into prison and several died on account of the way they were treated. There was one particular Japanese brother I met who was a preacher. He was in prison ten months. His Bible was taken away from him and he had nothing whatsoever to read, but through faith in God this brother went through many things and stood true and is still determined, more than ever before, to preach God's Word. He is now preaching.

The Lord gave me the privilege of witnessing to thousands by tracts which we had translated into the Japanese language. Through this work,

Japanese ian

Dear Sister Horrison:

I hove been toking some time off from o busy doy to reod the Februory ond March issues of the Lighted Pothwoy, which I have just received here in Jomoico. It certainly is o blessing when one can sit quietly and reod from the Pothway the thoughts that ore given for the tempted and tried, olso from the poem page, and the many other features of the paper. The blessing you have been to others will one day culminate in eternal blessedness from the Giver of all good things.

We, here in Jamoico, ore giving ourselves to the cause of Christ; loving Him, serving Him, trusting Him, asking

for His guidance eoch day.

I am enclosing a copy of our Jamoica Evangel. No doubt you have already become acquainted with it, being there at Headquarters. Our effort along this line is a weak one, but our goal is to make this paper a blessing to the people of Jamoico. The cost, of course, is a major item, considering the fact that Jamoico is a mission field.

I would be very hoppy that the readers of the Lighted Pothway remember us in proyer, that the gospel of Jesus Christ may go forth through the printed page, and that God will supply every need along this line here in the Island of "Sunshine and Spring."

May God bless you, and I osk on interest in your prayers.—Leslie M. Gilpin, octing overseer of Jamoico.

I have met many people, some Christians, who have gone through great tribulations and others who want to help in any way they can in the work of the Lord. Too, there are many who are anxious to hear the gospel message.

About a month ago, I was transferred back here, and through the faithfulness of two Christian brothers and some faithful Japanese people, I found the Sunday services still in progress. They also had a morning service with a group of college boys who are very much interested and we have Wednesday night services now. Recently, we received the Church of God hymn books and Sunday School quarterlies and, through an interpreter, we are using them in our Sunday morning service. Some of these people are really interested and want to learn, but it is hard for them to understand. It will take someone with a lot of patience and love of God in his heart to help these people.

Last Sunday morning, eleven college boys knelt in prayer with us, but it is hard to get them to pray with what little knowledge they have of God.

Monday night, a Japanese boy came to the camp to see us and he wanted to work with us. He was once in America and attended Sunday School while there. He can speak English. Brother McNabb, who was in Bible School for about two months in 1944, whose home is in Chattanooga, Tenn., Brother Norton of Ashland, Kans., the Japanese boy, and I, all went over to the army chapel and we testified of

God's great love to the boy. Soon we were down on our knees praying for him, but he would not pray at first. We asked the Lord to help us and could feel His presence in a wonderful way. We again talked to him and the Lord began to deal with his heart. Big tears came rolling down his cheeks as he realized his lost condition, and it was then he really poured out his heart to the Lord. The next thing we knew, all heaven was opened to him and the great love of God came down in great waves. That was the most wonderful experience I have had since being overseas. We were all crying and laughing and praising the Lord for His wonderful answer to prayer.

The boy was saying, "Thank (Continued on page 28)

These pictures come from Brother Walter E. Tearhart, who is in the armed forces in Japan. This will give you some idea of some of the good work he is doing for the Lord over there. His address is: T|5 Walter E. Tearhart, R. M. D. 27th Inf. A, c|o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.



Pictures of the boys' class holding Church of God Sunday School quarterlies in hand and Brother Tearhart has Teacher's Quarterly and Bible.



A Picture of the Children's Class.

#### MISSION PAGE

(Continued from page 27)

you, Jesus, for saving me," in English, and in Japanese he was saying, "Henia, henia," which was interpreted, "Peace, peace."

Please remember us in prayer and for the work which has been started over here to be a success for the Lord. Those who feel their call to Japan as missionaries, here is a great opportunity to witness for the Lord.

Their customs are entirely different from America, and living conditions are different, too. One would have to do without the many things he has been used to, but it is a great opportunity.

I may be home soon and pray for me that I may have the privilege of attending our great Bible School.— T|5 Walter E. Tearhart, R.M.D., 27th Inf. A, c|o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

#### THE MAN WITHOUT A SOUL

(Continued from page 8)

After fully explaining to him the way of life (how Christ suffered and died for his sins and arose from the grave), I told him that I was going to ask him to do the hardest thing a man could be asked to do. I said, "You have always loved to do hard things, so I am told. You have been a staunch soldier for the devil. You have been fearless in his service. Now I am going to ask you to do this-to give your heart, with all its ambitions, its sins, its hatred and willfulness, over to God, and ask Him to take you as you are, and to cleanse you from all your sin. I want you to promise that from now on you will live for Him and serve Him as fearlessly as you have the devil. Will you do that, Spencer?" He answered, "I will." I then said, "Shall we pray?" He answered, "Yes."

We knelt down, he in his cell and I on the outside. I offered a prayer to God, and after that I asked him to follow me in simple prayer, which he did. After the prayer was finished, he said, "While you were saying that prayer, all I could say to God was, 'God, help a crook like me, as You helped the thief on the cross.' I felt forty pounds lighter after I had offered that prayer."

I then said, "Now, Spencer, you are a child of God, and I am going to show you by what authority I dare say this to you." I took from my muff a New Testament and asked him if he

would like to see in print just what I had been telling him. He said very eagerly, "Oh yes, I would. Have you got it? Can you show it to me?" I said, "Yes," and opening my Testament, read John 1:12; 1 John 1:9, and John 3:16. After I had read John 3:16, he said, "Oh, I have seen that passage on a 'sign' some place. Let me read it for myself."

I then handed him the Testament and he read it. I told him to make the promise of the verse his own.

Before leaving him, I said to him, "I am going to give you this Testament. I want you to read the Gospel of John, especially." I said, "May I come again to speak to you?" He said, "Yes, please do, come tomorrow; come about the same hour."

I went to jail the next day rather anxious to know how I would find Spencer. But as I came up to his cell, he greeted me with these words: "Good morning, I am twenty-four hours old." I said, "What do you mean?" He said, "I read in the third chapter of John about the new birth, about Nicodemus coming to Christ. I was born again yesterday morning. Until then I had been dead; now I am alive, and am twenty-four hours old." I said, "You surely are, Spencer, thank God for it."

Then he said, "Oh, Mrs. Evans, I have tried so hard to memorize John 3:16, and at last I have got it." And with the joy of a little child, he handed me the Testament for fear that I would not know whether he quoted it right or not, and said, "Here is the Testament. You see if I am repeating it right." He quoted John 3:16 hesitatingly, but joyously and correctly: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

It was really wonderful to note from day to day, the marvelous growth in grace this man made and his literally devouring passion for the study of the Bible.

Spencer had given up smoking because he did not think it consistent with his Christian life.

On December 18, 1913, Henry Spencer was granted a reprieve until January 16, 1914. Another stay was granted until July 1, 1914. It was really amazing to hear him talk about his departure the day preceding December 19—the day set for his execution, also between those days and January 16, 1914, the day set a second time

for his hanging. Strange to say, he seemed keenly disappointed when he was informed of these reprieves. His lot in the world had been so hard and his life so void of happiness that this world seemed to hold nothing worthwhile for him; whereas the new-found faith that had become his during the past few weeks had brought such peace to him that but one thought possessed him, and that was to leave this world and enter into the future life of blessedness, which he believed he would do. Never once did he show any interest at all in the efforts of his attorneys to secure a new trial or reprieve him.

Spencer was never so happy as when he was near the date of his hanging. If there was ever the slightest shadow of disappointment on his face, it was when he got his reprieves. When I used to ask him, "Do you really mean to say that you are anxious to go and leave this world?" he would say, "Yes, Mother, this life is nothing to me. It has meant nothing but sin and shame. I never had a friend nor any one to take an interest in me or say a kind word to me until you came to this prison to talk to me."

(To be continued in next issue)

NOTE: I wonder if there might be someone in prison in your town who has never had anyone to take an interest in him. Why not organize a Y.P.E.U. and prepare your young people for service of this kind.—*Editor*.

#### KITCHEN-DOOR NUPTIALS

(Continued from page 5)
work instantly. "Girls!" she said
sharply, and she looked searchingly from one to the other. "What

does this mean?"

Mae tossed her curly head. "Is it so strange for two people to marry? It's done every day if you credit the papers," she said flippantly.

"But, Mae, you're too young!" protested Mrs. Stanley.

"Don't you suppose I'll grow older every day?" lightly.

"Yes, my dear, but why lose your wonderful girlhood? Why tie yourself down with the burdens and responsibilities of a home before you have had a chance to enjoy your youth? Oh, Mae, don't do it. Stop before it's too late. Does your mother know?" Mae shook her head.

"Still another wrong. A mother is the best guide for a daughter on the pathway that leads to the altar. There are so many possible missteps that can cause you grief in after years. Mae, please, dear, wait awhile. Approach this step as the culmination of days of preparation. You will then find a true happiness such as will be impossible in this madcap, hurried marriage," pleaded Mrs. Stanley. But the girl stubbornly refused.

"I have my own life to live," she insisted, "and I'm going to do as I please. I think it is so romantic to go away—just we two—only the law insists on a couple of witnesses, so we want Anne and Bill."

"Then what are you planning to do?" practically asked Mrs. Stanley.

"Why, I'm going to stay at my home and Lee at his until we get ready to let folks know—and then we'll show our marriage certificate—and—tell—everybody."

Mrs. Stanley shook her head. "No, I can't let Anne get mixed up in so much unhealthy romance. I wish you would give it up altogether. But I'll tell you this, dearie, unless you tell your mother, I will. Your parents have some rights. They have taken care of you, in sickness and in health; clothed your body and given you all of the education you would take. They have tried to give you good moral training. You've been brought up in the Sunday School and the church. And it is unfair, to say the least, to take advantage of their kindness in this way. Your mother must know."

"Oh, Mrs. Stanley, please don't. She'll spoil it all," cried Mae in alarm.

"Spoil it? What do you mean?"
"Why, she won't let me elope."

"Sure, she won't. No mother enjoys the disgrace of an eloping daughter," she said sternly.

"Disgrace! I don't see any disgrace," flashed Mae.

"Just another evidence of your—childishness. I was about to use a stronger term. In your Sunday School don't you remember learning verses about those who do things in secret? And those who "love darkness"? And what about the necessity and the advantage of light? Well, this is one time when light needs to be turned on your actions. If they won't stand investigation, then you'd better do as I said, and abandon the whole idea."

"I won't do that," declared the girl.
"Tell mother, if you must, but, remember, I don't want you to say one word. I never did think much of a tattle-tale," scathingly.

Mrs. Stanley ignored the thrust and said, "We'd better get this over with

(Continued on page 32)

#### IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE

(Continued from page 3)

The little crowd of stockbrokers rushed to the door.

A dense mass of men and women were marching up the street. Every face was set and serious. There were many clergymen and ministers in the crowd, if the clerical collar and ministerial garb gave true indication of their calling.

"To St. Paul's! To St. Paul's!" a stentorian voice was shouting.

The stockbrokers joined the mighty crowd, which, grim, resolute, silent, swept on.

By midnight, or soon after, a few hours only after the great Translation, the hordes of the vicious that festered in the slums—women, as well as men, aliens and British alike—had heard something of what had happened and creeping from their filthy lairs, began, at once to become a menace to public life and property.

Many of the police beats were unprotected, the men who had been patrolling them sharing in the sudden glorious Rapture of their Lord's return. By midnight, the whole police service had become temporarily disorganized, if not actually demoralized.

Scotland Yard heads of departments were missing, as well as local superintendents, sergeants, etc. In many cases, there was no one to give orders, or to maintain control. And where leaders were left, they were often too scared and unnerved to exercise a healthful authority.

Under these circumstances the hordes of vicious, and out-of-work grew bolder every hour. They had no fear of the spiritual character of the strange situation, for God, to them, was a name only to blaspheme. Hell was a merry jest to them, a synonym for warmth and rest,—a combination which had been all too rare with them on earth. Besides, hell had no shadow of terror to people who, for years, had suffered the torments of a life in a literal hell in London.

Shops, and private houses, and some of the larger business houses had been openly burgled. A rumour got abroad that the banks were to be raided.

Ralph Bastin, passing the Bank of England, found that the guard of soldiers had been quadrupled, and this, too, for the *day*-time. Curious to know how the Translation of the night before had affected the army, he asked

one of the privates if any of the London soldiers were missing?

"All the 'blue-lights,' (as we calls the Christians, sir,) is missin'. Yer see, sir, if a feller perfesses to be a Chrishun the Army, an aint real, 'he soon gits the perfession knocked outer 'im. On the other han' if 'e's real, why all the persekushun on'y drives 'is 'ligion deeper inter 'im. Yes, all the 'bluelights' is gone, sir, an' any amount o' officers.

"These, as is gone, is mos'ly the middle-age an' ole ones, an' those wot's been in India, Malta, an' other furrin stations. I've knowed lots o' that sort o' officer, as oosed to hev

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#### WHAT WOULD HE SAY

If He should come today
And find my hands so full
Of future plans, however fair,
In which my Saviour has no share,
What would He say?

If He should come today
And find my love so cold,
My faith so very weak and dim
I had not even looked for Him,
What would He say?

If He should come today
And find I had not told
One soul about my heavenly Friend,
Whose blessings all my way attend,
What would He say?

If He should come today,
Would I be glad—quite glad?
Remembering He had died for all,
And none, through me, had heard
His call,

What would I say?

#### 

Bible-readin's at their Bungalows. Ah, they wur *right*, they wur, the other wur wrong, an' the wrong 'uns knows to-day as they's out o' luck!"

"If yer arsks my erpinun, ser, I sez, that London's full o' fools, to-day, fur if we'd all been doin, an' thinkin' as we'd oughter, why we'd be now up in Glory wi' Jesus. I've yeard the truth at So'dger Homes, an' sich places, an' I've sung wi' lots o' others:—

"Blessed are those whom the Lord finds watching;

In His glory they shall share:
If He shall come at the dawn or midnight,

Will He find us watching there?"

"O, can we say we are ready, brother?--

Ready for the soul's bright home? Say, will He find you and me still watching.

Waiting, waiting, when the Lord shall come?"

The man suddenly straightened himself, and glanced away from Bastin. An officer was approaching.

Ralph Bastin walked away, the thought that filled his mind, was of the strange mood that had suddenly come over *every*one, since today, everbody seemed ready to talk freely of religious things.

He moved on up Cheapside, his destination being St. Paul's Cathedral.

The cathedral was packed, packed out to the doors. The aisles, and every other inch of standing room, were a solid jam. The whole area of the interior showed one black mass of silent, waiting, expectant people—it was curious to note that almost every woman had donned black, in some form or other.

The great organ was silent. No one dreamed of singing. The choir seats were full of strangers. The stalls were filled with an indiscriminate crowd. There was no rule, no discipline today.

Suddenly the tall, square-built form of a certain well-known Bishop, rose near the pulpit. He had linked his arm in that of one of London's most popular Nonconformist preachers, and almost dragged him to his feet.

There was evidently a controversy going on between the two men as to which of them should address the people, each urging the other to lead off. The same thought was in the minds of nearly all who were in view of the pair, namely, "How comes it that a Bishop, and a popular preacher like the Rev.——, have been left behind?"

A strange, new tenseness, a deepening silence, settled upon the mighty mass, gathered under that great dome. Suddenly, the silence was broken by a voice calling:

"Bishop —." Another voice immediately cried, "No! The Rev. —."

A momentary clamour of voices ensued. The voices were not shrill in their eagerness, but sullen, sombre, almost savage, in fact. A moment, and the Bishop slowly entered the pulpit. He bowed his head in prayer.

Like the slow, rushing sound of the letting loose of some distant water, the noise of thousands of bending forms filled the place, for everyone bowed the head.

A moment later, the heads were raised. The silence almost of a tomb filled the place, when the first momentary rustle of the uprearing had subsided.

The voice of the Bishop broke the silence, crying:—

"Men and women of London, fellows with me in the greatest shame the world has ever known—the shame of bearing the name Christian, and yet of being the rejected of Christ,—we meet today under awful, solemn circumstances.

"We are face to face with the most solemnly awful situation the human race has ever known, if we except the conditions under which, during those three hours of blackness at Calvary, the people of Jerusalem were found, while the crucified Christ hung midair, on the fatal tree.

"It may be said that our position bears some likeness to that of the people who were destroyed at the flood. Those autedeluvians had one hundred and twenty years' warning; we, as professing Christians, have had nearly two thousand years' warning, yet, London, England, and the whole world has, by last night's events, been proved practically heathen—or atheist, atheist will perhaps best fit our character.

"The moment came when God called Noah and his family into the ark. But what never occurred to me, until this morning, was the significant fact, that God did not shut the door of the ark, or send the flood, until seven days later, thus giving the unbelievers another opportunity to be saved.

"And God has given London, England, America, the world, this same extra opportunity of being prepared for the return of the Lord, and the translation of His Church.

"For some years, now, conferences, and conventions, addresses, Bible-readings, etc., where this subject of the second coming of Christ has been specially taught, have been multiplied mightily. I have been present at some of these gatherings, but, smiling amusedly at what I termed the wild utterances of visionaries, I neglected my opportunity.

"Yet, of all men, I ought to have been prepared for this coming of the Lord. I have held ministerial office in a church that taught the doctrine, plainly, in many of its prayers and collects. But I see, now, that all through my life, I have been blinded by the *letter* of things, and have mistaken christening, confirmation, communicating for conversion, and for life in Christ.

"I see, today, that I entered the established church of this realm, and not the family of God, and the service of Christ. I have never really been God's by the new birth, until last night, when my dear wife, in company with all the waiting, longing church, was suddenly called up to be with her Lord. Not by death, dear friends—she saw no death—but by that sudden translation, that has startled us all so."

(To be continued)

#### THE BIG PULL

(Continued from page 7)

"What," exclaimed Elroy surprised, "don't smoke! You got to be a good mixer if you get on with the boys at the mill. Better take one, it won't hurt you."

Ralph was doing some thinking without answering Dan Elroy at once. He did need a job and perhaps he would have a "bigger pull" with Elroy and Temple, if he did like they wanted him to. The tempter was whispering, one little cigarette will not hurt you, then his father's haggard, yellow, wrinkled face flashed before his eyes.

"Don't smoke and drink as I have done" were his dying words. "Keep clean, son, you will be glad some day."

Coming out of his reverie, Ralph answered, "I never have smoked and for a measly little job, I don't expect to begin."

"Very well, you are only hurting your own chance for this job." Elroy acted rather peeved, so no more was said until the car stopped in front of Pat's beer parlor. It was considered one of the worst places in the city.

"Say, but I am thirsty. Let's go into Pat's place and get something good to drink, something with a little kick in it," said Elroy.

Ralph was beginning to get warm under the collar. What kind of a man was this Elroy? he thought to himself. If he refused everything this man asked him to do, then he stood about as much chance of that job as his little girl.

"No, Mr. Elroy, I must refuse again. Strong drink of all kinds is out of my line."

"Let me ask you, what do you indulge in?"

"Oh, I enjoy a number of things, but my aim in life is only to do the things that bring joy, health, and happiness to my own family, also to those around me."

Dan Elroy did not answer Ralph, but had instructed the chauffeur to go back to the office.

On the way back to the mill, Dan Elroy leaned over and said, I'll lie to the boss and tell him you are a regular sport, and that you will do all the things necessary to be a successful worker in the mill."

"Mr. Elroy," and Ralph Roger's voice was cool and steady, "if it is necessary for me to smoke, drink, and lie for a job, count me out. Leave me out here, please, and we will part friends, but consider this deal ended."

"As you say, Mr. Rogers, I think you would suit Mr. Temple fine if you weren't such a saint," with sarcasm.

It was getting harder all the time for a Christian to get a job, so Ralph thought as he drove home.

His wife greeted him at the door. "Any success, dear?"

"Not a chance there, for they are a hard-boiled gang," telling his wife his experience of the afternoon.

The next morning, Ralph was indeed surprised when he was called to the telephone. Mr. Temple said he was ready for him to come to work. A feather would have knocked him over if it had brushed him. Grasping the telephone, he said, "What did you say?"

The voice from the other end of the line answered back, "I said that electric job is yours, come at once."

Too surprised to say much, he bade his wife and little daughter good-bye and went to the mill.

"Good morning, Mr. Rogers," beamed Mr. Temple.

"Good morning, sir," weakly said Ralph.

Mr. Temple told him he was the very kind of a man he wanted, and he was glad he stood the test yesterday.

"Then you—mean Mr. Elroy isn't the kind of a man he let on to be."

"Not at all, Mr. Rogers. He told me you were quite worked up over things. He thinks you will do real well." Mr. Temple continued, "We will start you in at two hundred dollars a month, and if you prove worthy, well—here, Dan, take Rogers and give him a start.

Ralph could hardly wait to get home and tell his wife. How glad he was the Lord had helped him to be true. After all, the man that followed the Lord had the "bigger pull."

There was rejoicing around the Rogers' family altar that evening, and to God all the glory was given.

## HELPS FOR TEMPTED AND TRIED It Is Good To Be Afflicted

(Continued from page 6)

ther's face. Christian reader, have you ever felt in a time such as we are now writing about, as if your truest Friend failed you, betrayed you, forsook you? Is there not a "needs be" for every trial, and not only for every trial, but also for heaviness of heart under that trial? We would fail to learn the lessons that God intends us to learn while in trouble, if God would carry us over every raging and roaring stream that comes our way.

Does God care? Is He faithfully and tenderly watching over you, do you think? Have you faith to trust Him when the storm clouds lower? Are you satisfied to hide beneath His sheltering arms when the lightnings flash and the thunders roll and crash?

It may be, that for a season, if need be, you will be placed in the very jaws of trouble and confusion. No matter which way you look, all seems dark and discouraging. Do not let your courage fail. It is impossible at times to understand all the gracious purposes of our dear Lord's dealings with us. This, however, should not be the means of our failing under the test. Should it be the purpose of the enemy to defeat us and to thwart our good plans and desires, what a victory he would gain should he succeed in fulfilling his purposes.

Christian soldier, play your part, and do play it well. Let not your courage fail. Do not ever imagine that this world of pain and suffering is an accident. It truly is not. Every step of the way, with all that befalls you by the way, is simply another gateway thrown open to you through which it is your privilege to pass. May it be the good purpose of God to cause you to walk through, march on triumphantly, victoriously and determinedly hopeful and trustful. What it is your privilege to learn, as you thus travel on, you would never and could never learn to see or know, were it not for just the strange and peculiar things you have been passing through while thus afflicted.

"It is good for me that I have been afflicted." Why? What is the good of it, or what has been the good of your affliction? Truly, you have learned to trust. You have learned to submit. You have learned to patiently wait. Since the Lord God has thus taught you to walk through this world, do you not now feel and realize that He has opened to you gates of oppor-

tunities, privileges, such as you have never before seen? Is it not then for this reason that you now "reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us" in the future time to come?

You reckon, not to make real that which you have learned to know of God, but you reckon because it is real. The reckoning time thus becomes a glorious part of the living reality. Oh, what a privilege to love and serve a God such as our God is! May we be faithful and trustfully continue on till He comes, is our prayer.—R., in God's Revivalist and Bible Advocate.

#### KITCHEN-DOOR NUPTIALS

(Continued from page 29) right away. Come on, both of you. I'll take my car and we'll see your mother, Mae."

Reluctantly both girls entered the car and were soon at the spacious farmhouse of the Brandons. Without mincing words or wasting time in preliminaries, Mrs. Stanley plunged into the story.

Tears filled the eyes of Mrs. Brandon, and she turned to Mae. "Daughter, couldn't you trust your mother enough to come and tell me this yourself?"

"Er—uh—Oh—" stammered the girl, "I thought you'd make me wait."

"I probably would have tried," admitted her mother. "But as matters have gone so far as this I shall now only insist on a wedding here in your own home, and the ceremony being performed by your own pastor. What guests do you want?"

"I don't want any," said the girl sulkilv.

"Well, it seems you had already invited Anne and Bill. Why don't you include all of Anne's family. Kathryn will gladly play your wedding march and I imagine the boys will be happy to sing for you. And as you are going into Lee's family, it is only right that they should attend. What dress did you intend to wear?"

"My best dress," she mumbled.

"You have worn that a good deal and a bride should have something new. I was going to buy you a new one this fall anyway. We can go tomorrow and get it. Maybe there will be time enough yet this afternoon," consulting the clock.

"I—I don't need new things," protested Mae uncomfortably. She thought of the Scriptural "coals of fire!" "Lee wants me for myself. He

doesn't care what I wear or what I have."

"Listen, daughter, I haven't talked to you as much as I should have about these things. I still thought of you as too young even to dream of marriage. To me it seems but yesterday that I started you to school with your little, shiny new dinner pail. The years have slipped by so fast that I rather lost track of them. But this is one of the three important days in a woman's life. And it is the only one she can appreciate."

"What are the others, Mrs. Brandon?" asked Anne interestedly.

"The first is the day she is born, the second, her wedding day, and the third, her funeral. And the second is the only one she knows about, so she should make the most of it. It is too late now for this to be done as it should be," and she sighed.

"But, mother, I hate fuss. That's the reason we were keeping it quiet."

"Would there be any less fuss when folks really knew? And any less talk? No, dear. Then, twenty, forty years from now you may need some bright spot in your life to look back on and then this occasion ought to stand out as one of the beautiful days of your life."

The girls were impressed, and entered into the discussion of the older women regarding clothes, menus, and such like arrangements. Before she realized it, Mae was catching the proper spirit of the affair.

Next evening as her mother was dressing her in her bridal robes, the girl suddenly flung her arms about the neck of the older woman.

"Mother, Mother, how can you be so good to me when I was planning to treat you so shamefully?" and the tears were in her voice.

"It is sort of reparation, I guess," said Mrs. Brandon with a twisted smile. "I remember the high tragedy of my own feelings at seventeen, and I failed to warn you. So I feel responsible. I do want you to have a happy home and I have never yet seen one that was started in deceit."

"Thank you, Mother, I'm sure I shall have happy memories to treasure," and she did.

The wedding march, the songs, the flowers, the gifts, the beautifully laid dining table—and the eats! How could she have thought of all this as simply "fuss," she wondered.

"Anne," as she said good-by to her bridesmaid, "I want to thank you for saving me from myself. I think I have grown up a little bit and you are responsible for it all. If you had not insisted on being openly honest and above board, I realize now what a drab little wedding picture I should have had to remember. Certainly different from this."

"Oh, say, Mae, I haven't had a chance to ask you, but how did Lee take it— the change, I mean?" asked Anne.

Lee? Oh, he was all right about it. He said all of the time that he didn't like to slip around like a sneak thief, or carry me off like a kidnapper. He wanted to shout it from the housetops that I belonged to him. And I know, now, that his people will like me a lot better than if I had come into the family by the kitchen door, as it were."

"M-mh. I'll remember that phrase. 'Kitchen-door nupitals!' I don't believe I care for any either."

#### CHILDREN'S PAGE

(Continued from page 4)

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a girl eleven years old and in the seventh grade. Words can't tell how I enjoy the Lighted Pathway. I would like to join the M.O.H. Club. Please put my name on the list. May God bless you in your work.—Sara Mc-Nair, Neshoba, Miss.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a girl eleven years of age and in the sixth grade. I enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway very much, especially the Children's Page. Please add my name to the M.O.H. Club. My mother is a member of the Church of God and filled with the Holy Ghost. I have one brother and one sister. My daddy, sister, brother, and I are unsaved. Pray for us to be saved.—Dorothy Jene Boatman, Stewart, Miss.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I love the Lord and praise Him for saving my soul. Mother and I are the only ones of our family who are living for Jesus. Pray that God will save my daddy, brothers, and sisters. I want to be a blessing to others and help some poor sinners to be saved.—Ouida Holeman, Rt. 2, McRae, Ark.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a girl eight years of age and in the second grade. I enjoy reading the Lighted Pathawy. I would like to join the M.O.H. Club. Please mark me on the list. My father and mother pastor the Church of God at Pine Grove, W. Va. I have one sister. Pray for us all. May God bless you and your work.—Carole Davis, Pine Grove, W. Va.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a girl fourteen years of age and in the eighth grade at school. I enjoy reading The Lighted Pathway very much, because it contains many interesting stories, poems, letters, etc.

I am saved and I desire the prayers of every praying Christian, that I may get closer to the Lord. I want to serve my Lord and, no matter what it takes, I've made up my mind to do so. As the song says, "I am determined to hold out to the end."

My playmates at school call me and my saved friends names and such like, but I'm glad I can endure these things and stand these tests.

—Audrey Taylor.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a girl nine years of age and in the fourth grade. The Lighted Pathway has been in our home ever since I was six weeks old. Mother lived a Christian life before me and I received the Holy Ghost when I was eight years old. Jesus gets sweeter every day. I want to lead others in this good way. My father, four brothers, and a sister-in-law are still in sin. Remember them in prayer. Mother and I are members of the Church of God at Cairo, Ga. I want to make heaven my home. I like to go to Sunday School and Y.P.E. May the Lord bless all who read this.—Betty Mathis, Whigham, Ga. \_ \_ \_

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a girl thirteen years of age. Some of my friends and I would like to know what to do to be able to join the M.O.H. Club. Please give me full information.—Inez Duncan, St. Charles, Va.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a little boy twelve years old. My father, oldest brother and I once had the blessing, but, like many others, we wandered away. Mother and my little nine-year-old sister are Christians. I get so hungry for the sweet Holy Ghost. Please pray that God will help me. Death is sure and eternity is long.

I enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway. The Children's Page is not long enough. I like to attend Sunday

School and Y.P.E. and don't ever want to miss. Don't forget to pray for me.—Billy Mathis, Rt. 1, Whigham, Ga.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a little girl nine years old and in the fourth grade. My mother and father are members of the Church of God. I have two brothers and one sister. We all attend church, Sunday School and Y.P.E. We enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway. I like the Children's Page best of all. I thank God for a Christian home. Please add my name to your M.O.H. Club. May God bless you in your work.—Theresa Delores Rice, Freeburn, Ky.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a little girl seven years old and in the third grade. I have one sister and one brother older than I, and one little sister younger. I want to join the M.O.H. Club. I always enjoy reading the Children's Page in the Lighted Pathway.—Myrna Kesler, Ashland, Ga.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a girl thirteen years old. I am in the seventh grade. I attend the Church of God at Naples, Fla. The Lighted Pathway is a good paper and I would like to join the M.O.H. Club. Please put my name on your list.

My mother, father, brother, and I belong to the Church of God at Naples, Fla. I have one brother overseas who is unsaved and I have a brother six years old, a sister five, and a brother two.

May God bless you and your work.— Ella Walker, Box 44, Naples, Fla.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Just a few lines to say hello and I trust you are feeling fine. I had the toothache last night and I put the Evangel under my head and I slept well.

Please keep praying for my dad. I was baptized Sunday by Brother Adams. I surely liked it and wasn't strangled either. Let me hear from you.—Lanell.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a little girl eight years old. I go to school at Broxton, Ga., and I am in the third grade. I read the Lighted Pathway and enjoy it very much. The Children's Page is the first thing I read. I like to go to Sunday School and prayer meeting. Please add my name to the M.O.H. Club.—Marilyn Taylor, Box 116, Broxton, Ga.

#### LIGHTED PATHWAY RATING FOR APRIL

FOR	APRIL	
	ld for April	Total
Alabama		25,726
Alaska	7	56
Arizona	348	1,957
Arkansas	1.225	6,500
California		8,739
Canada		2,396
Colorado		396
Connecticut		86
Delaware		963
Florida		24,083
Foreign		3,269
Georgia		43,728
Idaho		1,338
Illinois		15,139
Indiana		9,452
Iowa		1,504
Kansas		4,690
		18,960
Kentucky		3,933
Louisiana		2,879
Maine		361
Massachusetts		
Maryland	1,277	9,907
Michigan		8,282
Minnesota		648
Mississippi	917	8,546
Missouri		11,876
Montana		1,394
Nebraska		266
Nevada		50
New Hampshire	3	29
New Jersey	140	1,152
New Mexico		1,816
New York		958
North Carolina		48,387
North Dakota	375	1,910
Ohio		25,634
Oklahoma		4,684
Oregon	133	1,201
Pennsylvania	807	7,021
South Carolina	9,919	71,356
South Dakota	344	1,695
Tennessee		35,800
Texas		14,683
Utah	1	2
Vermont		5
Virginia		13,288
Washington		2,902
Washington, D. C		606
West Virginia		14,377
Wisconsin		591
Wyoming	_	47
71 J O11111115		
	61,995	465,268

#### Notice to Gideons

When it is necessary to make a change in your order or a change of name and address of Gideon, please let us have this information on or before the 10th of each month. If it is received later, the change will likely not be made until the following month.—Editor.

#### LIGHTED PATHWAYS FOR MEN IN SERVICE, ETC.

Amount sent from each state to the Publicity Fund and to the fund for sending Lighted Pathways to men in Service for April:

Texas	\$35.73
Illinois	23.00
Georgia	11.50
Missouri	11.20
Tennessee	8.00
Ohio	4.50
Arkansas	3.00
West Virginia	2.10
California	2.00
Michigan	2.00
Florida	2.00
Pennsylvania	1.35
Alabama	1.00
Delaware	1.00
Louisiana	1.00
Virginia	1.00
Mississippi	1.00
-	

\$111.38

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am certainly happy to send this \$13.75 offering to you for the Lighted Pathway to send the papers to the lost and dying. This offering came from the Urbana District Y.P.E.'s during the month of March. Sister Harrison, we have only six Y.P.E.'s on this district, but I thank God for them. When I mentioned taking an offering, they didn't grumble and complain, but pitched right in and helped and this is the nice offering they brought to the district convention.

Come on, other district Y.P.E.'s, and let us send this wonderful paper to those who do not know God. This is the best book that a man or woman could buy. I have heard sinners and friends of other denominations say, after they had read the Lighted Pathway, "What a wonderful book!"

So I urge all who will to send Sister Harrison an offering to help send this soul-feeding book to the four corners of the earth. May God bless you, Sister Harrison.—Edward Bray, Wapella, Ill.

#### A Reasonable Conclusion

I have heard of a man who said he was going to decide the question of becoming a Christian in a reasonable way, and that he would write down on one piece of paper all the reasons why he ought to be a Christian, and on another all the reasons why he ought not to be a Christian, and then would weigh the matter in a rational way and decide like a reasonable man.

And so he began. He wrote first the reasons why he ought to be a Christian, and his pen just flew down the paper and up on the other side until it was full of reasons; and then he began with the reasons why he ought not to be a Christian. He put down the figure one, and there his pen stopped! He could not think of a single reason why he ought not to be a Christian. And you can't either. There are no such reasons.—J. Wilbur Chapman.

While the Brother Is Finishing

It is said that Moody could not stand long prayers. At one of his meetings, he called on a brother to pray, and he became lost in a eulogy on the Almighty. As Moody saw no landing in sight, he suddenly said, "While the brother is finishing his prayer, let us sing number 75." A medical student happened to be bored with the long prayer, and was just reaching for his hat to leave when Moody's sudden switch from the prayer to the song arrested his attention. He put his hat down, remained in the service, and was converted. The student was the famous missionary afterward, Sir William Grenfell.— Unknown, from Gospel Herald.

#### SHUT-IN PAGE

(Continued from page 9)

and said, "Brother, I have nothing, but I take your hand, and I love you." And the beggar, touched by the warm, kind words, looked up into the count's face and said, "Thank you, brother, that, also, is a gift."

That is a gift we can all give; is it not?—the gift of love, and kindness, and sympathy. And it is a gift more precious than gold.

If any little word of mine
May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine
May make a heart the lighter,
God help me speak that little word,
And take my bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale,
To set the echoes ringing!

If any little love of mine
May make a life the sweeter,
If any little care of mine
May make a friend's the fleeter,
If any little lift of mine may ease
The burden of another,
God give me love, and care, and
strength
To help my toiling brother!

-Selected.



## The Penny-a-Day Plan

The penny-a-day plan makes it entirely possible for our people to bring into existence a solid united front against ignorance, for which there is no reward, and unpreparedness, which we sincerely need to dismiss from our ranks.

Therefore, the church at Greenville, over which I have the distinct honor of being the pastor, through her young people, is rallying to this very outstanding and most worthy endeavor, The Student Loan Fund, to help those who wish to better prepare themselves for the work of the great Church of God, which we love so dearly. So the young people of today, who shall be the church of tomorrow, will be better prepared for this great task which lies before them

We have no way of telling what might be in one boy or girl though very poor and without any means to educate themselves. But by our as-



REV. EARL P. PAULK, Greenville, S. C.

sistance they may become powerful and outstanding workers as intelligent representatives of the Church of God. And it is very obvious that this is one of our dire needs of today. Let us, therefore, wholeheartedly respond to this very conspicuous need as individuals. Also, let us remember such great personalities as Moody, Wesley, Whitfield, Finney, and Sunday. It is entirely possible that we have within our reach such dynamic and powerful personalities as these men were, if we will give our youth an opportunity to prepare themselves.

My heartfelt feelings and prayers are that the church everywhere will cooperate in this great field of endeavor so that many boys and girls who have a longing desire for Holy Ghost, Christian education will have an opportunity to obtain such through this PENNY-A-DAY PLAN.

-Earl P. Paulk, pastor.

## Scholarship



The school is offering three prizes for the student who collects the most for our Loan and Endowment Fund.

First Prize: Scholarship with all expenses paid for one year.

Second Prize: Board and room paid for one year.

Third Prize: Tuition and entrance fee paid for one year.

This is to certify that the bearer has been duly authorized by the proper officials of the B.T.S. and College at Sevierville, Tennessee, to solicit money for the Loan and Endowment Fund to aid worthy young people to obtain an education and prepare them for a life of service for the Master. Any amount contributed to this worthy cause will be highly appreciated by the school and by the church in general.

Signed by:	, Student
	, Pastor
	, Clerk

# The Gardens of God

By REV. H. S. TOOL



There is a path that leads away to gardens God has planned, Where flowers bloom among the rock and stalwart cedars stand; Along that path are strewn the thoughts that God has had for men,

But, it is not the dust-blown way where multitudes have been: It is a dim and unused trail that winds among the stone, Unused save only by those souls who walk alone.

There in God's fragrant gardens the skies seem never far; Those trails are corridors that lead to where the angels are; The home of childhood fairies, God's ministers of care. Those mystic spirit beings seem to have their dwellings there. Is it but vain imagining, mere fancy of the mind, That God's angelic beings to our needs are never blind?

God dwells among His gardens; God waits and men postpone. Not bread and fish they gather, but a scorpion and a stone; And God who loves and pities would never have it so, For He waits to bless His children in His gardens here below. With never time for praying, too busy with their care, The multitudes of earth forget that God is waiting there.

So many paths are overgrown by weed and piercing thorn, Dim paths that led the spirit to the heights where love was born, Old mourning paths that hunger to be worn in just the way They were when Enoch walked with God or Jesus went to pray. Oh, God is in His garden; He has His dwelling there, And God is ever waiting to relieve the soul of care.

CONTRACTOR CONTRACTOR

# Linited Pathway

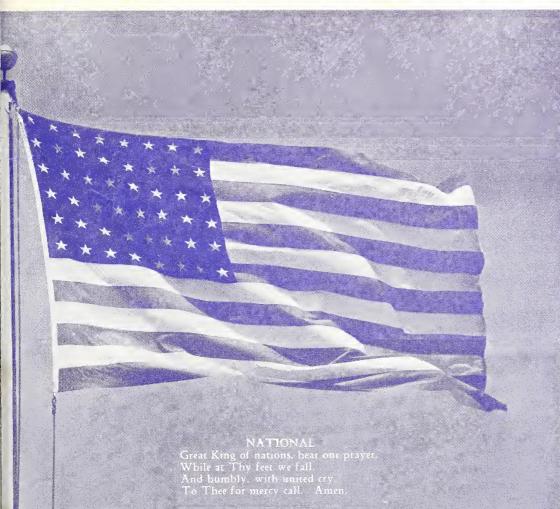
TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR



Vol. 17

JULY, 1946





With one consent we meekly bou Beneath Thy chastening hand And, pouring forth confession in Mourn with our mourning land

With pitying eye behold out need.
As thus we lift our praise.
Correct us with Thy judgments, Little
Then let Thy meter space.

"Thy Word is Light Unto My Path

Psalm 119:105

### THE EDITOR'S MESSAGE

#### A PRAYER

Holy Father, who hast been pleased to endow us with the power of thought, help us to guard our minds against the intrusion of unwholesome influences and suggestions.



Help us to bar every door of access, lest doubts and fears become guests in the citadel of the heart. Give us genuine delight in Thee and Thy purposes; inspire us with Thy promises, and keep us on friendly terms with everything that exalts and beautifies life. Deliver us from lingering jealousies and prejudices, lest in unguarded moments they involve us in wrongdoing. Help us in our day to be like those great ones who, out of the treasures of the heart, brought forth that which was good. Grant, O God, that holy ideas and ideals may embolden us in all we do. We ask it in

Jesus' name. Amen.

Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

As I began to talk to the Lord about my July Editor's Message, I wondered what I should say about patriotism as this is a patriotic issue. Very clearly, the Lord gave me a verse of that good old song:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me; Let me hide myself in Thee."

I wondered what this could have to do with patriotism, and then I thought of the fact that, as individuals and as a nation, we need to hide ourselves in this *Rock* of *Ages*. How wonderful it is to know that we have a refuge from the storms of life in this *Rock*, Christ Jesus. People are fearing the things that are coming upon the earth. They are fearing the food situation, "Everything is so high in price, and how am I to get by on my salary?" and how some people do is more than the natural man can understand. In connection with this, let us see what Jesus says about it in Matt. 6:25, "Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?"

He didn't say, "Just at certain times, or under certain conditions, I will feed and clothe you," but in Matt. 28: 20b, He says, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." That promise has not run out yet, but will last and hold good as long as our world stands. But there are conditions to be met before we can hide away in this Rock where these promises can be fulfilled. Let us see what some of these conditions are. The Word of God tells us to "Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth," Col. 3:2.

We all know that the best

LIFE'S STEWARDSHIP

If I have strength, I owe the service of the strong;
If melody I have, I owe the world a song.
If I can stand when all around my post are falling;
If I can run with speed when needy hearts are calling
And if my torch can light the dark of any night,
Then, I must pay the debt I owe with living light.
If heaven's grace has dowered me with some rare gift;
If I can lift some load no other's strength can lift;
If I can heal some wound no other hand can heal;
If some great truth the speaking skies to me reveal,
Then, I must go, a broken and a wounded thing,
If to a wounded world my gifts no healing bring.

way to be patriotic, then, is to be good and help our neighbors to be good, for it is good people only that can make a better world. If we can be a torch to light this darkened, sinful world in our own little corner, we shall be helping our nation.

Someone tells us that what we seek we find. If we are thinking of others, interested in their welfare we are quick to see chances to help. But if we are selfishly intent on our own pursuits and pleasures, we often fail to note the opportunities for helpfulness. Selfishness blinds us to ways in which we may serve others but love opens before us many a chance to help.

Emerson says, "The only gift is a portion of thyself.' Sometimes it seems that, in giving money, we fail to give love and thought with it. It is not prompted by the sympathy for which hearts yearn. A man was accosted by a beggar, who held out his hand for a coin. The mar felt in his pockets, but found no change. He said, "I am sorry, brother, that I have nothing for you." The beggar's face brightened and he said, "You called me 'brother. Thank you."

"Well," said a woman, "I did my best for her, but she didn't show any appreciation." Sometimes, do we give our best in such a way that the receiver isn't aware of any graciousness accompanying it? Isn't it the love, the thoughtfulness that we tuck at the heart of our giving that counts?

"It is not the deed we do,
Tho' the deed be ever so fair—
But the love that the dear Lord looketh for,
Hidden with love and care
In the heart of the deed so fair."

It is this love that people look for, too, and that quickens appreciation.

Every good gift and every perfect gift come to us from God. Our hearts should go out to Him in thankfulness always because He is the source of all blessing. But out thanks are incomplete if we do not include those whom God has prompted to aid us, those friends and neighbors who, by their acts of helpfulness, are making life's way better and brighter.

I wonder if our boys and girls in whose hands this paper will fall have set their affection on things above

—Selected.

If so, then you are doing you best for your country.

People who have the bes of success in this world are apt to forget that there is a heaven. During a wall through the woods, a gentleman believed he had lost a watch-trinket on which he se great value. He retraced his steps, but no longer saw the graceful outline of the trees the green abundance of the leaves, and the tracery of the white clouds upon the blue sky. He was looking downwards among the fallen and (Continued on page 25)

# In the Twinkling of an Eye

By Sidney Watson

(Used by permission of Fleming H. Revell Company)

(Continued from last issue)

A low sobbing sound ran through all e building. The gathered thousands, most to a man, realized that they, th the speaker, were equally lifeless, iritually.

"I was in the room when my wife sappeared," the bishop went on. he had been very ill. It became cessary to perform a critical operan on her. I insisted on being prest. I see the scene now. The nurses anding by the antiseptic baths with e sponges and clips immersed. In e eerie silence of that room, no und came save the voice of the eat surgeon, as he cried, 'Clip' odoform'—'Bandages.' Suddenly, as half turned to take a bandage from e nurse, the form of my precious fe disappeared from the operating ble. One of the nurses at the antiptic bowl was gone, also.

"And I, a professed servant of the prist who had called the translated tes, was left, with the great surgeon dothers, as you, dear friends, many, ost perhaps members of some Christan church, have been left.

"'Sister Carrie gone, too!' cried the eat surgeon, 'Then you may depend, shop, that Christ come for all His al church, for Nurse Carrie lived in the church, the church of some kind translation.' With a puzzled look

on his face, he said, suddenly:
"'But, Bishop, how is it that you
e left behind, who, of all men in our
idst, one would have thought would

"I had to say last night to him, dear lends, what, with shame and regret, have to say to you now, that I ought have known the truth, and have en prepared, but because I was unnverted, I had failed to apprehend e fact of the Lord's near return.

"Yet, how often, on the third Suny in Advent, have I, with many of u repeated the *Great Truth*, in the llect:

"'O Lord Jesus Christ, Who, at Thy st coming, didst send Thy messen-

ger to prepare Thy way before Thee; grant that the ministers and stewards of Thy mysteries may likewise so prepare and make ready Thy way, by turning the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just, that at Thy second coming to judge the world, we may be found an acceptable people in Thy sight, who livest and reignest with the Father, and the Holy Spirit, ever one God, world without end. Amen.'

"In the burial of our dead, too, how often have I recited, and have heard the words,

"'Beseeching Thee that it may please Thee, of Thy gracious goodness, shortly to accomplish the number of thine elect, and to hasten Thy kingdom; that we, with all those that are departed in the true faith of Thy holy name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in Thy eternal and everlasting glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord.'

"Again, the words of Paul in the matter of the Lord's Supper, 'TILL HE COME!' ought to have opened my eyes. But I confess, with shame, I have been blind, a blind leader of the blind——"

Visable emotion checked the Bishop's speech, for a moment. Recovering himself, he went on:

"A blind leader of the blind, because unborn of God. I ought to have known that Christ's return was near. I should have known it, had I been spiritually-minded, by the signs of the apostasy which (prophesied to precede the second coming of the Lord) have been having their fulfillment all around us for years.

"Since last night, I have lived a whole life time. I have read the whole of the Gospels and Epistles, and, taking my true place as a lost soul before God, I have been born of God. And now, here in this solemn moment, I bring to you the Spirit-taught knowledge that has been given me."

For a few minutes he traversed ground already covered in these pages, then, continuing, he said:

"Last Sunday, when in all the pride of my office I preached—preached in my unconscious unbelief—I quoted those lines of the poet:

"'They pass me like shadows, crowds on crowds,

Dim ghosts of men, that hover to and fro,

Hugging their bodies round them like their shrouds

Wherein their souls were buried long ago;

They trampled on their youth, and faith and love,

With Heaven's clear messages they madly strove,

And conquered—and their spirits turned to clay . . . .

Alas! poor fools, the anointed eye may trace

A dead soul's epitaph in every face.'

"Today, friends, I know that 'the anointed eye' must have traced 'the dead soul's epitaph' in my life, if not in my face.

"Now let us face our present position, as those who are left! What is the future to be? This is what you need to know, what I need to know! First, let me say, the next thing for each to do is to seek the Lord, to cry unto Him for mercy and pardon, while all our hearts are shocked and startled, and our thoughts are turned Godward, for unless we close in with God, become His, and live out the future to Him, our portion will be an eternal hell."

An awful hush rested upon the gathered thousands as he proceeded:

"One thing appears very plain from Scripture. That is, when last night Christ came into the air and caught up His Church, living and dead, the devil, who has been the prince of the power of the air, had to descend to earth. Christ and Beelzebub can never live together in the same realm.

"In the re-creation of this earth, recorded in Genesis, God blessed everything that He created save the atmosphere. He did not, He could not bless

(Continued on page 30)

#### THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

Devoted to the general welfare and spiritual uplift of our young people everywhere

Published monthly of the Church of God Publishing House Cleveland, Tennessee

F. W. LEMONS, Editor-in-Chief of Youth Literature

ALDA B. HARRISON, Editor Editor, The Lighted Pathwoy Cleveland, Tennessee

C. M. TRUESDELL, Associate Editor

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# Children's Page

Note From the Editor

Dear Children:

Thank you for the nice letters. If I have overlooked any of your letters, send in another. Write them briefly so that I can get as many as possible on your page. Be sure to memorize your M. O. H. Club poem.

Children, I know you have read about the Loan Fund on the inside back cover page. If not, you read about it in the June issue. It will not be long until you will be old enough to go to college. How would you like to begin now to work for the school? If you are a Christian and perfectly honest, how about your working hard on our Loan Fund. We will give a nice cash prize to the one who wins. Children can do great things when they try. Whatever you do, remember we will give credit to the M.O.H. Club. God bless you.—Editor.

#### WHISPERING FOOTPRINTS

"Eddy, where are you, dear?"

"Here, Mother," came a shrill little voice from the backyard.

"Come here, dear; I want you to do something for me."

Then the back door opened, and Mrs. Taylor heard the soft thud of bare feet along the passage. But when Eddie entered the sitting room and stood by his mother's sewing table, she only said, "Why, Eddy, what's the matter?"

Now there were no cuts or bumps or bruises about the boy. Why should the mother think anything was the matter? Because his brown eyes, which generally looked right up at you, like two little birds flying out of a cage now had an uneasy look—neither here nor there, but away.

"Nothing's the matter," said Eddy, looking out of the window. "What did you call me for, Mother?"

She had wanted him to run down to the village post office to mail a letter, but the letter was forgotten now. Mother was silent for a few minutes; then, seeing something between her table and the door, she spoke.

"I am sorry my little boy has disobeyed me by going to the apple bin without leave." Eddy gave a little start. "The reason God put me here as your mother, Eddy, is because He thinks I know better what you ought to do and ought not to do than you do yourself."

Eddy did not answer. He was asking himself how mothers knew everything a fellow did.

"I am especially sorry that you should disobey me by sneaking through the coal room window," said Mrs. Taylor. "I would much rather have you say, 'I won't mind you,' and go in before my eyes than to go in by telling a lie."

"Why, Mother, I didn't," began Eddy, glad of a chance to defend himself.

"Do you think you only talk with your lips?" interrupted his mother.

You can act a lie as well as speak one. You know you signed the pledge when you became a Loyal Legion boy. If you drink wine or beer or cider, you break your pledge and you are not a temperance boy. If you disobey your

## M. O. H. MEMORY GEM

SIX KEEPS

Keep me, Savior, just today, Keep me gentle while I play; Keep my hands from doing wrong, Keep my feet the whole day long; Keep my all, O Jesus, mild; Keep me ever Thy dear child.

\*

—Selected.

mother, you are not her obedient little boy, even if mother does not find it out. Now, what do you suppose has whispered to me that you had been in the apple cellar and that you went through the coal room?"

"I can't imagine," said Eddy, honestly.

"Look behind you."

The little boy looked, and there between him and the door were five coal-dusty footprints on the white matting! Mother could not help smiling at the look of surprise on the little face, but it was a rather mournful smile.

"Do not think we can ever do wrong, Eddy, and not leave marks of it somewhere."—The Water Lily.

#### "FOR EVER"

A little girl came very early on morning to her mother, saying "Which is worse, Mamma, to tell a lie or to steal?"

The mother replied that both wer so sinful she could not tell which wa the worse.

"Well, Mamma," replied the little one, "I've been thinking a good dea about it, and I think it is ever so much worse to lie than to steal."

"Why, my child?" asked the mother "Well, you see, Mamma, it's lik this," said the little girl, "if you stea a thing, you can take it back, 'les you've eaten it; and if you've eaten it you can pay for it. But"—and ther was a look of awe in her face—"a li is for ever."—Selected.

#### LETTERS

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a girl thirteen years old and in the fifth grade at school. I enjoy reading the letters on Children's Pagin the Lighted Pathway. I belong to the Church of God. Rev. R. O. Wood ruff is my pastor. Will you pleas add my name to your list of member on the M. O. H. Club? Pray for me that I will be filled with the Hol Ghost.—Wanda Fay Watson, Say Antonio, Tex.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a girl of thirteen and in the seventh grade. I am a member of the Church of God in Burlington and we receive the Lighted Pathway ear month. I enjoy every page in it an especially the Children's Page. I war you to add my name to the M. O. I Club list. May God bless you in the wonderful work you are doing. Prafor me, that I will ever stand true to do.—Kathryn Forbis, Burlington N. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a girl eleven years old and ithe sixth grade. I am saved, sanct fied, and filled with the Holy Ghos and a member of the Church of Gat Valdosta, Ga. I want you to add n name to the M. O. H. Club. I want to make my home happier. Will yopray for my unsaved loved ones? enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway. Barbara Jean Davis, Nocatee, Fla.

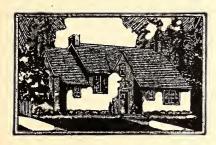
Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a girl ten years of age and (Continued on page 32)

# HAPPY HOME (IRCLE







#### PREPARATION FOR PRAYER

By Frances McKinnon Morton

Marian and Bobby were building block houses in the nursery when their mother called them to undress.

"Now get ready for bed quickly," she said, "and then come to me so we can get ready to pray."

I stopped my reading to listen. I wondered just how they were going to get ready to pray.

Pretty soon they came in, two tiny white-robed figures. Then the mother put an arm about each while she said, "It is so nice that we can pray to God, our kind heavenly Father, who loves us and keeps us every day and all the time.

"When we say our prayers, we will think of Him and of all His kindness. and we'll think how we love Him and how He loves us. That will help us to pray, because, when we think how He loves us and wants us always to be happy and to have what is best for us. we feel thankful in our hearts and we want to do all that He gives us to do. We want to do what He gives us to do, even if we have something else we think we'd rather do. Just like we thought we'd rather go to Grandpa's house, but God let it rain on the fields and gardens instead, so we're glad to do His way about everything, because we know how He loves us."

I watched the little faces as the mother talked, and love, adoration and worship grew on them and deepened in the childish eyes until I understood fully what that mother meant by getting ready to pray.

She had taken only a few minutes of time, but, in that time, she had fixed clearly and lovingly the thought of God in the two little minds and then she had removed from their hearts the small hurt and disappointment that might have stood between them and the loving thought of God.

In this fitting frame of mind and heart, the little prayers were said and the babies tucked happily and sleepily into bed.

When the mother returned, I smiled my appreciation of the little scene as I said, "Oh, wise mother, to think about getting ready to pray!"

"I long ago found," she said quietly, "that in my own prayer life I needed preparation. Sometimes I would be distracted by many small cares, depressed by grief or anxiety, or perhaps merely indifference, but in any case unfit in spirit to enter God's presence and really pray. I found that if I took a few minutes of time either to read something uplifting or devotional, or merely to entertain for a time the thought of God and His infinite goodness and love, I was more able to pray-more able to flx my thoughts on God while I tried to approach Him. If I had a friend to whom I was going to write a letter, I

#### PROGRAM OUTLINE

From now on we are going to outline a program for your mothers' meetings on this page, which will make it easier for you to carry on your circle work.

#### PROGRAM

Song: "What a friend we have in Jesus."

Prayer: Ask at least three to lead. First, for the homes of America. Second, for a greater interest in Happy Home Circle work through the country. Third, for the deepening of the spiritual life in our Home Circle members.

Discussion: First, "Why do children usually not like the hour of prayer?" Because they are not prepared for it.

(Article: "Preparation for Prayer.")

"Why do your children not profit by the punishment you give?" Punishment is fine if given in the right spirit; also if one is firm, but kind and loving with it, explaining why it is done. The child should not be punished one time and let go another time. Firmness, patience and love will win. (Article: "Home Discipline.")

Ask all present to take part in the discussion.

would fix the thought of her in my mind before I began the letter, and then as I wrote I would recall the vision of her as I saw her last, and think over in my mind the many sweet events and experiences of our friendship. Then why should I not prepare my heart to entertain the spiritual presence of God?

"Children are such eager, fluttering little spirits that they cannot long entertain one idea, so I like to bring their minds away from all other distractions and help them really to pray for the brief minute that they are saying words to God."

I took the little thought home with me, and have since not only profited by it myself in my own prayer life, but have offered it to mothers who have told me how their children's thoughts wandered at prayer time; and they have tried the plan with happy success.

#### HOME DISCIPLINE

If we were to tell an indulgent father that he hates his son, he would warm with anger and tell us that we are badly mistaken. Yet that father will let his son go on his evil way without a bit of correction or reproof, saying that he cannot be so unkind as to withstand him. What does God say about the matter? "He that spareth his rod hateth his son: but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes," Prov. 13:24.

A very fine Christian mother thought she loved her son very dearly. She just could not punish him—thought it was not the right thing to do. She thought kind words would win him, but they did not. He became so unruly that he at times got his loving mother down to the floor, and sister, too, and beat them unmercifully. Yet the mother thought it was not right to use the rod on him. Yes, her heart was broken, but not his will.

Her son misled another boy to be deceitful with his parents, and did such wicked things that he had to be taken to the "house of correction" again and again. Of course, the mother must have preferred this to correcting him herself!

She tried to get him to go to Sunday School. He went a few times, when she coaxed him and when others coaxed him; but when he felt like it, he stopped going. He went from bad to worse, and today we do not

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## TEMPERANCE PAGE

ROSIE MEETS JOHN

John Barleycorn is a very popular fellow nowadays. You may see him almost any place, any time. Yesterday, as I was riding to work on the bus, a woman who sat next to me evidently had become very familiar with Barleycorn.

She asked me where I worked and I told her that I was "Rosie, the riveter," working for Uncle Sam. She thought that was very funny and laughed coarsely. Then my partially-intoxicated neighbor opened her purse and I saw John Barleycorn in person—I mean in a bottle.

This gracious lady offered me a drink and I politely but firmly refused. She insisted mildly and I refused again, a bit firmer this time.

"Ah gee, Kid, you don't know what you're missin'," she sighed, as she returned the bottle to her purse. "Don't you ever drink?"

"No, I don't know the taste of liquor," I replied.

"Well, then, dearie, how do you know you don't like it?" she asked quickly.

"I don't know, I don't have to know. I never give it a thought for I have eves to see with."

"What do you mean, you have eyes to see with?"

"I mean I see the effects of liquor every day. I remember one of my schoolmates, Mary Howard, who was as decent as any girl until somebody introduced her to your friend, John Barleycorn, at a party one night. She did not like him very well at first, but gradually she became better acquainted with him and liked him better. You see, he was lying to her all the time, but she didn't know it. He kept telling her what a good time he could show her and how he could bring her cheer when she was blue or lonesome. So Mary believed John and went out with him quite often. Before long she could not do without him, she had to have his company. By this time, however, she realized what a liar and deceiver he really was, but he had such a strong hold upon her she couldn't break away. She went from bad to worse, her parents could not control her and she is now in a state institution for correction.

"Well, liquor has never hurt me and it probably wouldn't you either," replied the woman, lightly.

#### 

#### "JIM AND ME"

The story sir, why really now, I haven't much to say,

If you had called a year ago, and then again today;

No need for any one to tell for you could plainly see;

Just what our God has done for us, has done for Jim and me.

The pail that holds the milk today he used to fill with beer,

But he's not spent a cent for drink in now almost a year;

Just look into the cupboard, sir, there's sugar, flour and tea;

That's what our God has done for us, has done for Jim and me.

He used to sneak along the street, his head was bended low.

As if he was ashamed to meet the friends he used to know:

But now he walks with head upright, his step is bold and free.

That's what our God has done for us, has done for Jim and me.

I used to be afraid of him, when coming home at night,

But now it gives me joy supreme, and fills me with delight;

The baby plays around his chair and climbs upon his knee,

That's what our God has done for us, has done for Jim and me.

He used to smoke a dirty pipe, and chew the filthy weed,

But, by the precious grace of God, he was entirely freed;

And now our dimes and nickels, too, tobacco will not see,

That's what our God has done for us, has done for Jim and me.

Now mornings, when he goes to work,

I kneel right down and say:

"Father in heaven, bless dear Jim, and keep him saved today,"

And nights before we go to sleep, give thanks on bended knee,

That's what our God has done for us, has done for Jim and me.

-Selected.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," I said.
"I'll give it a test. I'll ask my boss at the defense plant if I should drink, and when I pray tonight I will ask the Lord the same question." I did, I asked them both, but John Barleycorn and I are still strangers.

-S. S. Banner.

#### WHAT HAS BEEN SAID

In 1340, William Chaucer said, "Character and name depart when wine comes in."

In 1600, William Shakespeare said, "O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil."

In 1848, Abraham Lincoln said, "Liquor might have defenders but no defense. Whether or not the world would be benefited by a total and final banishment from it of all intoxicating drinks, seems not to me to be an open question."

In 1898, William Gladstone said, "The ravages of drink are greater than those of war, pestilence, and famine combined."

In 1915, Cardinal Gibbons said, "The curse of the laboring man is intemperance. It has brought more desolation to wage earners than strikes, or war, or sickness or death. It has caused little children to be hungry and cold and to grow up among evil associations. It has broken up more homes and wrecked more lives than any other cause."

In 1920, Georges Clemeneau said, "It is definitely settled that alcohol is a poison destructive of human energy and for this reason society as a whole."

In 1928, Sir Wilfred Grenfel said, "Alcohol has wrecked more lives, starved more children and murdered more women than any other factor."

Dr. DeBove, of the Academy of Paris, says, "The fortunes of the liquor dealers are built upon millions of corpses."

Dr. G. Sims Woodhead, of Cambridge University, says, "A man under moderate amounts of alcohol has no right to believe his senses. He cannot trust them to give him correct facts and he cannot rely upon his judgment for the interpretation of facts."

Baldur von Shirach, presiding at Dresden at the first anniversary of the "Faith and Beauty Movement," advocated abstinence from tobacco and alcohol if German ideals of beauty are to be realized. "We abolished

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# "I've Hauled the Flag Down"

An army chaplain sat in his office planning his work for the day. The temperature outside was below freezing point, but it was cheery and warm inside.

There came a hesitating tap at the door, and in answer to a cheery "Come in!" there entered a man looking the very picture of misery.

"Hello, Smith, what's the matter?" said the chaplain.

"I've hauled the flag down, sir."

"Hauled the flag down? Whatever do you mean?"

The man who stood before the chaplain was his right-hand man in all his work. He was the one to "beat up" the boys for services and meetings. He could always be relied upon. He was the man with the wonderful voice who so often had sung sacred solos at the evening services.

The man looked shamefacedly at the floor, and, hanging his head miserably, said:

"The boys got hold of me last night, sir, and got me drunk, and I went back to my quarters, drunk! Yes, sir—I'm that ashamed of myself; but I'm done for now. I've hauled the flag down!"

"But come, Smith, even if you have hauled the flag down, you know enough about Jesus Christ and His love and His power to haul it up again?"

"Well, yes, sir. I've done that—in a way. I've confessed my sin to God and I know He's forgiven me. We have His promise, sir, haven't we? If we confess our sins, He will forgive us our sin and cleanse us from all unrighteousness. You can't guess, sir, what a comfort that is to me. I'm forgiven by God, I know. But I can't ever face the boys again. I can't help you any more. I've hauled the flag down before them all and I'll sit in the back seat all the rest of my time here."

"Listen to me, Smith. We're going to kneel down right here and we'll both consecrate ourselves afresh to God. Then, tomorrow night, I'm holding a service, and I want you to sing a solo. Don't answer me now. Think it over and pray about it. But don't fail to turn up tomorrow night."

The chaplain waited. The time of the service was at hand. The boys

were there in full force, but Smith was not. As the opening hymn was sung, the door was swung open, and Smith entered awkwardly. Yes, he would sing.

When the chaplain announced that Private Smith would now sing a solo, the amazement of the boys knew no bounds. Some smiled. Others looked knowingly at each other. "Didn't the chaplain know? Hadn't he heard?" "What an old hypocrite Smith was!" so they thought.

Meanwhile, Smith had come to the front and was standing nervously before their piercing gaze. His face was like a huge tomato! At least, it was *red* enough.

"Boys," began Smith, "you know all about it—and the chaplain knows, too. He's good enough to trust me. God is trusting me, too. I know I hauled the flag down two nights ago—but I've hauled it up again."

Then he told them of his quiet time of confession to God, of the certainty of God's forgiveness, and of his new resolutions. He touched on the wondrous love of Jesus Christ to give him a second chance.

And as he spoke, few eyes were dry. He was confessing his sin and his suffering and his Savior before the men who had dragged him down. No, indeed! Smith was no hypocrite!

"Boys," he cried, in conclusion, "you know all about it. Will you let me sing to you again? Will you?"

"Yes, mate!" came a muffled mur-

And Smith sang. The words rang out clearly:

When I fear my faith will fait,
Christ will hold me fast;
When the tempter would prevail,
He CAN hold me fast.
He WILL hold me fast;
He will hold me fast;
For my Savior loves me so,
He WILL hold me fast."

Tears coursed down the faces of some of the men, and smothered sobs were heard from different parts of the chapel. That song was a more powerful sermon than any the chaplain ever preached.

Those brave men have been transferred to a different location by now, but as long as life lasts no man who heard the solo will ever forget it.

These words will ring in their ears till the music of heaven is heard.

The following day the chaplain was (Continued on page 33)

## **選選選選選選選選選選選選選**

#### AMERICA, TO YOUR KNEES! - - - Esther Kerr Rusthoi

America, to your knees! Your only hope is prayer!
The world is filled with strife, confusion, and despair.
But God is still in heaven, His power is over all.
America, to your knees! In supplication call.

America, to your knees! Night shadows lengthen fast; Soon judgment will descend, the day of mercy past. Our only hope is God, in Him we must rely. America, to your knees! He will hear our cry.

America, to your knees! Your forefathers of old, Loved God and served Him faithfully, for righteousness were bold.

They read and lived God's Word, honored the Sabbath day.

America, to your knees! Confess your sins and pray.

America, to your knees! Now is no time for pride.
In humble pleadings call, "O God, be on our side.
We've sinned and disobeyed, we've wandered far
astray."

America, to your knees! Return to Christ today.

—Christian Monitor.

## HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED AND TRIED

Dear Tempted and Tried Ones:

This morning, before I arose from my bed, the Lord laid you on my heart and showed me that I should write personally to you this time. I receive so many letters asking for prayer, saying that they are being tempted almost to the breaking point. Oh, how my heart ached for them and then I thought of the thousands, yea millions,

just like them over our land, for who today is not going through some trial or many trials? We are living in a time when Satan is doing his best to deceive and overthrow God's children who are standing out for the whole Word of God and who are lifting up a standard for God's people to live by. Why shouldn't he? for his time is short.

Then God is permitting many of us to be tested and tried to strengthen us and prove us. Perhaps you have at times come to the conclusion that God has forsaken you. Your prayers have not been answered. It seems that God has hidden His face from you and you are crying out with the Psalmist, "How long wilt thou hide thy face from me?" This is a very common experience in the life of a true

saint of God. What does the true child of God say under such circumstances? "Lord, I do not understand; but, though You slay me, yet will I trust Thee." Yes, it is easy to sing and shout and work for God when the light from His wonderful face shines upon our way continually; but, when the cloud comes, and to test us and try our faith, He withdraws Himself, it is then that we must prove true. It has been a beautiful way, but should I sit down today to tell you of the trials, the persecutions, the misunderstandings from friends and loved ones that I have passed through, you would wonder how I could say it is a beautiful way. This is why, because it developed in my life the very thing that God is using to help others today. Had I not experienced some of these things, how could I help you? The Word tells us that we must first be partakers of the fruit before we

can help others. So we must be willing to suffer in order to sympathize with others who suffer.

To those who are suffering, may I say, what will you do about it? Will you let God knock off the rough corners and polish you for the service of the Master? or will you say, "No, Lord, I am not willing to suffer; I am not willing to go on in this way, being

When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.

For I,the Lord thy God, will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not I will help thee."

Isaiah 43:2, 41:13

ISAIAH 43:2, 41:13

ISAIAH 43:2, 41:13

ISAIAH 43:2, 41:13

#### THROUGH THE WATERS

Annie Johnson Flint

"When thou possest through the woters,"
Deep the woves may be and cold,
But Jehavah is our refuge,
And His pramise is our hold;
For the Lord Himself has said it,
He, the foithful God and true:
"When thau comest to the woters
Thou shalt not go down, but THROUGH."

Seas of sorrow, seos of triol,
Bitterest onguish, fiercest poin,
Rolling surges of temptotion
Sweeping over heart ond broin—
They sholl never overflow us
For we know His Word is true:
All His woves ond all His billows
He will lead us sofely through.

Threatening breokers of destruction,
Doubt's insidious undertow,
Sholl not sink us, shall not drog us
Out to aceon depths af woe;
For His pramise shall sustoin us,
Praise the Lord, whose WORD is true;
We sholl not go down, or under,
For He soith, "Thou possest THROUGH."

misunderstood as I am? You may get somebody else, please. I had rather travel with the world." Yes, it is true that we are not at home in this world any more, as the song goes. We are pilgrims and strangers and the world does not care for us, but oh, we've so much good company, so many precious friends going along with us, and Jesus is there. How often, when we have

gone through a tunnel and have stood true, the angels have come to us and ministered to us, as they did to Jesus after He went through that terrible temptation in the wilderness for us. Yes, when we have stood the test and come forth with the songs of joy in our souls and the light of heaven on our faces, it is then we can help this old sinful world. It is then that we can love the unlovable. those who persecute us and say all manner of evil against us. It is then we can put our loving arm around the poor outcasts and win them for Christ. It is then your very presence draws those with whom you come in contact heavenward.

We have already mentioned the Psalmist's cry, "How long

the Psalmist's cry, "How long wilt thou hide thy face from me?" Again in Psa. 18:28, 29, he says, "For thou wilt light my candle: the Lord my God will enlighten my darkness. For by thee I have run through a troop; and by my God have I leaped over a wall." Surely David must have understood just what I'm talking about, and so will you, after awhile, if you will stand true when the storm cloud comes. Many of you have read about the rainbow of promise. What a beautiful thought, that God has made this promise to us that He will not destroy the whole world again. But this promise, with its gorgeously colored rainbow, is no more beautiful than the many wonderful promises laid down in God's Word for those who overcome by the blood of the Lamb, and the rainbow's coloring can be no more beautiful than your life will become when you have come forth

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# PRAYER PAGE

#### WHEN PRAYERS ARE ANSWERED

WILLIAM C. TAGGERT Chaplain, U. S. Army Air Force

I believe in prayer. I believe in it ooth because of my own experience and because of what I have seen and heard as a chaplain with our forces n the field.

During the last thirty years, religion has been frequently watered down with social service. The church has too often turned from matters that concern the individual to the problems of people in the mass. Prayer has become, if not an empty form, at least a ritual which has lost a great deal of its meaning.

But now we are learning again that prayer works for the individual. Where I have been, it's got to.

In the Southwest Pacific battle zone, the tempo of existence is stepped up. Weeks, months, years of ordinary living are crowded into a single hour. All the courage and self-sacrifice, all the loneliness and terror of a life-time may be compressed into a few brief minutes.

Under these conditions, diluted faith is not enough. At the front, a man needs his religion straight. And when he prays, he wants his answer in a hurry.

I am an Air Force chaplain. For more than a year I have lived with men whose daily job is to risk their lives in combat with the enemy. Unless I can give them the assurance that their prayers will be heard, I have nothing to offer them.

I have seen these men go off on mission, never to return. I know what they think and feel. I know how they pray.

One of our Flying Fortresses was forced down at sea on its way back to Australia. The crew of nine was given up for lost. Weeks later, nine bearded, disheveled men straggled into camp, and I had the story of their rescue from Major Allen Lindberg, of Westfield, N. J., pilot of the plane.

"It was before dawn when we crashed," Lindberg told me. "We just had time to shove off on two rubber rats, without a crumb of food or a drop of water."

"A grim outlook," I suggested.

"Grim enough. The boys were pretty well worried—all except Hernandez. Right away that lad from Dallas started praying, and pretty soon he startled us by announcing that help was on the way. He didn't know how or when, but something told him that we would be saved."

At the first opportunity, I questioned Sergeant Hernandez about his part in the adventure.

"It's the gospel truth," he said. "I'd only been praying a few minutes when I felt like God had heard me and was taking a hand to help us out. From then on, no matter how bad things got,

#### SINGER SINGER

#### THE MINISTRY OF PRAYER

"Call unto ME, and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not," Jer. 33:3.

There's a holy, high vocation Needing workers everywhere; 'Tis the highest form of service, 'Tis the ministry of prayer.

No one need stand idly longing
For a place in which to share
Active service for the Master;
There is always room in prayer.

In these days of tribulation,
Wickedness pervades the air;
And the battles we engage in
Must be won through fervent prayer.

There's no weapon half so might As the intercessors bear; Nor a broader field of service Than the ministry of prayer.

Do you long to see the millions, Who are perishing today, Snatched as brands plucked from the burning?

Do you long, yet seldom pray?

Are you longing for revivals
In the good old-fashioned way?
We must use old-fashioned methods—
Which have always been to pray.

Do you long to meet the Savior And your loved ones in the air? You may hasten Christ's returning By effectual, fervent prayer.

Join us now in the plea that Jesus Quickly will His bride prepare; May His coming find us faithful In the ministry of prayer.

Come and join the intercessors!

Laurels, then, some day, you'll wear;
For there is no higher service

Than the ministry of prayer.

-Annie Lind Woodworth.

I was sure we would come through."

The major continued: "You've no idea what hell is like until you have been crowded with four other men on a rubber bubble built for three, and left to drift beneath a broiling sun. Toward evening, we thought we saw peaks of mountains to the west. When they dissolved into mist, Hernandez just prayed harder. He got the rest of us to pray and sing with him. We sang 'Rock of Ages' and 'Lead, Kindly Light.'

"The second day, our lips were too cracked and our tongues too swollen for much singing. But the prayers never stopped.

"Then something happened. We felt a current reach us and carry us along. Before nightfall, we saw the silhouette of palm trees, the white streak of surf, and—almost beyond belief—the black hulls of three outrigger canoes.

"Our rescuers were Australian aborignes—black-skinned, kinky-headed fishermen from the mainland several hundred miles away. They told us that the day before they had been homeward bound with their catch, when a strange urge came over them. Something impelled them to change their course, and steer for this uninhabited and worthless bit of coral."

Yes, prayer does work.

I know of men, lost and starved in the deserts of Australia, who were found and brought to safety after asking God's help; of men in bombers shot to pieces by enemy gunfire who, quite literally, "prayed their way" back to base. I know, too, that many appeals uttered by mothers, wives and sweethearts in the United States stretched a protective mantle half around the globe to shield us in the South Pacific.

One high-ranking general told me that he owes his life, in part, to the petitions voiced by his closest friend and former business partner. I myself am living on borrowed time because my parents prayed for me in a situation of great danger.

People everywhere are beginning to pray again—really pray. Millions of Americans, who in the past have relied on themselves, are now reaching out for help.

Men at the fighting fronts have been among the first to draw upon this reservoir of power. It has been said that there are no atheists in foxholes. It is also a fact that there are few agnostics in the cockpits of riddled

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## OLD HYMNS

:-: By Lois Jernigan :-:

I am sure that we all have a deep and a sacred feeling when we think of hymns; hymns that have stood down through the years. When I think of these blessed old songs, I think of the time when evening begins to draw her curtains over a small country church. In the yard can be seen horses hitched to wagons and old black, covered buggies. Some of them have come a long way, and dust and mud have covered the wheels. A short distance from the church can be seen the tombstones of the old gravevard. Yes, these are the people who, through their efforts, have made it possible to keep these old hymns living.

As the darkness falls about you, you can feel the warmness of the lights inside. People have come from far and near to sing together the old hymns, and praise the almighty God for their many blessings.

I can almost hear them now in their humble way, singing of the dearest Friend they had ever had; how He died for them and purchased their salvation; how only God knew all the grief and sorrow that filled His heart.

They sing these old songs over and over, especially one that seems to serve as a welcome song. "Oh come to the church in the Wildwood; oh, come to the church in the vale." This song seems to describe their eagerness of coming to the church. What a beautiful place it is, and so very dear to



their hearts!

As these notes fade into the shadows, my mind wanders back to my Redeemer. Then, the words seem to burst forth from my heart as they sing, "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

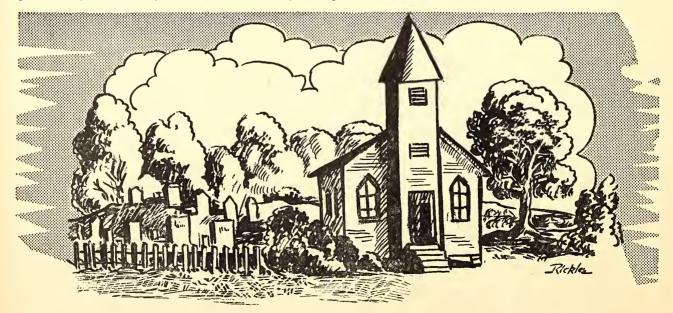
Then, the preacher approaches the pulpit. He pauses—looks toward heaven and leads them to the throne of grace in a few touching words of prayer. He continues with his sermon. Meanwhile, all is quiet and still as the

strong deep voice of the minister fills the building. He tells them of Jesus Christ; how He left His home in glory and came to this sinful world; how Jesus hung on the cross with nails driven through His hands and feet. and a wreath of thorns about His head: how He was made to carry His own cross and was mocked! The blood that dripped from His side was for our transgressions. Yes, it's a touching story! Tears stream from the eyes of the old, faithful warriors who have almost worn out their lives. The children listen with eagerness to the story they have heard so many times. As he brings his message to a close, they sing "Kneel at the Cross." Yes, Christ will meet us there: He is waiting for us to begin our life anew.

He invites all those who want God to rule their lives supremely to come and kneel at the old-fashioned altar, and lift their hearts up to God. Many reconsecrate their lives, others receive Him anew. There are rejoicing, tears, and shouting in the camp, for some wanderer has come home.

Now the crowd begins to thin out some as they sing "God Be With You Till We Meet Again." In the church-yard, you can see the gaiety of the young people, and the likeness they have for the gatherings. You can see children with their feet hanging out over the backs of the wagons and buggies as they ride down the bumpy road home.

Finally all is dark and still. The doors of the small church are closed. In the stillness, God is pleased. He looks down on the small white church in the dale and smiles.



# Che Girl on the Corner

It was twilight—yes, the sudden twilight of autumn. The streets and cars were crowded with people hurrying home from work in the shops and factories. The newsboys were on the streets calling out their papers.

Every one was hurrying some place, except a young girl who stood on a corner looking one way and another, as if waiting for someone. She was painted—yes, her lips, eyebrows, and cheeks. Her eyes were sunken, but sparkled. She was dressed ungodly. It had been drizzling all day and as evening came the rain increased and the smoke lowered o'er the city.

The girl looked at the town clock. It was six-thirty, and Bill was to be there in fifteen minutes. She could hardly wait till he came, for she was going to have a "swell" night. First, they were going to a cafe for dinner, then to see that play at the theater, and from there to the night club.

She stood on one foot and then on the other, watching people go into a building a short distance away. She wondered what was going on, but if she left the corner she would miss Bill. Just then she caught a strain of music—what was it? She had heard it before. She started to walk closer and soon found herself at the open door gazing at a large sign, "Jesus Saves. Where Spend Eternity?" She stood and listened to the music.

"Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down;
Darkness be over me, my rest a stone.
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to
Thee."

As a person in a dream, she walked in at the open door and sat on one end of the last seat. The audience started to sing again.

"Come, every soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy in the Lord, And He will surely give you rest, By trusting in His Word."

As they finished the last verse, a young man arose from the platform and came forward with a Bible in his hand. Opening it, he read: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." He closed the Book, offered a word of prayer, then began to speak. On and on he talked, telling of the love of Jesus and His willingness to forgive and save sinners. "Tonight," he said, "I know there is a sinner that is sick of the world, a sinner that needs the help of a true friend. Tonight there is someone who is on the edge of hell and is about to topple in. Tonight some heart is blistered with the fiery fingerprints of the devil. But Jesus is just waiting to heal your heart and leave His fingerprints instead. Oh, the Lord is willing to save you, sinner friend. Can't you just hear Him knocking at your heart's door? Can't you see Him with His outstretched arms pleading for you to come? Oh, child of the world, won't you come to Him tonight? Come before it is too late. All heaven is waiting for you-calling you. What can you do without Jesus?"

The tempter was close at the side of the girl when they started to sing—

"Jesus lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly." Something caught hold of the girl's heart. She had heard that song many times—when a child. But oh, she was too much of a sinner; the Lord would not save her. Anyway, she would much rather have her friends, her cigarettes, dances, and drink—but "Come, sinner friend, the Lord alone can save your soul; He alone can take you to mother over there." She dropped her head, the tears started to fall, and as they continued singing—

"Other refuge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,"

she ran to the altar and, kneeling, started to pray. The audience continued singing the songs that she had heard her mother sing. In a moment her heart's door opened, the love of Jesus flooded in, and she started to sing, "Tell Mother I'll be there."

Shortly after, at the other end of the altar, a male voice started, "I'm saved, saved," and who could it be but Bill? He had waited on the street for the girl and was led here the same as she had been. When she went weeping to the altar, he had followed. They left the building and went out into the night—with no longer a desire for worldly attraction, but rejoicing, leaning on the arm of their almighty Friend.—Publisher Unknown.



## The Way I Take . . . GARNET RAYZAR

I would not choose my own way, As on through life I go, I would not make my own plans; They would be wrong I know.

- I connot walk my own path, And travel where I choose. I cannot know the best way;
- I know I would but lose.

I cannot see my own life,

- Which in the future lies.

  I must not try to plan it;
  Whot means my feeble cries!
- I must but trust my Savior;
  He knows my every plan.
  He sees my feeble efforts;
  I do the best I can.
- He leads me in the valley,
  Where everything seems dim.
  He leads me on the mountoin,
  To gain new views of Him.

- I catch a better vision;
  I love to see His face.
  I arm myself for battle
  And start anew the race.
- I trust Him for the future; I follow where He leads. He gives me so much comfort And understands my needs.
- It may seem hard to follow; But joyous is the way, When we but yield to Jesus— Go where the path may lay.
- I give my all to Jesus
  To use as He shall choose.
  I now submit to His plon
  And know He'll take me through.

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## Poem Page

#### NOTHING IS LOST

PEARL PRATT

Nothing is lost: The drop of dew Which trembles on leaf or flower Is but exhaled to fall anew In summer's thunder shower; Perchance to shine within the bow That fronts the sun at fall of day; Perchance to sparkle in the flow Of fountains far away.

Nothing is lost: The tiniest seed,
By wild birds borne or breezes blown,
Finds something suited to its need,
Wherein 'tis sown and grown.
The language of some household song,
The perfume of some cherished flower,
Though gone from outward sense, belong

To memory's after-hour.

So with our words, harsh or kind; Uttered, they are not all forgot. They have their influence on the mind;

Pass on, but perish not.
So with our deeds for good or ill;
They have their power scarce understood.

Then let us use our better will To make them rife with good.

#### THINGS WE CAN'T AFFORD

An unknown poet has enumerated a goodly number of such things in the following poem:

"We can't afford to win the gain That means another's loss;

We can't afford to miss the crown By stumbling at the cross.

We can't afford the heedless jest That robs us of a friend;

We can't afford the laugh that finds
In bitter tears an end.

We can't afford the feast today That brings tomorrow's fast;

We can't afford the farce that comes
To tragedy at last.

We can't afford to play with fire, Or tempt a serpent's bite;

We can't afford to think that sin Brings any true delight.

We can't afford with serious heed To treat the cynic's sneer;

We can't afford to wise men's words

To turn a careless ear.

We can't afford to feed the flame
And make it fiercer burn.

We can't afford for hate to give Like hatred in return;

We can't afford to lose the soul
For this world's fleeting breath;
We can't afford to barter life
In mad exchange for death.
But blind to good are we apart
From Thee, all-seeing Lord;

From Thee, all-seeing Lord;
Oh, grant us light that we may know
The things we can't afford."

We certainly can't afford to be without Jesus Christ as our Savior, Lord, Advocate, Friend, High Priest and coming Bridgroom.

"'Tis the burden you help another to bear

That makes your own seem light;
'Tis the danger seen for others' feet
That shows you the path to the
right.

'Tis the good you do each passing day

With a heart sincere and true.

For thru giving the world the best that you have,

Its best will return to you."—Sel.

For flowers that bloom about our feet; For tender grass so fresh and sweet; For song of bird and hum of bee; For all things fair we hear and see, Father in heaven, we thank Thee. For blue of stream and blue of sky; For pleasant shade of branches high; For fragrant air and cooling breeze; For beauty of the blooming trees,

-Ralph Waldo Emerson.

#### **NEVER MIND**

Father in heaven we thank Thee!

Sometimes when nothing goes just right,

And worry reigns supreme;
When heartache fills the eyes with
mist.

And all things useless seem,
There's just one thing can drive away
The tears that scald and blind—
Someone to slip a strong arm 'round
And whisper, "Never mind."

No one has ever told just why
Those words such comfort bring;
Nor why that whisper makes our cares
Depart on hurried wing.

Yet troubles say a quick "Good-day"; We leave them far behind, When someone slips an arm around But love must prompt that coft ca-

ress— . That love must, aye, be true;

And whispers, "Never mind."

Or at that tender, clinging touch
No heartease come to you.
But if the arm be moved by love,
Sweet comfort you will find
When someone slips an arm around,
And whispers, "Never mind!"

#### HEART'S TREASURE

It isn't the things you hold in your hands

But the things you hold in your heart,

That mould your life and make it complete

And help to do your part.

It isn't the gold of material worth
That makes a life a beautiful thing;
But the keeping of Faith and Truth
and Love

In a heart that has learned to sing!
—Theo. Currie-Arnold

#### KEEP THYSELF PURE LOIS GROVE

Keep thyself pure, my friend;
Life means so much to be true,
And life is just what you make it—
It all depends upon you.
It matters not how long you live,
But it surely matters how;
The things you and I'll be accounted

Are the things you're doing now.

The secret of future happiness
Lies in you from day to day;
Whatever you are will tell,
By the things you do and say.
The test of life is living—
Living a life clean and pure;
Forming an eternal character—
One that will forever endure.

for.

Character is the best asset
That any man can receive,
Made of the warp and the woof of the
soul:

What we are, not what others believe,

And yet how many give life
For that which cannot remain,
Forsake the laws of purity,
The pleasures of sin to gain.

There are no pockets in a shroud,
Don't try to take more along;
Just live pure, speak true, right wrong
Stand fast, be firm and strong,
Be a leader, not a trailer,
Master life—set the standard high

Then you will mold a life worth

while—
A life that can not die.

—S. S. Herald.



#### READING CIRCLE

#### RUNAWAY BOB

By Uncle Bill (Based on a true story)

"I'd like to teach a Sunday School class, Mr. McFarlane," said Jane Muir. "Have you a class for me?"

"I'm very happy you want to teach, Jane," answered Mr. McFarlane, the Sunday School superintendent, "but I have no class for you right now."

Jane looked very disappointed.

"I have something I would like you to do," added Mr. McFarlane. "I would like you to gather a group of very poor boys in the neighborhood into a class and teach them. Will you do that?"

"I'll be glad to do that," Jane said as she smiled happily, "and thank you for the chance to do it."

Jane went out and invited the poor boys to come to Sunday School, but none came.

"I'm sorry I wasn't successful," she told Mr. McFarlane, "but ever so many said they could not come because their clothes were too ragged."

"Oh, I'll fix that. You tell them to come to my house this week and I'll see that they get the clothes to wear," answered Mr. McFarlane, who was a rich man.

The boys came and Mr. McFarlane gave each a new suit of clothes. The next Sunday the boys were in Sunday School and Jane Muir told them about Jesus, the Savior, and His love for all. She told them how He loved poor boys because He, too, was once a poor boy. Some of the boys did not behave very well. They nudged each other and wriggled and whispered. They did not pay attention.

The worst boy in the class was one named Bob. After two or three Sundays, he was missing, and Miss Muir went to hunt him up. She found that his new clothes were torn and dirty. She said nothing about that.

"Bob," she said, "we miss you in our Sunday School. We all hope you'll be in class next Sunday. You will, won't you?"

"I guess so," answered Bob.

When Mr. McFarlane saw Bob in Sunday School and noticed that his clothes were torn and dirty, he said, "Bob, come over to my house. I've got some better clothes for you if you would like to have them."

Mr. McFarlane gave Bob a second new suit but after coming to Sunday School once or twice his place was again empty. Once more Miss Muir looked him up only to find the second new suit had also become torn and dirty. Bob had not taken care of it at all.

"I am altogether discouraged about Bob," she said when she saw Mr. Mc-Farlane, "I must give him up."

"Please don't do that, Jane," said the superintendent, "I can't but hope there is something good in Bob. Try him once more. I'll give him a third suit of clothes if he'll promise to come to Sunday School regularly.

Bob did promise and was given his third new suit. He came to Sunday School regularly after that and became very interested in the school. He studied his Bible very much. He joined the church. He became a Sunday School teacher. He did not stop there, he became a minister.

And best part of our story is that ragged runaway Bob became the Reverend Robert Morrison, the great missionary to China who translated the Bible into the Chinese language and in that way opened the kingdom of Heaven to the millions and millions of people in China.

#### A REASON WHY BOOKS

We are always being told that we should conserve our health, train our minds; in short, make ourselves as fit as possible. But why should we do this?

There are a good many reasons. One glance at broken, pinched, diseased bodies will satisfy us as to the selfish reason for keeping fit. Diseased bodies and stunted minds may result from failure to look out after bodily resources. But there is a positive side to this selfish or we might better say

"individualistic" reason. If we get the most out of life, live at the highest power possible to us, we must have as efficient a body and mind as we can attain. One of the claims of education is that it opens doors into fields of interest that one would never find without proper mental training. In his old age, many a man has been thankful that he learned to read interesting books and to admire beautiful things.

#### LEISURE TIME

Lois M. Marmon

We hear a good bit these days about leisure time. Some folks use their leisure time for earning extra money, others for study, recreation, or following numerous pursuits, some worthy and some not so worthy. The important thing is to use leisure time—not to fritter it away.

The president of a thriving college said out of the years of his experience, "Show me how a student employs his spare time and I will show you what sort of man or woman he will be when he leaves college."

Theodore Roosevelt was one of the best and most widely read Americans of his day, yet he did not have time to sit reading hour after hour, day after day. Rather, he used his leisure time—those odd moments that unexpectedly presented themselves throughout the course of his busy day—in his office, in a railway station, waiting to keep an appointment—he would pull a book from his pocket and commence to read.

It does not make any difference whether it is reading, working on a pet hobby, trying to earn extra spending money, or what-have-you, in your leisure time—the choice is yours to make. The real point is to master your leisure—turning it to good account for your own or others' benefit.

Read the story of Pandita Ramabai on page 18.

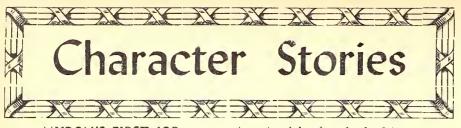
Send to the Church of God Publishing House for the story of her life. Also, that of Robert Morrison of whom you read about on this page. You may have your choice of these two books for your book for the month.

BOOKS FOR YOU TO STUDY

Personal Soul-Winning, by William Evans. Price \$1.25.

Personal Work, by R. A. Torrey. Price \$1.25.

The Course of Christian Missions, by William Owen Carver. Price, \$3.00.



#### MYRON'S FIRST JOB

(Based on Facts)

By DOROTHY C. HASKIN

"We'll let you know in the morning."

"Thank you, sir," Myron Burke answered. He walked out of the New Aero Company's employment office. His shoulders slumped. He felt discouraged. He wanted to work at the New Aero Company more than any place else in the city. He wanted to build airplanes, eventually to design and improve them. The New Aero Company was not employing as many as it had been and, well, Myron was afraid, as a boy just out of high school, he did not have a chance.

He boarded the streetcar and rode out to the district where he lived. He was a tall, lanky boy with rust-colored hair and freckles. It was a hot, muggy day and he felt uncomfortable in his best clothes. As he got off the streetcar, he noticed a boy walking toward him. The boy wore soiled cords and a sport shirt.

"Hi, Myron, been to town?" Laird Anderson called.

"I was trying to get on where your dad works." Myron fell into step with Laird. He and Laird had never been friends at high school, but Myron wondered, if he knew Laird better, perhaps his father would help him get on at the New Aero.

"I don't plan to go to work for awhile. I'm going to fool around some."

"I can't waste the time," Myron declared. "How are things at your house?"

"Dad's been having a lot of 'bad breaks." The boys reached the Anderson gate. Laird invited, "How about coming in?"

"Okay," Myron agreed. Laird opened the gate. The boys walked up the path and sat on the porch. They talked of the chances of finding work, and what they planned to do with their lives. At least, what Myron planned to do with his. Laird didn't have any special ambition other than

to get a job when he had to.

The sun grew hotter. Myron took off his good coat, laid it on the back of the chair and mopped his forehead with his handkerchief.

"Whew. It's hot," Laird remarked. "I'll fix that. Wait a jiffy." He went into the house and returned with two brown bottles, a couple of glasses and a bottle opener.

"What's that?" Myron asked. The shape of the bottle was not familiar to him.

"Good, cool beer, right out of the

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#### DON'T QUIT

By LLOYD DEAL

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,

When the road you're trudging seems all up-hill,

When funds are low and debts are high,

And you want to smile but you have to sigh;

When care is pressing you down a bit, Rest if you must, but don't quit.

Life is queer with its twists and turns, As everyone of us sometimes learn; And many a failure turns about,

When we might have won had we stuck it out.

Don't give up, though the pace seems slow—

You may succeed with another blow.

Often the goal is nearer than It seems to a faint and faltering man. Often the struggler has given up,

When he might have won the victor's cup.

And he learned too late, when the night slipped down,

How close he was to the golden crown.

Success is failure turned wrong side out—

The silver tint of the clouds of doubt.

And you can never tell how close you are:

It may be near when it seems afar.
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit...

It's when things seem worst that you musn't quit.

refrigerator."

"No, thank you. I never drink it," Myron objected.

"Beer won't hurt you," Laird protested.

"It's got alcohol in it," Myron reminded.

"Not much. My father drinks beer." Laird poured the beer into glasses and passed one to Myron. "Besides it can't be so very wrong to drink. My brother, Bob, told me that when he was a gunner on your brother's ship in the Moluccas that when the crew returned after a mission, the United States government issued each flier two ounces of whiskey."

Myron took the glass and stared at it. What Laird said surprised him His brother, Alan, recently discharged from the army, had never told him anything about that. Perhaps if his brother drank, it was not as wrong as his mother had always said. The beer looked harmless and cool. He raised his glass. Laird drained his glass Myron hesitated. No, he couldn't drink it. He lowered his glass.

"What's going on here?" a hoarse voice demanded.

Myron glanced up. A man stood in the doorway. His body was bloated his face crisscrossed with wrinkles, his gray hair unkempt and his blue eyes had a hazy look, as if he couldn't focus them.

Laird put his glass down on the porch floor, jumped up and tried to push the man indoors. "Uncle Charley, you know mother doesn't want you to come on the porch where the neighbors can see you."

"Ashamed of your little unkie wunkie," the man whimpered.

Myron felt disgusted—a grown mar acting as if he were a naughty child

"What've you got there?" Uncle Charley noticed the glass in Myron's hand. He pushed Laird to one side crossed to Myron and took the glass from him. "Beer. My boy, don' ever drink the stuff." He drained the glass.

"Then why are you drinking it?"

The old man lost his childish pet ulance, and became serious. "Becausit's too late with me. I can't do with out alcohol. My system craves it Once I could take it, and leave i alone, but no longer. My nerve scream when I need a drink. Don'they, Laird?"

"You act pretty bad sometimes, and now, Uncle Charley, won't you g (Continued on page 33)

# Youth Personal Evangelistic Union

#### PERSONAL EVANGELISM

Mrs. Oscar Jackson

Scripture reading: Luke 10:25-37 It is the writer's opinion that too many professors of Christianity today are more interested in personal benifits than in personal evangelism. Instead of showing the spirit of a good Samaritan, there seems to be a selfish spirit prevailing among ourselves such as to say: "What I do is my business; what I have is mine; and what is yours shall be mine, also, if I can get it."

There are many and various ways that we can lead the lost to Christ, but being a good Samaritan to folks when they need help is one good way, because it, too, is one good way of doing personal evangelism. Speaking of personal evangelism, I believe nothing else brings better results than personal work among the people.

Dr. J. O. Peck once said that if he had the certainty he was to live only ten years, and as a condition of going to heaven, at the end thereof, he had to win a thousand souls or ten thousand for Christ, and was given his choice of winning them, either by preaching sermons, or by individual effort, he would choose the latter method every time.

No Christian, however insignificant he may feel, or how limited his talents, is closed from the glorious opportunity of soul-winning.

Perhaps you may say, "Just what are some of the things personal evangelism will do?" First, and most important, it will help win the lost to Christ. Then, I can think of no better way to build up the church and its spirituality than through personal effort and contact with the people. People as individuals like to feel that some one is interested in their spirtual welfare, as well as other things. It was no sermon that convicted me and sent me to an altar of prayer, out it was the personal effort of one of God's children, backed up by a holy ife of consecration and prayer. Preaching is fine and we must have t, but preaching without individual effort is like faith without workssometimes dead, but put them both together and see your church flourish for God's cause. It is good for the young and old and especially does it give the new converts a chance to do something for God. It provides so many more opportunities to go into homes, many of them having never heard the story, "Jesus saves." Homes and Christian beliefs are varied. You may be able to touch hearts that seem to have turned to stone, only by showing an interest in them.

Some people never realize that by going into the slums, they may win precious jewels for God. I am made to think of these words: "They that are whole need not a physician." We do not love the filth and stench of slummy places, but, O God, there are

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#### FORGIVE ME, LORD

Alice Mortenson

Forgive me, Lard! I see the need of missians,
And sacrifice far peaple far away,
But what about that cold and hungry person
I hurried from my humble daar taday?

Fargive me, Lard! The fareign fields are calling,

'Tis right that I should help, the cause is great;

But what about that disappainted stranger I turned without campassian from my gate?

Fargive me, Lard! Acrass the seas they're

And I must never fail to do my part;
But just around the carner sameane's crying—

I heeded not my neighbar's braken heart.

Fargive me, Lard! I knaw the heathen perish,

And I have wept and prayed to send them light;

But what about that cup of sparkling water,

'Twas mine to give, but I withheld tonight?

Fargive me, Lard! And heal my stunted vision,

(I'll give na less to missians than befare);

But let there go na needy, lanely person Uncomforted and hungry fram my daar. souls there that need Thee. Somehow, this part makes me sad because it has been so neglected. It is because of so many underprivileged, undernourished families in such places, that we have so many criminals and juvenile delinquencies today. God grant that we, as Holy Ghost Christians, may get under the burden and evangelize these places, then, instead of having to build more jails and penitentaries, we will be building more missions and churches. Many times children do not have clothes to go to Sunday School. Listen, Church of God people, let us search our clothes closets as well as our hearts, and do something about this.

What we need is more good leaders. There are many saints who feel that they can't testify, sing, or do anything much for God, but when given a chance to give or help the needy, they would be glad to do it. Remember these words: "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me." Read the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew and let God talk to your heart about these things. We can evangelize our communities if we will but try. Let us try to get the children in Sunday School where they will have the truths of God's Word instilled in their hearts and minds before they become hardened in the ways of the world.

We, too, were once sinners, lost and undone without God but someone brought the good news our way one day.

Through personal evangelism, we can encourage the weak in Christ, those who are just about to give up the fight; visit the sick, aged, shut-ins, jails, hospitals and numerous other places. We can help them by showing them love for that is our best chance to win them. Don't limit yourself to just your church. It is wonderful to be great in the eyes of man and have a famous name, but God needs those willing workers who are willing to do the little things for Him.

The apostles were personal workers. Jesus, our Example, was a personal worker. The politician—when a (Continued on page 33)

Motto: "EACH ONE WIN ONE"

Scripture: "He That Winneth Souls Is Wise"

# LETTERS



Dear Sister Harrison:

Tonight I found three lessons which helped me to understand more of the things we seek for and fight against in daily life. Then I thought of writing you and possibly they would be able to help someone else in life. I have a burden tonight, but I know Jesus will see me through again with victory in my soul. I am seeking for the baptism of the Holy Ghost for I will need the Comforter in the work which God has for me and I do feel the need of the Comforter abiding in me. Pray for me, Sister Harrison, for I need God's guidance and help always. As I read the Lighted Pathway out here on Okinawa, I find a blessing that was meant for me. I live a truly separate life here for I do not know a single Christian and it is hard on me sometimes, but, praise the Lord, I have Him on my side.

If you can use the following nature lessons in your paper, do so, for, if God gave them to me, then I shall surely give them to someone else who might need them or can see the light at a different angle. He has been so wonderful to me while I have been here, and since I have been born again. I have been saved only a couple of months, but I am living for Jesus always and my life is in His hands to lead me and mold me as clay, as He would have me be.

Please send me your book "Personal Evangelism," for I would like to study it and learn more how to win souls.—
Howard E. Rosebaugh, Civil Readjustment Office, Rec. Sta. Navy No. 3256, co Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, Calif.

#### NATURE LESSONS

I have found out that there are things in nature which we can apply to our daily lives as we walk in the steps of Jesus, our Savior. Just tonight, I paid particular attention to a small spider which had made a net for its prey since this afternoon's rain. I caught a fly and proceeded to see how it would come into the hands of the spider. One thread of the web would not hold the fly, but he was soon caught and entangled among many threads. The spider then came on a run and wound the fly into the

threads which it had made, so it couldn't move, and then carried its prey away. So are we likened unto a fly, who allow ourselves to get involved in one sin, which is like the first thread of the spider's web. One thread or one sin is not enough for the spider. nor Satan, for he has prepared more pits or threads for us to stumble over and fall into. We commit more sins as we are led into the great web which Satan has made for us. The second and the third sin is much easier, for the temptation is greater in all respects. Soon, Satan is our God and master and he takes us away as his prey for death and eternal punishment.

As I glanced over to another twig, I saw a snail climbing higher and higher for greater heights and goals. The snail had two feelers so he could find his way. If he ran into something, he would seek another way to reach his goal. He would make very sure that he went the right way. So are we seeking to become closer to God day by day. We have to find that way ourselves, and work to do His will as we seek what He has to offer us according to the fruits of our doings. He will lead us on in His own way, but we have to do our part in trying to learn which way He would have us to go throughout life. We should always be seeking to please Him more. Possibly one way is not right in His sight, so we try another until we find His way, and walk farther along as He leads us. He is willing, if we are willing; and He will reward us in due time, according to His will.

It happened that I was high in the hills and while going down into the valleys afterwards, I noticed how dark some particular clouds were. I looked again as I got lower and underneath them, they were beautiful, for the light of the sunset reflected on the bottom of each. We, ourselves, may be too high for God to use in the way He would like to use us. We must humble ourselves before God before He can give us more light to walk in. When we humble ourselves willingly on bended knee, He will give us more light to show us the way. He will make you humble if you ask believing that He will answer your prayer. When it is the Lord's will, we will be led on our way with victory in our soul. We need the whole armour of righteousness and not only part of it, if we are to keep the first and great commandment: Jesus said unto him, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." Read it in Matt. 22:37.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I really praise the Lord and greatly rejoice for the guidance and abiding presence of the Holy Spirit through the past days, and I still feel that He is directing me through the way.

I have received some copies of the Lighted Pathway from one of the soldier's here, and I have gone around and shown the paper to the people whom I know will like to subscribe. They appreciate it very much and are willing to subscribe so I have given their names and addresses to Brother Elmer Odom. I think there will be more subscriptions come in after our annual conference, which is soon to be held here.

We really need to read magazines like this, especially now when the world seems to be confused, and the people seem to go astray and go farther and farther away from God. Please pray for us here in the Philippines, dear sisters and brothers, for we really need to be stirred up, that those who are going astray may draw closer to God.

Some of the Christian soldiers are doing a fine work over here. Their attitude toward the Church has encouraged and inspired some of our people to study His Word. They are helping us to get our young people closer to the Master. We pray and we hope that some day some of them will return to civilian life, prepare themselves for the missionary work, and devote their time in spreading the tidings of salvation unto all men. May God help you and bless you continually in your work.—Mariana Madayag, Bavang, La Union, Philippine Islands.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am writing you in regard to the use of the Y.P.E.U. material you sent me. We did not organize into a Union as suggested in the *Lighted Pathway*. Instead, our Y.P.E. voted to study the book as a part of our regular program. Each Saturday night, after the regular Y.P.E. program is over, one of our Y.P.E members teaches a portion of

(Continued on page 24)

# Jesus, My Physician

MRS. FREDERIC H. SENFT

At the age of fifteen years, I was full of life, so far as ambition and yearning after the world and its pleasures were concerned. There was never a girl at that age more aspiring or more given to castle-building. I was constantly dreaming and planning about what I was going to do in this wonderfully interesting world. But, disease that was deemed hereditary was growing more and more visible in its effects on my body.

I was the youngest child of the family. My mother had passed away before I was old enough to know her. From birth I was under the physician's care, and medicine was the first thing that passed my lips. At my mother's death, the entire care of me fell upon my father, who proved abundantly able to bear the responsibility. I had had an older and only sister, who had fallen into premature decline, and had gone to be with Jesus at the early age of nineteen years. More than once during the fourteen years of medical treatment before my deliverance, did I hear my precious father say, "It seems more than I can bear to watch another daughter sicken, and see her taken from me in her youth." Great efforts were made to save the young life.

A round of drugging, dieting, reading "Laws of Health" and studying books on hygiene, went on for four years.

Eight weeks before I was healed, there came an alarming turn for the worse. Up to that date, I had been losing strength so rapidly that my stomach would retain no nourishment save a preparation of lact-pepsin and the weakest liquids. Energy had so entirely fled from me that I only desired to die, and hoped death would come very soon, so tired was I of thus existing, for it was no more than mere existence.

But that it could be worse was proved to me, for it was just at this point that sleep forsook me. And all the skill possible, with careful and now prayerful attention, was given to my condition. Everything was done to produce sleep. Every noise was suppressed. The hammer of the carpenter in the adjoining building was silenced. The entire household walked softly

and as cautiously as if the dead were already lying in the upper room. No more could the family come into my room, as they had been wont to do, at the twilight hour for worship.

The only one who came was my father, and in hushed tones he pleaded with God to give his child sleep, as He gave it to "His beloved."

During this period of time, I see by reference to the journal kept in my room, thirty different anodynes were given to me to produce sleep. But it was all to no purpose, as no sleep came. The number of grains of opium increased until the physician said it was the largest he had ever known to be given. The result was that I seemed to be at times unconscious; but the watchers were always disappointed, for, in coming near, it was found I was not really asleep.

During this time, my brain never ceased the most extreme activity, and this was what dispelled the most sanguine hopes of my physicians. "Oh!" they said, "the brain will, it must, fail under this pressure." Every day my father feared the entire loss of my reason; and it was the most natural thing to expect.

But that was not permitted, for my mind was never so clear. My past life, my present condition, my prospects of entering eternity soon, all flashed and remained before me. I dwelt upon them. I pondered over them. And as hope for me began to fail on all sides, I turned to see what God said about such cases. I had Gospels read to me, and I read myself with all the ability I could command, if but a few verses at a time.

Previous to this, my father had purchased Mr. Moody's "Words and Works," and he read to me one after another of the sermons. In this collection we found some short talks on "The Incurables of Christ's Day." These attracted me to have the cases studied up more thoroughly in the Gospels. When we came to see and study the case of the woman in Mark 5:25-35, I said to my father, "That case is just like mine."

I began to speak of my new hopes to others, but they said, "The days of miracles are passed." So I hesitated. I saw that that was the way Jesus cured such cases 1,800 years ago, but I had been taught that those remarkable events in Christ's ministry occurred as so many proofs of His deity, to convince the people that He was the Messiah. I did not realize for a little while that marked events were as necessary in these days of unbelief as they were then. Yet I read on, and prayed for more light on the Word.

My mind followed the Lord Jesus as He walked and talked by the sea, relieved the oppressed, gave life to the woman at the well, fed the multitude, and so on. Oh, this wonder-working, compassionate Jesus! Could I but reach Him! He was equal to my every need. Then the blessed Holy Spirit whispered to my heart, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today, and forever." I searched my Bible and found it—Heb. 13:8.

I sought Him for healing as I did when thirteen years old for the pardon of my sins. But before He came with healing I dismissed my doctor with his drugs, for my new Physician said, "According to your faith be it unto you"; "With God all things are possible"; and "All things are possible to him that believeth."

As soon as I confessed my belief for deliverance through Jesus, I "began to amend," and within one week from the time I dared to believe God I was well. Appetite returned, natural sleep came to my rescue, the headaches passed away, the fearful nervous prostration left me. But what was still more blessed, all my doubts, fears, and spiritual oppression of the devil fled as the night before the wings of the morning. A new and wonderful peace filled my soul, a strange and heavenly joy flooded my life; my mouth was filled with laughter and my lips with praise, until I forgot even the luxury of being well in the greater delight in my Lord. Oh, how real was Christ! He it was who did it all, to whom be praise and glory for ever.

I then began to prepare to live, as I had a few weeks before prayed for grace to die. In my healing no human teacher had had a part. The nearest was Mr. Moody's sermons. I had never heard of a case of healing save those in the Bible. It was almost five years after my healing that I heard of Rev. A. B. Simpson and his work. During conversation and prayer with him there came into my heart such a yearning to "live godly in Christ" and to be used of Him. The way he presented service won my heart, and I

(Continued on page 24)

# Pandita Ramabai

M. RUTH BAILEY

Two very ragged and forlorn-looking pilgrims were journeying one day through the Himalaya Mountains. One look into their brown faces revealed they were natives of India. One was a lean, sickly-looking youth; the other, but a slip of a girl whose wide yet sorrowful black eyes peered anxiously into the face of her companion—her brother.

"Have we found it?" she was asking. To her surprise and joy, these youthful pilgrims had suddenly come into view of a lake in which the Hindu priests had said there were seven floating mountains, the forms in which seven sages or Mahatmas appeared. If the pilgrims were sinless, these Mahatmas would float toward them; but if they were wicked, the mountains would remain immovable.

Before the lake, the young Hindus prostrated themselves but received no sign. The priests warned them not to go into the water lest they be devoured by crocodiles; but early the next morning, the brother dared the crocodiles and swam out to the mountains. He found them to be masses of stone and mud planted with trees, standing on rafts. The whole mystery was soon cleared away. Behind the mountains, a little boat was concealed. When a poor pilgrim, desirous of being considered sinless, crossed the palms of a priest's hand with sufficient coin and called on the Mahatmas to float toward him, a priest in the boat gave the raft a push toward the pilgrim who then went away happy in his delusion.

This and many other like experiences eventually shook the faith of these devotees in their Hindu religion. The little girl, Ramabai, became in later years the well-known pioneer of the movement for the education of India's child widows, Panditi Ramabai Sarasvati. She was born April 23, 1858, in the secluded forest home of her father, Ananta Shastri, a learned Brahman priest. He, unlike the other men of India, believed in the education of women. Wishing to teach his nine-year-old wife the Sanskrit and being opposed by his family, he removed to this secluded spot. Here he was revered as a holy man or teacher. Flocks of students and pilgrims came

to his forest home to learn. In this atmosphere, Ramabai was carefully reared. By the time she was twelve years of age, she had committed to memory eighteen thousand verses from the Puranas scriptures. Sanskrit, the language of the Hindu classics, was to her as her mother tongue. This religious learning forms the highest education of the Bramin or priestly caste, to which Ramabai's family belonged. With this and what she learned from current books and many travelers, she acquired a knowledge of several languages and dialects.

While Ramabai was in her early teens, poverty came to her family through the open house they kept for pilgrims and the terrible famine that swept South India in 1876-77. They sold their home and went on a pilgrimage. Money, jewels, valuables, and even cooking vessels were one by one given as alms to the priests in the vain hope of propitiating the gods and securing a return of fortune's favor. Pride of caste and superior learning prevented them from begging or doing any low-caste work to earn a livelihood. Driven by pangs of hunger and the tortures of exposure, they finally condescended to work. But none could be found, for then the famine was at its worst. Hopelessly they journeyed from village to village until, sick from weakness and disease caused by starvation, the parents and one daughter died. Ramabai and her one brother were then left alone. Together they wandered from place to place, too proud to beg and often too weak to work.

Gradually they developed into public lecturers in the cause of the education of women. In Calcutta, Ramabai attracted much attention, and a conclave of Pandits bestowed on her the title of Sarasvati (goddess of wisdom and eloquence) on account of her thorough knowledge of the Sanskrit—holy books. She was then not twenty years old and the first and only woman who had ever been permitted to call herself Pandita.

At the age of twenty-two, she married a Bengali pleader, an M. H. of Calcutta University. In nineteen months, her happy marriage was cut short by her husband's death of chol-

era. Ramabai, with her little daughter Manorama (heart's joy), was left to begin her career as an Indian widow. Her brother, too, passed away about this time, adding another sorrow to her life.

She soon resumed her former work of lecturing on the education of women, especially of child widows. In 1883 she went to England where she learned and mastered English. In return for those English lessons she gave lectures in Sanskrit at Cheltenham College. Here she became a Christian and united with the Church of England. Leaving there, she came to America where she wrote her famous book, "The High Caste Hindu Women." This book, together with her lectures, opened the eyes and hearts of Americans to the extent that they formed an association to start her long-cherished plan of a school for the child widows.

March, 1889, marked the opening of her first school in Bombay with two pupils. Sharara Sadan (abode of wisdom) it was called. The attendance grew rapidly, for many Hindus were eager to send their widows to this school that was nonsectarian.

Ramabai's policy and religion began to bring persecution after a time, for it was found that many of the girls, won by her godly example, would come into her room when she had worship with her little daughter. As some of the girls thus became Christians, the Hindus became infuriated and almost wrecked her school by their influence and persecutions. Her unrelenting policy to teach her daughter in her room at last gained their respect and she was left to do as she pleased.

It was remarkable how God protected and led this weak Indian widow in her work. Her school grew into several schools and prospered even in times of famine. God revealed Himself many times by healing many of the sick and diseased girls. One school, Mukti (salvation), became a great center of evangelism and Holy Spirit power. Prayer, the Word of God, and common sense seem to be responsible for Ramabai's spiritual success and her unperverted ideas of God's people and His church. Her Christianity was the type that embraced with warm affection every follower of her Lord and King. Her motto was Others, and she truly proved it by her loyality to her land and people. Clemeitina Butler, in her book, Pandita Ramabai

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# AS A SERVICE



By Dorothy C. Haskin

Have you ever considered letterwriting as a service to the Lord?

A recent illness, when for months I was permitted no outside activities, taught me that letters can be one's life, both from the standpoint of receiving them and of writing them. To receive one is like having a door open, and to write one is to share the thoughts that are pent up within one. Even the well and active enjoy letters, think how much more a letter must cheer the sick, or the shut-in. And not only the sick, but to the missionary. letters are their own tie to those they love. A missionary from China once told me that nothing made her more homesick than an empty mailbox. The Lord set His seal upon the importance of letters when He used them to formulate one-third of the Bible, or one-half of the New Testament. "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." Prov. 25:25.

We all enjoy receiving letters, but few of us enjoy writing them. That is because we expect the ability to write a letter to be automatic like our ability to eat, but it is not. Letter-writing is a skill, as is drawing or playing the piano, and must be practiced and practiced to be well done. The more letters you write, the easier it will be to write them. Put as much thought and time into writing letters as the average girl does in planning what to wear, and the letter will be interesting.

Many letters are meager and lacking in imagination. Often the first few lines consist of an apology for not having written sooner, followed by a few lines telling the recipient how much she is loved, and then a closing remark that the writer has nothing to write. Let us examine these points. Why should anyone have to start her letter with an apology? We should answer the letter as soon as we are able, and not apologize unless we have an honest one to make, such as sickness, or being away, or having examinations in school. It has always been considered good taste not to answer a letter until ten days after it has been received, because if one answers too quickly, the other person has

nothing to reply so soon. It is considered equally poor taste to permit over a month to pass without a reply. If we have allowed over a month to pass then a brief word of explanation is due, but an honest effort should be made to not permit too much time to pass before replying. And all "thankyou" notes should be written immediately. It is proper to tell the recipient how much she is loved, but it is not necessary to stress it because it is concluded that you love her, else you would not have bothered to write her, but that is not all the letter should contain. No, it should also contain news! And do not conclude with the statement that you have nothing to write, for as you are writing a letter, make it your business to find something to write.

One friend of mine writes the most interesting letters because she starts at the top of the page, and without a paragraph, or any kind of a stop, she starts with herself, and continuing with her family, her neighbors, and every mutual friend we have, tells what each one is doing. Why not follow her plan, and include a few paragraphs? Remember, no matter what you have been doing, it is news to the person who has heard nothing, and if they are your friends, why everything you do is interesting to them. Did you go anywhere? With whom? What did you wear? Have there been any changes about the house? How is everyone's health? Are you sure? Animals and children are a universal center of interest. Describe the cute thing your pet did, or something a child has said. If you recently attended a meeting where the preacher made a terse, well-pointed remark, quote it and pass it on. If you enjoyed it, your correspondent will, also. Other Christians are always interested in the Lord's dealings with you. What verse has the Lord laid on your heart recently? What bit of service has He permitted you to perform for Him? What signs do you see of the spreading of His kingdom here on earth? Make it a habit to share the things you have enjoyed by enclosing tracts or bits of poetry. Into your stationery box slip bits of verses, missionary

letters and such to pass on in your letters, and then the letter will be interesting, not only because of what you have said but also because of the enclosure.

When can you find time to write letters? Like everything else in life, you have to take time! There are always more things to do than there is time to do them, and you must decide which is the greatest service. Late Sunday afternoon, after dinner, is an ideal time to write to missionaries.

If the letter you are writing is a duty letter and you really do not have much to say, instead of using up the space by apologizing, write it on either one of the government postal cards which has enough space for the average message, or get special small-sized note paper for it.

It is writing to those who are not close friends, such as missionaries or the sick, that we must use our ingenuity, like "Molly-Make-Believe" did. For six years I wrote to a missionary in China that I did not know personally. What could I say to her? I decided she was most interested in her own family so if I ran into one of them on the street, I considered it material for a letter to tell her what they wore, how they looked and what they said. I visited the Sunday School class her mother taught. I went to hear her sister sing at a different church. Twice I visited her parents' home and described the visit to her. I realized that the most commonplace thing about her family, no matter how trivial it seemed to me, was news to a missionary in faraway China. And she was kind enough to tell me, when she returned home, that not even her own family supplied her with the intimate details, that she longed to hear, and only I wrote her.

Make notes of what you wish to write as the thoughts come to you during the week, then when the time comes to write a letter, you will find the letter half written when you know what you intend to say. The next time you receive a letter and enjoy it, remember so would the other person, and write one. And if the person is sick, old, or a missionary, then writing them comes under the heading of definite Christian service.

The tears of love are heaven's eyesalve.

The person who is afraid to know God's will is too cowardly to do it if he did know it.

# SOUTH CAROLINA YOUTH RALLY CONVENED MAY 17, 18, AT FAITH TABERNACLE, ANDERSON, S. C.

On Friday, May 17, 10:00 a.m., buses and cars with a capacity load began coming in from all parts of the State of South Carolina. Everywhere were shining faces with the glory of God and hands extended in warm fellowship to everyone.

This was the first youth rally to be held in this state, but the competent leader, Rev. R. Leonard Carroll, called the services to order with confidence in each delegate, soliciting cooperation and prayer that this meeting would not fall short of its goal. The aim

was no less than that it be educational, inspirational, encouraging, and a spiritual uplift to each one who attended the greatest service of its kind ever to be held in the State.

Appointments of committees were made, and young people came forward accepting their responsibility and to faithfully discharge it for the glory of God.

The morning service of the first day was given to our delegates from B.T.S. and College, who were introduced and super-

vised by our esteemed president, Rev. E. L. Simmons. This fine representation of young people from our school added a great spirit of interest to the rally with their special singing, testimonies, and messages. The delegates from Mexico, Hawaii, and Central America, along with our own natives, made us to understand more clearly what John the Revelator saw when he looked into heaven, beholding the gathering out of every nation, tribe, kindred and tongue under heaven. Bro. Simmons concluded this service with a wonderful message on "Naturalism of Youth."

The Friday afternoon service was devoted to the youth of Y.P.E. in age groups. First age group, 13-16, com-

peted in a truth and consequence test taken from Genesis, 1st chapter through 13th chapter, conducted by Rev. H. A. Mushegan. Each contestant was awarded a prize, if question was answered correctly; otherwise, the consequence—sing a song, recite a poem, invite people to church and Sunday School, secure subscriptions to the Lighted Pathway, etc. This was quite interesting for our youth, especially.

The age group 26-35 was under the direction of Rev. B. E. Ellis. Theirs

was a quiz on the 1945 Assembly Minutes—Supplement. Winners were awarded beautiful certificates. This also was very interesting to listeners as well as participants.

The Friday evening service opened with singing by the choir. Here God manifested His Spirit in a marvelous way. The tabernacle was filled to its capacity, but that did not hinder people's running up and down the aisles, leaping and praising God.

A special feature of this service was a representative from the Anderson County Ministerial Association, who gave a very interesting talk and welcome. Following this was a very timely message by our state youth director, Reverend Carroll.

Saturday services began at 9:30 a.m. and our music editor, Rev. V. B. Ellis, made it a happy occasion by making the first public presentation of the latest church book to this Spirit-filled, musical-hearted choir, which was composed of delegates, members, and nonmembers of the Church of God, who hailed from the foothills of the Blue Ridge to the great Atlantic and the Georgia border. This was really a heart-lifting occasion as the strains of those songs floated out over the congregation.

Following this, participants were called to the platform and they came limbering their fingers for a scripture scramble under the direction of Rev. C. R. Spain. This also was quite in-

teresting, and the winner, Sister Ruth Starnes, of South Greenwood, was a warded a beautiful Bible. We were made to realize with what skill our youth could flip through the pages of the Bible, signifying acquaintance.

Other enjoyable features of this service were the able and anointed messages delivered by three young men of our state; namely, Earl P. Paulk, Jr., who is now a junior at Furman University of Greenville; Roy Burroughs, who at present is a stu-

dent of B. T. S. and College; and R. H. Gause, Jr, who recently received his A. B. degree from the college at Clinton, S. C., and is now continuing his studies in a seminary at Decatur, Ga. The messages of these young men proved that our youth in training will be heard from again in this great battle against sin.

Saturday afternoon, service opened with heavenly visitors present—the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. This service was devoted to the age group 17-25 and was under the direction of the State Youth leader. Questions were asked the selected delegates of each church, on the book of Revelation, and the winner, Miss Trudell Shelton, of

(Continued on page 25)

## NATIONAL Y. P. E. AND SUNDAY SCHOOL NEWS

Below are listed the group champions among our Y.P.E.'s in the Nation for average attendance during the month of April:

Group	State	Total Att.	Average
Α	Ga.	25,557	6,389
В	Ky.	13,430	3,358
C	Ill.	7,696	1,924
D	Calif.	4,238	1,060
E	Ariz.	2,212	553
F	Maine	732	183
G	Nebr.	380	95



C. M. TRUESDELL
Associate Editor

Below are listed the group champions among our Sunday Schools in the Nation for average attendance during the month of April:

State To	otal Att.	Average
N. C., Tenn.	40,605	10,151
Va.	25,074	6,269
[1].	11,138	2,785
Calif.	7,983	1,996
Kansas	3,052	763
Maine	1,053	263
Nebr.	508	127
	N. C., Tenn. Va. Ill. Calif. Kansas Maine	N. C., Tenn. 40,605 Va. 25,074 Ill. 11,138 Calif. 7,983 Kansas 3,052 Maine 1,053

# BE A CHARTER DELEGATE AT THE NATIONAL CHURCH OF GOD YOUTH CONFERENCE AT MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM, BIRMINGHAM, ALA., AUGUST 27, 28, 1946. TWO BIG DAYS!

Here are the Big Ten for April in church average attendance throughout the Nation. They lead 'em all.

Kannapolis, N. C850
Greenville, S. C767
Atlanta, Ga647
N. Cleveland, Tenn550
Dillon, S. C450
Cincinnati, Ohio (Home Dept.) 1,127
Canton, Ohio (Home Dept. incl.) 674
Hamilton, Ohio413
Lenoir City, Tenn367
McColl, S. C312

## Runner-up churches, fighting for a berth on the Big Ten, were:

Benton, III	275
N. Chattanooga, Tenn.	275
E. Chattanooga, Tenn.	
Columbia, S. C	263
- · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	

## Below are listed the leading Y. P. E.'s in the Nation for April:

Lenoir City, Tenn	310
Dillon, S. C	
Palmer, Tenn.	231
N. Charleston, S. C.	202

#### COMMENT BY THE WRITER

We invite the state superintendents to send us information regarding their Sunday Schools and Y.P.E.'s. If your Sunday School has an average attendance above 250 for any month, pass the good news on. It may make the Big Ten. Any Y.P.E. with an average attendance over 200 is entitled for membership on the national Y.P.E. roster. Give us the news, and we'll give you the credit.

Below are the youth convention dates scheduled for July:

Arkansas' first youth conference will be convened in the large gospel tent at Jonesboro, Ark., July 24, 25, Rev. Brooks Youngblood announces.

The North Georgia Youth for Christ convention will be held in the Municipal Auditorium, Rome, Georgia, July 3, 4. This will also be a great meeting. Georgia is a state working faithfully to promote the interests of our young people in the Church.

If further information relative to

If further information relative to these meetings is needed, write Rev. A. V. Beaube or Rev. Joe R. Little, 787 Flat Shoals Avenue, S. E., Atlanta, Ga.

Alabama state youth conference is scheduled for July 7-9. Outstanding church youth speakers are expected and so are you.

The place is the Church of God campground located on the Super Highway between Birmingham and Bessemer.

Maryland Youth for Christ congress. Date, July 22-26; place, Cambridge. A real meeting is anticipated. If you can attend, make your plans to be there.

Total Number of Y.P.E.'s and Sunday Schools organized this Assembly year through April:

sembly year through April:
Sunday Schools organized \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_13:
Y.P.E.'s organized \_\_\_\_\_\_\_13:

DOES YOUR CHURCH HAVE A HOME DEPARTMENT?

Many of our churches have added

Many of our churches have added this fine department to their Sunday Schools, visiting institutions and private homes for shut-ins, and taking the Sunday School lesson message directly to them. It is proving a blessing to both the individual and the church, for many have been saved and have become regular Sunday School and church attendants through this channel. Others have become members. If you have not already organized this department in your local body, be thinking it over. Others have found that it pays. You, too, can make it pay. If your state youth and Sunday School director is trying to get one started in your city, join him at once, and put it over. You will notice that in the Big Ten Sunday Schools listed on this page, some of them have the home department. After this month, we will carry a regular home department on the National Page, and it will be listed separately from the regular attendance. Watch for this new feature, and if you have no home department, now is the time to begin it.

#### WHATEVER YOU DO

Turn to this page of the Lighted Pathway next month for the important report on the Alumni Association of the Church of God Bible Training School and College. You are entitled to know all about it.

Meet its newly elected officials and learn:

- Where, when, and how it was organized.
- Who was responsible for its organization.
- What its purpose is.
- Who is eligible for active and honorary membership.
- honorary membership.

  How YOU can help in its promotion.

REMEMBER. Complete illustrated account on the National Page next month. Read it!

# V.P.E. LESSONS

#### FAITH

Heb. 11:1-13

Thoughts for the Leader

True faith is an essential grace, and a mainspring of Christian life. By it the Christian overcomes the world, the flesh and the devil, and receives the crown of righteousness. A living or saving faith not only believes the great doctrines of religion as true, but embraces them with the heart and affections and is thus the source of sincere obedience to the divine will, exhibited in the life of a child of God. Let us note some elements of faith as given in the Word of God.

- 1. Leads to salvation, Heb. 11:6; John 3:16; 1 John 5:10-13.
- 2. Obtained by the Word, Rom. 10: 13-17; Titus 1:3.
- 3. The gift of God, Eph. 2:8; 1 Cor. 12:9.
- 4. Works by love, Gal. 5:6; Col. 1:4; 1 Thess. 1:3.
- 5. Produces peace, joy and hope, Rom. 5:1; 15:13; 1 Peter 1:8.
- 6. Brings blessings, 2 Cor. 5:17; Gal. 3:14; Eph. 3:17-19.
- 7. Endures trials, 2 Thess. 1:4; James 1:2-4; 1 Peter 1:7.
  - 8. A shield, Eph. 6:16; 1 Thess. 5:8. SOME EXAMPLES OF FAITH

Num. 13:30; Gen. 22:1-3; Dan. 3:17; Ruth 1:16-18; Acts 5:8; Dan. 6:10; 2 Tim. 4:6-8.

#### VAIN FAITH

All faith is not of God and we are living in a day that it is easy for people to be deceived. Try out your faith by the Word of God. If it measures to the teachings of the Bible, and your life is holy, then it will be pleasing to the Lord and bring forth fruits for Him. The devil had faith to believe some things but he trembled. James 2:19. "Without faith we cannot please God," but we must prove our faith by our works.

#### RESULTS OF FAITH

Faith reveals righteousness of God. Rom. 1:17. If we have faith as a grain of mustard seed we can see mountains of discouragement, worry, trials and persecutions flee away. God wants us to exercise our faith so it will grow, and as the mustard seed will not mix with other seeds, so, even if our faith be small, if kept free from the seeds of doubt and unbelief, great and

mighty things can be done for God. Faith in God enables me to make things, which seem impossible of fulfillment, to come true.

#### FAITH GIVES:

- 1. Confidence, Eph. 3:12.
- 2. Comfort, 1 Thess. 4:13-18.
- 3. Strength, Heb. 11:24-27.
- 4. Growth, 2 Thess. 1:3.
- 5. Promise, Matt. 25:23.6. Victory, 1 John 5:4,5.
- 7. Healing, Matt. 9:22.

Faith is the anchor of the soul and is to the Christian on his pilgrim journey what the compass is to the seaman. By it we can dispel the dark clouds of doubt, and visualize the future that lies ahead; seeing Him who is invisible, yet knowing He is ever present. Even when earthly things look so dark that we can not penetrate them, we can, by faith, look beyond the failures and strife of our own commonplace life, and get a glimpse of God's love and glory. Faith takes hold on the unseen and keeps us steadfast and sure.

Sublime is the faith of a lonely soul
In pain and anguish cherished;
Sublime the spirit of hope that lives
When earthly hope has perished.
Sublime is the thought that He ever
knows.

Each trial and test that we meet,
But our faith will be crowned with a
love divine

When we lay our sheaves at His feet.

#### THE VALUE OF FRIENDSHIP

Prov. 18:24

Leader's Thoughts

Friendship brings companionship, Gal. 6:2; Prov. 27:10a.

Much of life is made up of joy and pleasure we derive from true friends—ones who share our hopes and aims, our sorrows and disappointments, as well as our highest goals or ambitions. We may take our joys to one friend and our sorrows to another, yet their companionship is a rich pleasure. Our text says that to have friends we must show ourselves friendly, and Emerson has rightly said, "The only way to have a friend is to be one."

#### FRIENDSHIP MEANS UNDERSTAND-

ING

#### Prov. 17:17

It is possible for all to have understanding friends. A true friend is one who knows all about you and admires you just the same; not one who tries to manage your affairs or asks unnecessary questions, but a real friend

is one that can be relied upon at all times. He understands when all others have failed. A friend who is true to you is one who, though he may see your failures and faults, does not magnify them to others and thus endanger your influence or friendly relations with another person.

#### A TRUE FRIEND HELPS YOU GAIN YOUR GOAL

True friendship leads and holds us to the highest standards of life. A true friend will not betray your highest ambitions nor disappoint you when your goal seems near at hand. They help you to succeed along life's pathway. True friendship is a rare treasure not to be trifled with.

# TRUE FRIENDSHIP CENTERS OUR THOUGHTS ON OTHERS Prov. 18:24.

We cannot receive friendship from others if the center of our thoughts is self. True friends demand a share in our life and thoughts. Respect the rights and privileges of your friends, if you wish to gain and hold the friendship of your associates. You must show yourself worthy of being a friend, if you wish to have friends. Let the "human touch" be prevalent in your life; share the joys and sorrows of others, and life will have a brighter outlook, the trials of life will seem less burdensome, and the days less dreary.

#### JESUS OUR BEST FRIEND John 15:12-14

Jesus is a friend above all friends in the world. He is one who understands and who will take us in when all others have turned their backs on us. This friend left His mansion in glory, came into this sinful world to rescue lost humanity and was willing to suffer death on the cruel cross of Calvary to save you. Is not His friendship worth seeking and keeping? Do not longer reject this greatest of all friends, but accept Him when He seeks your friendship. Why not be persuaded to accept Him as your best friend? He will never leave nor forsake.

A friend calling upon Alexander Proctor in his feebler years found the aged minister and saint sitting in his big chair out on the lawn, alone. The visitor remarked sympathizingly, "You must be very lonely these days, since you are unable to preach and visit among your friends." "No, no," replied the good man; "while I cannot work any more, or even go out among my friends, yet I am not lonely; I just sit

here through the long hours on the green grass, under the spreading trees, and talk with God and God talks with me." "It is our high privilege to know God; to walk with Him and talk with Him; to feel the throb of His heart and the touch of His hand and the thrill of His presence. And no greater need confronts our busy age, with its gross materialism and tyranny of things, than that we who are children of the light shall enter into this deeper experience of fellowship with the Divine, for herein alone is peace and satisfaction of soul."

Two well-known men have habitually launched together for nearly twenty years. Many times they sit together eating their noonday meal in silence. Not a word may pass between them, but they finish with a feeling of refreshment in both body and spirit.

Such is the effect of friendly understanding, neither expecting too much of the other, willing to give and take in jocular or in tender sentimentalities, as the spirit may move them.

God planted a desire for friendship in our souls, and it is our province to nourish and cultivate that phase of our nature, with a spirit of generosity, forgiveness, and helpfulness.

Souls are going down in despair for lack of friendship. Right in our churches, God is sending men and women, boys and girls, that we may give that friendly touch that would encourage their hearts to fight their battles bravely. Are we watching for an opportunity to befriend somebody?

"Yes" or "no" answers will not do.

How careful should we be of our reputations in the selections of friends?

How can we use our friendship for Christ?

Should we ever select friends because they can help us?

- 1. How may we recognize false friends?
- 2. How may we show true friend-ship?
  - 3. How far should our friendship go?
  - 4. What kind of friend am I?
  - 5. Who chooses my friends?
- 6. Am I willing to let God teach me true friendship? Prov. 27:6; 1 Pet. 4:8. Adversity and difficulty are often

acid tests of friendship.

In answering that question, one has written, "I will tell you. He is a person with whom you dare to be yourself. Your soul can go naked with him. He seems to ask of you to put on nothing, only to be what you are. When you are

with him you feel as a prisoner feels who has been declared innocent. You do not have to be on your guard. You can say what you think, so long as it is genuinely you. He understands those contradictions in your nature that leads others to misjudge you. With him you breathe freely. You can avow your shortcomings, and in opening them up to him, they are lost, dissolved in the ocean of his loyalty.

## THINGS WORTH KNOWING ABOUT THE BIBLE

Psa. 119:9-16.

NOTE: We are giving in this lesson material for a program on the Bible, hoping that it may stimulate Bible study among our young people. We would suggest to the leader that you use "What the Bible Means to Me Alphabetically," by distributing them among your members and calling for them by letter. Use other material given as you see best. You might offer a prize for the one who gives the largest number by memory.

### WHAT THE BIBLE IS TO ME ALPHABETICALLY

The Bible is to me-

A—The Book of Authority. It is the authority on God, man, sin, salvation, heaven and immortality.

B—The Book of Books. "Bring me the Book," said Sir Walter Scott. "Which book?" asked his attendant. "There is but one Book," was the reply.

C—The Book of Christ. Christ is the center and circumference of the Bible. He is its light and power, its hope and peace for mankind.

D—The Book of Directions. It tells the way to success, to real wealth, to happiness, to God and heaven. Jesus is the way.

E—The Book of Eternity. Its beginning touches eternity past, and its ending touches eternity future. It it both timeless and time-ful.

F—The Book of Faith. It tells what faith is, what it does. It tells of the heroes of faith, and the glories of a life of faith in God.

G—The Book of God. It reveals God, His personality, His love, His power, His purpose in the world, His redemption and His home on high.

H—The Book of Heaven. It is of heaven, it stoops heaven to earth, and it lifts earth to heaven. Its religion is the religion of heaven.

I—The Book of Inspiration. It is God-inspired, and it inspires men. "How precious is the Book, by inspiration given."

J—The Book of Joy. It tells of the joy of the Lord, the joy of salvation, the joy of service, the joy unspeakable and full of glory.

K—The Book of Knowledge. It tells of the knowledge that is highest, the knowledge of Him in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom.

L—The Book of Life. It reveals eternal life, abundant life, and it is itself a life-giving Book, its truths are life-filled.

M—The Book of Miracles. It is itself a miracle of unity in diversity. It records miracles, and it works spiritual miracles today.

N—The Book of the New Birth. "Ye must be born again," it says. It tells how we are born anew, and if we are in Christ we are new creatures.

O—The Book of Obligations. It tells us our obligations to God, to each other and to ourselves. It gives the rewards of duties done.

P—The Book of Prayers. The prayer of Solomon and the prayer of Jesus we find here, and God's answers to the prayers of His believing people.

Q—The Book of Questions. Great questions there are: "What think ye of Christ?" "What shall I do then with Jesus?" "Where art thou?"

R—The Book of Religion. Other books of religion there are, but this is the exclusive book on the only religion that came from heaven.

S—The Book of Salvation. It tells of Jesus in whom alone is salvation. It says, "Neither is there salvation in any other."

T—The Book of Thanksgiving. It rings with the spirit of thanksgiving. "Enter into his gates with thanksgiving." "Be thankful unto Him."

U—The Book of Unity. Written by forty different writers, through 1,600 years of time, yet unified in one personality, Jesus. Wonderful!

V—The Book of Voices. The voice of God, of praise, of conscience, of duty, of the Spirit—these are heard, and we see people obeying.

W—The Book of Worship. It tells us the nature and glory of worship, the greatest and highest act of the soul on earth or in heaven.

X—I let X stand for the unknown quantity, for the unknown answers to questions and problems, whose solutions are reserved for heaven.

Y—The Book of Youth. Jesus was a young man. The apostles were young men. Youthfulness and vigor thrill its truths and purposes.

Z—The Book of Zeal. It tells of the

zeal. It tells of the zeal and enthusiasm that marked the Master, the prophets and apostles. It inspires zeal today. Therefore commit it, admit it, submit to it, transmit it.—Henry E. Hodge, in *The Watchman-Examiner*.

#### LIGHTED PATHWAY LESSON PROGRAM

For your fourth lesson this month, we suggest that you use material from the paper for your meeting. We will suggest some subjects, but you may use just what you think best. The same thing will not appeal to everyone. Here are suggestions:

The Temperance Page.

The Reading Page. Someone might discuss the article on the life of Robert Morrison or that of Pandita Ramabai, suggested on the Reading Page. It might encourage some to read who would not do so otherwise. Please encourage your young people to read.

Poem found on page eleven, "The Way I take."

Temperance page poem, "Jim and Me."

A talk on "Personal Evangelism," with poem, "Forgive me, Lord."

Choose songs with a message and call on your young people to pray. Concert prayer will never train them to lead in public prayer. They will be afraid of their voices. To my honest opinion, we have too much concert prayer for the good of our young people.

Appoint a good leader early, so he will have time to study his program well. This should always be done. It is not fair to a leader nor to the Y.P.E. to call on them the last minute to prepare a program, so if you want a good meeting bear this in mind.

#### JESUS, MY PHYSICIAN

(Continued from page 17)

decided then to let nothing hinder me from studying the Bible under him as a preparation for Christian work.

By teaching, I soon saved enough to enter New York Missionary Training College. It was then a small school, but I went to learn of Jesus, and I was not disappointed. Oh, how fresh and precious are those days still!

Soon I found myself in city mission work in New York, in connection with the Methodist Episcopalian Church.

I give these steppings in my life to show God's faithfulness to me, and that He saves and heals us that we may serve Him. I rejoice that God is making Galatians 2:20 more and more real to me as I go on to live for Him. It is very kind of my dear Lord to let me spend His strength in telling others of His love, and being a helper to my husband in the work of the gospel.

"Because Thy loving kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise Thee."

Note: Dear Sick Friend, if you are away off somewhere, with no one to pray with you, remember Jesus is there and will hear your prayer as He did in this case.

#### **LETTERS**

(Continued from page 16)

the book "Personal Soul Winning." He explains this to the entire congregation present for our meeting. No tests are given and no memory work done, since this is taught to every one. I realize that more benefit would be derived from the study of this material if it were possible to study it as recommended. This seems almost an impossibility in our church, though. We live so far apart that we can hardly meet on an extra night each week. Too, the young people did not seem very interested in the tests and memory work. The older people seem more interested in these lessons.

Amiable people, while they are more liable to imposition in casual contact with the world, yet radiate so much of mental sunshine that they are reflected in all appreciative hearts.—Madame Deluzy

May God bless you in your work. Pray for us and the success of our Y.P.E. I want to be a benefit where-ever I am. Your sister in Christ,—Mrs. Mozelle S. Lasyone, president, Jena Y.P.E., Urania, Louisiana.

## BACK ISSUES OF THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

We have some back issues of the Lighted Pathway that we will be glad to dispose of at 3c each, for distributing in new fields.

Many have written in telling of the great blessing the May issue has been to them, for which we are thankful. This is one of our latest issues and you can help the Publishing House and also be a blessing on the field. Now is the time to help your state swell its circulation.

We have other issues, also, and will give full credit for all you may use.—Sincerely, Alda B. Harrison.

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#### SUMMER SCHOOL REPORT

On June 4, 117 students enrolled for the first semester of summer school. Of this number, fifty-six enrolled in High School, thirty-nine in Religious Education, seventeen in College, and five special students. There are fiftythree girls and sixty-three boys. Forty of the boys are veterans.

We have a very fine group of students who have already settled down to ten weeks of diligent study. School is held six days each week and most classes are over by noon. From 1:00 P. M. to 3 P. M. the students study or go to the library.

We are very fortunate to have Miss Vivian Becker, of Gettsyburg, South Dakota, with us this summer. She is a graduate of Northern State Teachers' College, Aberdeen, South Dakota, and will be teaching English and Bible.

After study hours, they play ball, swim in the river, go fishing, or take a walk. Sevierville is beautiful in the summer. Some of the students have already made trips to the mountains and hiked to some high peaks.

Services are held in the small auditorium, and already we have witnessed the work of God's Holy Spirit. A number have been saved and others have manifested great interest. A sweet spirit prevails at every service, and Brother Simmon's messages are still as inspiring as they were during the fall term.

We are anticipating a substantial increase in the enrollment the second semester, which begins July 5.

#### South Carolina Youth Rally, Anderson, S. C.

(Continued from page 20)

Rock Hill, was awarded a set of Matthew Henry's Commentary.

The final service, Saturday evening, was a great service with a very special outpouring of the Holy Ghost in the devotional. The mayor of Anderson was present to express his deep appreciation for the work of the Church of God in the city of Anderson and of the youth rally convening there.

The rally concluded with the presentation of a play entitled, "Armed for the Conflict," by the Y.P.E. of South Greenville church. This play presented a great thought and was enacted with ability and zeal to prove to the world there is a conflict to face for everyone who has enlisted in the army of the Lord.

Last but by no means least, we must say our beloved state overseer, Rev. Zeno C. Tharp, worked as if he were a sixteen-year-old in making this convention a success.

Long live the memories of this great and most successful youth rally, with all who attended.

Reporter Committee:
Rev. J. L. McCoy, Chairman,
Lionell Morgan,
Mary Osbon.

#### THE EDITOR'S MESSAGE

(Continued from page 2)

parched leaves, the scanty grass, the gnarled roots, and the unfragrant weeds which hemmed his pathway. One bit of gold made him alive to what was below him, and dead to what was above him. Money can draw away men's hearts from the beautiful facts of the spiritual life to the refuse and weeds of the world. The Christian looks up and not down.

A poor Italian greengrocer, living in France, was saying good-bye to her boy. She had great ambitions for him. "My boy," she said, "when you come back, try to come back somebody." The lad reached Paris and managed to get a situation in which he worked very hard. When other fellows were out swinging their canes and smoking, he was trying to learn things. His study was just a little attic. He worked on and on; he had set his affection on being somebody. One day, a great man was taken ill, so that he could not prepare a speech he had promised to deliver. He sent to the attic for this young man, and asked him to take his place. The young man did it, and his speech made a great stir. Next morning, everyone was asking, "Who is the fine orator?" He rose until, at thirty-two, he was the leader of Paris, and the greatest speaker of the Republic. When he died, men said, "The Republic has lost its greatest man." His name was Gambetta; some of the big boys and girls may have heard of him. His life is an example of perseverance and industry. He had kept his eyes on the higher things of life and had reached his goal.

There was a famous painter called Guido. One day, he was asked from what models he got his beautiful female faces. Guido called to a dirty, ugly-looking Italian beggar, and told him to stand looking up to the sky. Then the painter took a brush, and painted a most lovely woman's face. The beautiful thought was in himself. It did not matter how ugly the model was. Boys and girls, if we have high and beautiful thoughts, the ugliness that is in the world cannot hurt us.

You say you cannot understand what is meant by setting your affection on things above. In the form of an allegory, Bunyan tells the story of a man who had come to realize that to set one's affection on the world meant, in the end, destruction. He felt very miserable, and did not know what to do. Setting out to escape it, he met a man called Evangelist. "What shall I do?" he cried. "Do you see yonder wicket gate?" Evangelist asked. The man said, "No." Then said the other, "Do you see yonder shining light?" He said, "I think I do." Then said Evangelist, "Keep that light in your eye, and go up directly thereto, so shalt thou see the gate; at which when thou knockest, it shall be told what thou shalt do."

Boys and girls, you know the shining light. Does it not come to you when you read a book telling of noble deeds? It comes to you sometimes when you have said your prayers. You feel it when you sing certain hymns. You sing "Nearer My God to Thee," don't you? And at times you imagine you understand the words. It is the shining light. To repeat the words of Evangelist, "Keep that light in your eye, and go up directly thereto; so shalt thou see the gate, at which when thou knockest, it shall be told what thou shalt do." On what are you setting your affection?

There are two seas in Palestine.

One is fresh, and fish are in it. Splashes of green adorn its banks. Trees spread their branches over it, and stretch out their thirsty roots to sip of its healing waters.

Along its shores, the children play, as children played when Jesus was there. He loved it. He could look across its silvery surface when He spoke His parables. And on a rolling plain not far away, He fed five thousand people.

The river Jordan makes this sea with sparkling water from the hills. So it laughs in the sunshine. Men build their houses near to it; and birds, their nests; and every kind of life is happier because it is there.

The river Jordan flows on south into another sea.

Here is no splash of fish, no fluttering leaf, no song of birds, no children's laughter. Travelers choose another route, unless on urgent business. The air hangs heavy above its waters, and neither man nor beast nor fowl will drink.

What makes this mighty different in these neighbor seas? Not the river Jordan. It empties the same good water into both. Not the soil in which they lie; not the country round about.

This is the difference. The Sea of Galilee receives but does not keep the Jordan. For every drop that flows into it, another drop flows out. The giving and receiving go on in equal measure.

The other sea is shrewder, hoarding its income jealously.

It will not be tempted into any generous impulse. Every drop it gets, it keeps.

The Sea of Galilee gives and lives. This other sea gives nothing. It is named the Dead Sea.

There are two kinds of people in the world.

There are two seas in Palestine.

#### The Invitation of God's Word

It is said that when Dr. Spurgeon was enlarging and remodeling his great tabernacle, and the work was about done, he went to the platform to test the acoustics. Thinking the auditorium was empty, he lifted his voice in the recital of John 3:16. High up on a bit of scaffolding was a workman just finishing his task. The Word of God found its place in his heart at that moment and he became a Christian.

# SHUTIN PAGE

Dear Sister Harrison:

I thank you for being so good to me. You have furnished the Lighted Pathway to me free for two and one-half years. Sister, you don't know what that paper has meant to me. I have received many blessings since reading it. It is food for my soul. To me, it is next to the Holy Bible.

On July 18, 1943, I called a group of young ladies together and organized a real Bible class right out of this paper. Since then it has continued to grow. This paper also has helped me much in my Sunday School classes. I want you good friends to pray for me, that I may grow stronger in these religious activities.

I have been an invalid for four and one-half years, but I feel that God is going to heal me. I can't thank you enough for this paper; it is everything to me.—Eliza Jane Garret.

NOTE: You may wonder how this woman is doing this work for God when she is an invalid. She is in a T.B. sanitarium, but she loses no time in working for God. Let us pray for her healing.—Ed.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have been a shut-in for eight years and I am forty-eight years old now. Please pray for me.—Mrs. Mae Hubbard, Rt. 3, c|o A. C. Holdren, Elizabethton, Tenn.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have lived in this wheel chair for nine years, but the Lord has been so good to me by letting me stay here. I was sixty-eight years old last March. Sometimes I am carried to the church and I enjoy it so much. I would appreciate hearing from all my friends.—Mrs. M. L. Hunsuches, 104 N. Maple St., Kannapolis, N. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Please add Mrs. S. M. Beddingfield, Box 172, Williamston, S. C., to your list of shut-in friends. She has been a shut-in for a year. She is a good Christian wife and mother; a very good Christian friend to all. She had a stroke of paralysis and all her left side is paralyzed. Pray for her, that she may be healed if it is the Lord's will.—Marguerite Williams, Williamston, S. C.

L. A. Irons, 204 Maple, Terre Haute, Ind., who is seventy-five years of age, has been a paralyzed shut-in for five years.

Florence Madler, 117 S. Bozeman, Bozeman, Mont., and Raymond Easthope, 318 N. Bozeman, Mont., c o R. G. Shinkle, are shut-ins.

Names and addresses sent in by Pauline Klaudt, Bozeman, Mont.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am sending in my name for membership with the shut-in club. I would like to receive letters from any of God's children. Remember me when you pray. I am forty-five years old.—Emily C. Carter, Rt. 1, Coffee, Ga.

\_ \_ \_

Dear Sister Harrison:

A friend brought me a copy of the Lighted Pathway for June, 1945. I enjoyed reading the magazine very, very much. It was really encouraging to shut-ins. I speak from self-experience, since I have been a shut-in for over thirteen years. I can truly say that during these years my Savior has been very near and real to me, and I cannot compare the suffering of the present time with the glory that awaits us up there. I have purposed in my

heart to serve God and do what I can in my weak way for the glory of God and to lead sinners to Jesus.—Elizabeth Manning, Box 165, Grifton, N. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have been asked to write to the young people of the Lighted Pathway and I hardly know how to begin.

I am a helpless invalid and have been in bed for twenty-one years. I have to lie on my face and stomach all the time. I suffer every moment. Childbirth is the cause of my condition. My husband has left and forsaken me, and my baby died. I have been through very much trouble. My good parents have both died. It was so hard to give them up. My father was a Church of God preacher. He walked thousands of miles to preach the gospel.

God only knows how much I have suffered. April 3, I will be thirty-nine years old. The doctors say there is no cure for my case. I know God is able to heal me and I am still trusting Him. I don't know what I would do if it wasn't for the Lord.

I surely enjoy the Lighted Pathway. Some good friends have sent it to me. I have been greatly encouraged since I have been reading it.

I will be glad to answer all mail, if postage is sent. Please pray for me earnestly.—Florence Cunningham, Rt. 1, Steele, Mo.

# NOT SHUT IN

"They say that I'm shut in—
That four grim walls rise up about
To hem me in—but they can't see

How one day Faith, with conqu'ror's shout

Led forth an host and set me free! How God commanded them, 'March' 'round!"

'Til fell my walls flat on the ground!

"They say that I'm shut in— But on the sure, safe wings of prayer I travel far, at home, abroad,

Just here, and there, and everywhere,

In sweet companionship with God. He points the way from land to land, And, oh, the hours thus spent are grand!

"They say that I'm shut in—
But oft I go to sick and lone;
I visit hospitals and jails;
I ever ask, 'God bless Thine own,

And comfort those whose courage fails';

I bring to Him those bound in sin,
To break their chains; THEY are
'shut in.'

"They say that I'm shut in—
Because my helpless wasted form,
So twisted, useless, years gone by,

Lies torn and battered by the storm; But that's my body—that's not I— My spirit has by Christ been freed— And whom He frees is free indeed!

"They say that I'm shut in—
Yet I have ventured in a race,
To win the prize full fair and square;
I'll faithful run, in humble place,
That I the crown of life may wear—
That day I'll prove beyond a doubt,
I'm NOT shut in, nor yet shut out!"

—From God's Window Sill in Gospel Herald.



# Prison Page

Con Con

Dear Sister Harrison:

On January 26, 1946, I had been in jail for about five months. I was in serious trouble. God allowed it to happen to me because of the life I was living. My mother had prayed so hard for me to get saved. On this special morning, Brother C. A. Dryman came to the jail to see me. He is the pastor here at Ft. Lauderdale. He came in to have a few words with me and he told me he would help me if he knew he could trust me. That was when the Lord got hold of me. The pastor didn't stay but just a few minutes, and said the few words he had to say and left. When he had gone, I went back to my cell. I was crying, for the Lord was calling me then. The Lord wonderfully saved me that night in my cell. I promised Him if He would only save me and take me out of that place, I would do anything He said. The Lord answered my prayer and on the seventh day of February I was a free man.

I am twenty-one years of age and have a wife and two children. I praise the Lord for His wonderful blessings to me. Before I went to prison, I was a drunkard and most anything else you could mention, but now I am on fire for God. Praise His name!

Brother Skutar was running a revival here at Ft. Lauderdale Church of God. I went to church that night and the Lord surely did bless my soul. I was sanctified and a few nights later I received the Holy Ghost and shouted all over the altar. The Lord has really been good to me. Many have been blessed in this revival. My wife and father were among the number to be saved, sanctified and filled with the Holy Ghost. My wife

had never been in a holiness church before.

I hope this will be a blessing to someone, especially the boys in prison, for the same God who saved me will do the same for you if you will only trust and turn yourself over into His hands. In all my prayers, I ask the Lord to bless all the people in prison, for I was a prisoner once myself. Please pray for me and my loved ones.—J. B. Smith, Jr., Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

Dear Mr. Blanton:

Just a few lines to try to tell you how much I enjoyed talking to you today, and to try to express my sin-

cere gratitude to you for your kindness and for the inspiration your sane advice gave me. After you left this afternoon, a local preacher visited us and very capably delivered a very touching message from God. He told us of the wonderful blessings God daily bestows upon His children, and of His willingness and anxiousness to forgive our sins. This, after talking with you, has given me new hope. Maybe God's great forgiving grace will accept me back into His fold as one of His faithful flock, even though my sins have been so many and so terrible that to accept me back God will have to show greater love and understanding than has ever been shown before.

I earnestly request your prayers, Mr. Blanton, asking God to forgive me, because I feel it will take the prayers of a Christian man, along with mine, to gain the forgiveness of such a wretched sinner as I. I will never be able to express, in full, the deep and sincere thanks to you, which is in my heart. Only a man such as you, who has known the great joy of awakening from the hectic nightmares of a sinful life, into the beautiful awareness of God and His peaceful rewards for the righteous, can know how I feel.

I would appreciate more advice from you, sir, with more of the sound (Continued on page 30)

#### THE WOUNDS OF CHRIST

Stella Bright Ullom

Nail-prints in the hands of Jesus!
What do they mean to me?
Lord, open mine ears that I may hear
And mine eyes that I may see.

Give me a heart that is pure and clean
And a mind that understands
The message You're trying to bring to

me

De the mail prints in Vacua hands

By the nail-prints in Your hands.

Is Your heart that was pierced by the soldier's spear

Being wounded again for me?

Am I making You drink again the cup

That You drained in Gethsemane?

Am I waiting too long to answer, "I will,"

To your loving invitation?
Will I tarry and wait until it's too late,
Then lose my soul's salvation?

O Savior, sometimes the burdens press And the way seems long and weary; Sometimes the cares of this world distress

And the days seem dark and dreary.
Sometimes misery crushes our hearts
And grips them like cruel steel
bands!

Can you lighten the burden and brighten the way

By the nail-prints in Your hands?

Can wounds in the hands and feet of my Lord

Ply on the heartstrings of men,
And cause the chords that are broken

and strained

To vibrate and throb once again?

Ah, yes! for the heart that was broken for me

Is a heart that understands!

And all the sorrows of earth can be healed

By the nail-prints in His hands!
—Contributed.

# The Man Without a Soul

(Continued from last issue)

I have seen people make preparations to go on a pleasure trip. I have seen the joy of anticipation on the part of those going to visit their own homestead. But I have never seen a joy such as this man had in the anticipation of leaving this world. As he would look over the things that he would wear on the scaffold, he would smooth them out and look at them as a bride would look at her outfit.

When they were putting up the scaffold and the sound of the hammer would be so loud that we could scarcely hear ourselves read and pray, he would say, at my remark about the awfulness of the sound: "Why, Mother, do not worry. They never did a greater thing for me than putting up that scaffold. It will only be for a moment. Think what this means to me to be able to leave this world that has meant nothing but sin and shame and hard fighting, to be with God. You ought to be thankful all your life that you made the biggest crook that ever lived, love Jesus,"

The last night of Spencer's life on earth, the night when condemned prisoners are permitted to have practically whatever they wish, and which they generally spend in playing cards, Spencer's only request was that Dr. and Mrs. Evans and their son Louis stay with him part of the night, spending the time in the singing of hymns, the reading of the Bible, and prayer.

This request was granted. While this service was going on, the court yard was filled with hundreds of people trying to get a glimpse of the man who was to hang in the morning. Clear and happy, the voice of the condemned prisoner could be heard throughout the whole court yard singing. We left Spencer at midnight to go home and get rest. He too, said he was going to sleep as soundly as a child. The guard who was with him that night told me that Spencer slept as peacefully as a babe.

At five o'clock in the morning, he was awakened by a chorus of young ladies from the churches in the neighborhood who had come to sing hymns for him. He immediately arose and joined in the singing. He was very happy. Dr. Evans and I went down to the jail at 7:30 that morning.

Spencer had asked to be given communion and to have his last words with us. The quiet scene upstairs during the hour of communion, and talking of the things belonging to that other and larger life, will never be forgotten by the writer. To sit and speak to a man who is in the prime of his life, healthy and strong, and with apparent prospect of many years of life-to speak to him of those things, knowing that in an hour or two he would realize them, is an experience which cannot very well be put on paper. I said, "You seem so wonderfully happy and so strange this morning." He replied, "That is because I am so near to God. You may have to live years, battling and struggling down here, and it could not be expected but what I would seem indifferent."

At nine o'clock, I left my husband, after Spencer had given me the little things that were in his cell, he himself tying and wrapping them up as quietly and serenely as if he were always to stay here. He tried to thank me for what I had done for him, and his last words to me were, "God bless you, Mother." My husband remained, as he was to go with Spencer to the scaffold. The last glimpse I got of this man whom the world called "the man without a soul" will remain as the vision of one who, though he had been a great sinner, had found a great Savior and was rejoicing in a great and blessed hope.

The execution of Henry Spencer can be best described by my husband, who went with the condemned man to the scaffold.

"I was alone with Spencer from nine o'clock on the morning of his execution until his death at 10:22. Mrs. Evans and I had spent an hour



or so with him, encouraging him in his faith and hope in God. At nine o'clock, she left the jail, and I was alone with the condemned man. He narrated to me the story of his life from its beginning until that hour. Among other things he said, 'It is true, Doctor, that I have been a crook, a thief, and a bad man. I have hated everybody until December 10 last, when I found Christ as my Savior. Now I am going into the presence of my King and my Judge, but I can say to God that my hands have not been stained with the blood of any one. I am not a murderer, and the only time I ever saw Mrs. Rexroat, for whose murder I am to be hanged, was the one hour I danced with her that night. Who killed her, I do not know, but I am satisfied to die, because I am ready. It may be that the man who really murdered her is not prepared to meet his God. I am sure that God has forgiven all my sins and that I shall see the King. I am innocent of this crime.'

"The sheriff then came to the cell to read the death warrant to Spencer. It was really wonderful to see the calmness of the prisoner as contrasted with the nervous condition of the sheriff, and also to see how Spencer tried to comfort and encourage the sheriff by telling him he must not feel bad; that he was only doing his duty; that that was the happiest hour of his life. Spencer was then led out of the cell, his hands tied behind him, accompanied by the sheriff, two deputies and myself. As we came to the foot of the scaffold, Spencer ran ahead of me and bounded up the stairway two steps at a time and took his place on the trap door. Those who witnessed the execution will never forget the scene, nor will they ever forget the look on the face of the condemned man and the expression of confidence, hope, and joy which was born of faith in Christ.

"He told me that he wanted to quote some favorite Psalms and also to give his testimony on the scaffold before he died. To this, the sheriff consented. So when everything was quiet, Spencer began to quote some of his favorite Psalms—the twenty-third and two others. He said:

"'My friends, I am glad to have this opportunity to tell you that I have found peace and joy at last. I have found a mother in Mrs. Evans, who brought into my miserable life a trust in God, which is in my heart now. She

howed me the way of salvation, even hrough the trap of the scaffold. The even months and twenty-one days hat are ending now have been the nappiest ones in my life, and that llone, whether guilty or not, is worth oing to the gallows for. I have found beace, joy, and happiness in believing n Jesus Christ.'

"Spencer then made a declaration of his innocence. He said, 'You are ioubtless interested to know whether am innocent or guilty of this crime or which I am being hanged. My riends, I am innocent of the crime for which I am being hanged.' He said, 'I am ready now, Sheriff.'

"His arms and legs were then pinoned, the white shroud was put over nis body; his glasses were taken off and given to me; the rope was adusted around his neck; the cap placed over his head; and in the nidst of prayer, his body shot to its ieath.

"The impressions made upon those who witnessed the execution are beyond pen to describe. Men who were skeptical and unbelieving with reference to this man's convictions, had their unbelief changed to faith. They had never expected to see such confidence and hope in the face of death. Some of the people, I am told, left the enclosure, after the confession, before the hanging took place. Many went away saying that they had never seen the power of God so manifest as they had seen it that day."

The body of Spencer was placed in a casket, on which were placed two simple bouquets of flowers, one from Dr. and Mrs. Evans, and the other from Judge McKinzie Cleland, of Chicago. A brief service was held at the cemetery.

Thus ends the story of the wonderful conversion of a great sinner. And there are thousands like him in and out of prison who could be saved and made useful citizens if only they had a real chance in life to make good, and if in their sin and desperation some Christian man or woman would take to them the gospel of the loving and powerful Son of God, who came into the world to save such "chief of sinners." Are we His followers? "As the Father hath sent me, so have I sent you." He said, "I was in prison and ye came unto me." "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least (and shall we say, most unworthy) of these, ye did it unto me."—Word and work.

#### PRAYER PAGE When Prayers Are Answered

(Continued from page 9) There are few skeptics

among men rescued from the jungles of New Guinea.

One young corporal remarked, "I guess it took this war to bring us to our senses and make us realize our need of God."

One night a group of us were taking a 75-truck convoy of parts and ammunition down an unknown road. We were running under blackout conditions. Enemy patrols were near. I couldn't see any of my companions, but around about me in the darkness, I could hear a throaty muttering. The men were praying. Some of the best prayers I know have come from the lips of soldiers, previously unreligious, who suddenly, in the midst of battle, have made their peace with God. One veteran member of a bomber crew confided in me after a particularly hot engagement with Jap zeros, "Chaplain, we sure prayed all the way home. And God heard us!"

In order for your prayers to work, you've got to make a concentrated mental effort. It is not enough to long for something in a formless sort of way. You can't get there by mere yearning. Prayer is hard work. It requires discipline.

Then again, if you want your appeal to bear fruit, you must think yourself into the situation of the answered prayer, and live and act on that conviction. When you pray, you can't afford to hedge: you've got to stake everything on God's power and willingness to help.

#### **Great Hazards**

Great things thro' greatest hazards are achiev'd,

And then they shine.

—Beaumont and Fletcher.

#### MOTHER IN EVERYDAY DRESS

Good morning to you, Mr. Artist, Here's a photograph I want you to paint:

Just a photograph of my mother In a style that is olden and quaint. 'Twas caught in a pocket camera One day as she sat all alone; The shades of the evening were falling,

And all of her work had been done.

Don't try to leave out any wrinkles Or bind up a straggling hair. 'Tis just as she looked on that evening, I want every one to be there. Her pictures at home in the album Are fairer than this one will be As she looked in the bloom of her beauty,

But this one is dearest to me.

I can look at all those and remember Her beauty and numberless charms;

I can look at this one and remember How she rocked me to sleep in her

Then make it as plain as this picture, Nor think I will love it the less; The dearest thing under the heavens Is a mother in everyday dress.

-Anon.

#### Trying Hard

A large martin got caught in a crack of a high building, and could not get loose. Three other birds fastened themselves upon the prisoner, and by pecking and nibbling were able to release the martin after two hours' hard work. You remember the Bible story of the palsied man whom four men brought to Jesus, and how Jesus healed the man and forgave his sins? Some times it takes several boys and girls to get one person to Jesus. And if we will keep at it, praying for Jesus to help us, we may be able to win many boys and girls to Him. Remember the birds and keep at it.



#### PRISON PAGE

(Continued from page 27)

advice that only today gave me strength to acknowledge and turn from the fruitless life of an ignorant sinner. Thanks again for your kind attention and concern over the fate of my miserable soul, and always in my prayers I will extend thanks to our wonderful God for sending you to me today. Please pray for me.—Furman Brown.

NOTE: This is a letter from a prisoner to a man who had visited him in his prison cell. Our Y.P.E.U. could do a great work among those men and women who have failed at the crossroads of life.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have been here only about a month. I was saved while awaiting trial in the county jail.

I had read a few copies of the Lighted Pathway before I came here and really enjoyed it very much. Just think of the surprise that I received when I found the Lighted Pathway in the library.

Please pray and ask everyone to pray for me and also to write me. I won't promise to answer all, but will answer some as the Lord provides.

I will close, hoping to meet you some day either on earth or in the new world. I am asking the Church of God people to pray much for me. Keep up the good work.—John Howard Riddles, Reg. 5589, Algoa Farms, Box 538, Jefferson City, Mo.

Dear Friend:

I am glad to know that you are saved. Perhaps God had to put you there to save your soul. You can do a great work there. God needs lights to shine in those dark prison cells to light others to Christ. We are praying that you will be able to win many of the prisoners to Christ. I am glad some one was wise enough to put the paper in the library for you to read. God bless you.

#### A Reading Revival Needed

Jesus said, "Search the Scriptures." When men have a keen, vigorous appetite for the things of God, they will love prayer and the reading of God's Word. A man who loves God wants to know what God has revealed and causes to be written for his instruction, concerning the life required of him. A man who reads and studies little is a poor type of Christian.—A Call to Prayer.

#### TEMPERANCE PAGE What Has Been Said

(Continued from page 6)

the pot-bellied, beer-swilling student of former times, and the old cigarette smoking, so-called smart society type of young woman must make way for the modern girl who, through physical training, will preserve her youthful elasticity until ripe old age," said he. Read what Solomon said, Prov. 23:29-32. Read Gal. 5:16,17, 22-26.—Sel.

#### IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE

(Continued from page 3)

that because Satan, driven from the re-created earth, by the breath of the divine Spirit, had taken refuge *in the air*. He is therefore called in Scripture, not only the 'Prince of this World,' but THE PRINCE OF THE POWER OF THE AIR.'

"Now, beloved, the Spirit of God has left the earth. The devil has taken his abode here with all his myriads of agents, and he is going to make earth as hot for those of us who will witness for God, as is hell itself to the lost.

"If we will witness for God during the years we are beginning today—called the years of 'the great tribulation,' they will probably be seven in number, and extend therefore to the dawning moment of the millennium—if we witness therefore for God, I say, during these intervening seven years, we may expect to meet with hideous trial and suffering.

"Antichrist will now soon make himself known—he will be a man, not a system, mind—he will mislead the Jews, who will now, immediately, return to their own land, and build their new temple. For a time, Antichrist will appear to be the friend of the Jews, but he will seek to force the most awful idolatry upon them. The mass of Jewry will accept all this.

"With the Jew, every Gentile will presently be compelled to accept Antichrist, and the Roman beast——"

A sound of protest was heard from a seat near the pulpit, as the bishop spoke of the "Roman beast." But the preacher took no note of the interruption and went on:

"The devil will be so mad at being cast down out of heaven, and because he knows he has such a very limited time to work against God, that he will call up all hell to stamp out God's people."

For one instant the bishop paused. He leaned over the pulpit edge, his eyes were full of light of a holy determination, but into his voice there crept a tender yearning, as he continued:

"Are we prepared for actual martyrdom? For this will certainly be the fate of many who will not bear about upon them the mark of the beast."

Again there came a growl from that seat near the pulpit. But the most solemn hush rested upon the vast mass of people.

Many of his own church were there. Many others, who had followed the criticisms of the more spiritual toned Christian papers, upon his pulpit and other utterances, were there. Every one waited breathlessly, wondering what contribution he would make to the great matter in hand.

It was evident that it was only by the exercise of tremendous will-power that he could restrain his emotions sufficiently to speak.

"God help me, dear friends!" he began, "for I know now that I have been a Judas to the Lord of life and Glory, whose professed servant I have been. I have gloried in my success, in the crowd that always filled my church, in the adulation of my intellectual powers by the press. But I have never glorified Christ. In a hundred subtle ways I have denied my Lord—He is my Lord now, I have found Him in the silence of the past cally denying His diety for years. I have talked learnedly, when I ought to have been walking humbly, andand-."

The strain was too much for him. Tears streamed down his face. He covered his face with his hands, and dropped, sobbing, into his seat.

Sobs broke from many of the people. Weeping is infectious. In another moment the released pent-up emotions would have become a storm that none could have stayed. But the bishop's voice called out,

"Let us pray!"

Every head was bent, and a prayer, such as London's Cathedral had never heard before, poured from the bishop's lips. The conclusion of the prayer was followed by a moment or two of deepest stillness.

The silence was, suddenly, sharply

broken by a full, rich voice crying:

"Sit up, dear friends! Hear ye the word of the Lord!"

As the people lifted their heads, a cry of amazement rang out from many throats:

"The Monk of ———!"

The face of the monk was familiar to all Londoners by his photograph, which, besides being on sale in the shops, had appeared again and again in magazines. He had a striking figure, and there was a curious picturesqueness about his appearance, with his smooth, clean-shaven face, eagle eyes, tonsured crown, and curious purple-brown cowled habit, girdled with a stout, yellow cord about the waist. His bare feet were sandaled. His hands, long, thin, with white tapering fingers, were outstretched a moment, then dropped slowly as he went on:

"These are times when no one of us may shrink from speaking the truth boldly, if the truth has been committed to us.

"With all due respect to our friend, Bishop ————, I would say, that all the surmises abroad in London today, and those that have been voiced in our hearing here during this hour, are wrong!

"The true meaning of the mysterious disappearance of so many ultra-Protestants, is this: The great end is near! God's work was being frustrated by those unholy zealots, who have been, therefore, graciously snatched away to hell, before they could do further mischief."

Murmurs of dissent and protest ran through the mass of people, like the low, sullen roar, at sea, of a coming storm.

The bishop thought of his translated wife. He knew, too, that God not only indwelt himself, now, but that He had guided him in speaking to the people. He rose in the pulpit to protest against the words of the Romanist.

But a voice cried out from the congregation:

"Let the monk have his say. These are strange times, and we would hear all sides before we can judge."

And the monk went on:

"His Supreme Holiness, the Pontiff, had been warned of God—as he is God's regent on earth—of the event that has happened in our midst. His priests were warned a few days ago, and in most of our churches, last Sunday, certain dark hints of the coming

catastrophe were given. God, therefore, now, calls upon you all, through me, to turn to the *true* church, the *real* church, the church of St. Peter's, the church of Rome——."

A storm of protesting murmurs rolled up from the people.

He waited, smiling confidently a moment. Then he went on:

"When all the inhabitants of the earth bear upon them the sign of the true church ———."

"THE MARK OF THE BEAST!" yelled a voice.

Another instant and there would have been a hideous uproar, but that everything became forgotten in a new excitement.

From outside, in the street, there rose the roar of a multitude, crying, "Fire!" Fortunately, the packed congregation within the Cathedral, one and all, realized that the alarming thing was outside, not inside the building, so that there was no panic.

In a few minutes the great place was cleared. The bishop, the great Nonconformist, and a dozen other ministers, and laymen, remained gathered as by a common instinct, by the pulpit.

"What is coming, brethren?"

"The power of Antichrist, and the manifestation of the man of sin, himself," cried the bishop, solemnly. "The monk of ———," he went on, "has been the first to voice the awful claims of this man of sin."

\* \*

A week later!!! Like a sow that returneth to the

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While we are waiting far aur Lord,
Let not aur hearts be fearing,
But let the Spirit like a dave
Just fill aur souls with heav'nly lave,
And cause aur eyes ta gaze above
And watch far His appearing.

The light is breaking in the east,
That Day of days is nearing;
Oh, then do help us, Lard, we pray,
To preach the gaspel while its' day,
That men from sin may turn away
And watch for His appearing.

Then when we reach that galden shore,
Ta which our barque we're steering,
We'll lay our cross at Jesus' feet;
Our hearts with jay will be replete,
When we behald His face sa sweet,
That Day at His appearing.

—Sel.

mire, London, England, the world had returned to its old careless life. The fever for sport, pleasure, money-getting, drinking, gambling, licentiousness, was fiercer than ever. Everyone aimed at forgetting what had happened a week before—and the bulk of the people were succeeding in finding the lethal element.

There had been many conversions during the first forty-eight hours after the translation of the church, but, since then, scarcely one. Already there had arisen, all over the land, all over the world in fact, as the American, Australasian, and Foreign Press telegrams made clear, a multitude of men and women who were preaching the maddest, most dangerous doctrines.

Among the most popular and successful of these was Spiritualism. Not the comparatively mild form known before the great translation, but an open, hideous, blasphemous exhibition that proved itself to be, what it had really always been—demonology.

Antichrist's sway had begun. Satan was a positive, active agent. The restraints of the Holy Spirit were missing, for HE had left the earth when the church had been taken away. Other restraints were also taken from the midst of the people, since, whether the world recognizes it or not, the fact remains, that the people of God are the salt, the preservative of the earth.

Final word! Whether or no the writer has failed in the purpose he had when he set pen to paper; whether or no he has bungled his subject; whether the reader is, or is not willing to accept the main statements of the special teaching in this book, does not really affect the real question, namely, The Near Return of our Lord. His word to us, whether we believe and accept it, or whether we slight and reject it, is:

"BEHOLD, I COME QUICKLY! BE YE ALSO READY, FOR IN SUCH AN HOUR AS YE THINK NOT, THE SON OF MAN COMETH."

"FOR THE LORD HIMSELF SHALL DESCEND FROM HEAVEN. . . . AND THE DEAD IN CHRIST SHALL RISE FIRST: THEN, WE WHICH ARE ALIVE AND REMAIN, SHALL BE CAUGHT UP TOGETHER WITH THEM IN THE CLOUDS, TO MEET THE LORD IN THE AIR: AND SO SHALL WE EVER BE WITH THE LORD!

TODAY?

PERHAPS!

The End

#### Don't Block Your Own Way

The following, in an exchange, tells a whole volume. Every boy who reads it should ponder its truth, and then do only the right thing:

I was sitting in the office of a merchant not long since, when a lad about sixteen entered with a cigar in his mouth. He said to the gentleman, "I would like to get a situation in your warehouse."

"I might give you a place, but you carry a very bad recommendation in your mouth," was the merchant's reply.

"I don't think it any harm to smoke, sir; nearly everybody smokes now."

"I am sorry to say, my young friend, I cannot employ you. If you have money enough to smoke cigars, you will be above working at the ordinary duties of your place, but if you have not money, your love of cigars might lead you to steal it. No boy who smokes can get employment in my warehouse."

A word to the wise is sufficient.

#### Seeing Both Sides

When you have a disagreement with another, try to imagine yourself in his place. From his standpoint how do your own claims appear? If you can see things as he does you may discover a weakness in your own position, or you may perhaps see a way to lead him more readily to recognize the rightness of your cause. The ability to see both sides of a matter under dispute always is an advantage in arriving at a solution that is equable and just to each of the parties concerned.—Selected.

#### CHILDREN'S PAGE

(Continued from page 4)

#### Letters

the fifth grade at school. I am saved, sanctified, and filled with the Holy Ghost. Please add my name to the M. O. H. Club list. I am sure I can qualify for membership. My mother is a member of the Church of God and my daddy is saved. Pray that he will receive the Holy Ghost.—Ora Jean Cox, Box 195, Wilcoe, W. Va.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I would like to be a member of the M. O. H. Club. I go to visit the colored people and take them literature. I think if I do that I make others happy. I also pray for them and do as the Word of God says, anoint them with oil, Acts 19:12; James 5:14.—Hoover L. Reynolds, Jackson-ville, Ala.

#### HAPPY HOME CIRCLE Home Discipline

(Continued from page 5)

know where he is nor what became of him. We do know that he was fast on the way to prison, and with such a heart and undisciplined life he might not have counted murder anything out of the ordinary.

Yet this mother thought she loved her son. Had she not read her Bible? Yes, she read it, but she must have missed this verse in Proverbs just quoted, and many others. Or did God make a mistake in saying such things about training children?

Oh, if parents only knew the end of undisciplined children! If only they realized that the time will come when they will make regular visits to a certain prison cell, and that one day will be the last visit as they watch their son walk out to the electric chair! If they only knew what love is!

Again the Word of God says, "Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying," Prov. 19:18. "Yes, but it hurts me to cause him so much pain—it hurts me more than it hurts him," you say. It cannot hurt you now more than it will hurt you when you see him land on the gallows or in the electric chair. Stepping on your toes will not hurt you nearly so much as stepping on your heart.

If God trains His children, who should know even more than children that are only humanly born, why should unregenerate children be let go on their evil way unrestrained? "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." Then, referring to the wise fathers, the writer says, "Furthermore we have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence: shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live?" Heb. 12:6, 9.

If parents do not correct and train



their sons (of course, this mean daughters, as well), they are turning them into bastards. Heb. 12:8. What son wants to be a bastard?

When facing the electric chair or the gallows, more than one son has blamed his mother, and rightly so for letting him go on his own way Do you, father, mother, want this to be your experience? If not, take God's way, who in His own way will show as Christ's coming that He has disciplined His children. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame! he remembereth that we are dust," Psa. 103:13, 14. The rod is sometimes God's channel of pity. "For he doth not afflict willingly not grieve the children of men. But though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies," Lam. 3:33 32.-H.

# HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED AND TRIED

(Continued from page 8)

from the fire when all the dross has been burned out.

My dear boys and girls, cut loose the shore lines and wade out into the deep. The enemy is after you, for he knows that a great army of young people are going out to defeat his plans and purposes. He wants you to give your strength, your talents and everything you possess to the upbuilding of his kingdom, and then after he is through with you, send you to the lake of fire which he has prepared for you. Make up your mind you are going through with God, live or die, sink or swim; go on, through cloud or sunshine, just the same, with your faces set like a flint toward that heavenly country to which we are going. We'll soon be there, and as we feast around that wonderful table at the marriage supper of the Lamb with our Bridegroom, and think about all the ways that we were led through this vale of tears, we will think of how very insignificant were the trials of the way compared with the joys of heaven.

How I wish I might put my arm of love and sympathy around every tempted one and let a few teardrops fall for you, for we surely do understand. We are praying for you and we need your prayers, for the Word tells us that we are to bear one another's burdens.

# PATRIOTIC PAGE "I've Hauled the Flag Down"

(Continued from page 7)
just leaving his office when one of the
finest men in the regiment stopped
him.

"Pardon me, sir, but may I speak to you? Do you know, sir, I was one of the boys who got Smith drunk three nights ago? We thought it was a joke. But I tell you, sir, when I heard Smith singing last night I called upon God to forgive me and save me, and He's done it, sir. I've been a bad lot, sir, God knows. But that's a thing of the past. I'm now going to live for Him."

And he's doing it.—Faithful Words.

#### PANDITA RAMABAI

(Continued from page 18)
Sarasvati, says of Ramabai's work:

"It was the answer to the centuries of mute protest of India's women against inhuman cruelty—the protest that was at last voiced in the eloquent life of one heroic woman who gathered the miseries of her sisters into her own heart and turned them into the sweetness of hope and the strength of prophecy."

On April 5, 1922, came the cable-gram to America, "Ramabai Promoted"—promoted to service above. Her work goes steadily on, a living testimony of 1 Cor. 1:27-29.

"God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are; that no flesh should glory in His presence.—Young People's Friend.

#### YOUTH PERSONAL EVANGE-LISTIC UNION

Personal Evangelism

(Continued from page 15) candidate for some office wins the majority of votes, it is usually through personal contact. How much more important then should we esteem the work of Jesus!

Tracts, too, play an important part—true, not everyone who reads them become Christians, but neither is everyone who hears a sermon saved.

Pastors will acknowledge that the best additions to their churches are those won by personal effort. I am afraid too many of us have been conducting our lives on the cafeteria plan—self service.

May we purpose within our hearts

to do more, remembering that this world can never be saved by those who are as good as the rest, but by those who dare to be better than the rest.

It may seem that these things are quite small, but they will help others, we will be blessed, and our own Christian experience will be enlarged.

# CHARACTER STORIES Myron's First Job

(Continued from page 14)

back to your room?"

"And hide?"

"Mother's pretty decent to let you live here, isn't she?"

"My own sister, good to me, yes, she's good to me," he whined, and went into the house.

"I guess I'll go home," Myron announced, picking up his coat.

"I'm sorry about Uncle Charley. Mother says he's got a weak will," Laird excused, "and that no one should drink as much beer and whiskey as he does."

"Sure," Myron murmured. He walked down the path. It looked to him as if Uncle Charley had more than a weak will. It looked as if his body was run down, as if he needed the help of a doctor.

The thing which bothered Myron as he walked home was Laird's accusation that Alan had drunk whiskey when he was in the army. He could not believe it, but the thought rankled.

That evening, when he and Alan were alone in the living room, Myron began, "I was over to the Anderson's today."

"I didn't think you had much in common with Laird. I thought that his family didn't see life the same way we do."

"I thought we didn't, but—" The young boy walked over to his brother and looked him straight in the eye. "Laird said when his brother was a gunner on your ship on the Moluccas, when you were bombing Yap, that on your return from the mission, you were issued two ounces of whiskey. Is that true?"

"Sure it is. It's supposed to calm the nerves, or something like that."

"Then-"

"I never drank it. Nor did a couple of other members of my crew. You remember the picture of our tent that I sent you? The tent was set up three feet on barrels and had a floor?" "Sure, I remember."

"The bugs were bad over there. The fellows wanted a floor for protection. We saved our whiskey and traded it to some of the engineers for lumber and built a floor. You see, money is of no value on those islands. The only value is what a man can trade. One could always tell which of the fellows drank whiskey, and which did not. Those who didn't have a few conveniences."

"I see."

"You'll find it is the same all over the world. A man has his choice. Either he can spend his money for whiskey, or he can spend it for some of the things which make life comfortable."

"I guess you're right," Myron agreed. He thought of Uncle Charley, an old man, living on the charity of his sister.

"Why were you over at the Anderson's, anyway?"

"I'm trying to get a job at the New Aero. Mr. Anderson works for them. I thought he might put in a good word for me."

"I don't think Mr. Anderson's word would amount to much. He's still working at the same machine he was assigned when he first went to work there. He's a steady beer drinker. Drinks just enough to keep him from getting ahead, but not enough to get fired. Oh, how people will drink and blame everything else for their troubles."

"You are right," Myron admired. He remembered what Laird had said about his father having some "bad breaks."

"Pull won't help you in the long run, but what you yourself have no offer a concern. If the New Aero needs you, they'll phone."

"I hope so," Myron returned, eager-

Alan nodded. Myron went to bed hopefully. He got up early and was all ready to leave the house when the telephone rang.

"Is this Myron Burke?"

"Yes, sir."

"This is the New Aero Company. We want to ask you one more question. Did you ever drink any intoxicating stimulants?"

"No, sir," Myron answered, thankful that he could.

"We are being very careful in the hiring of our new employees. We want to hire only the best. You may come to work this morning."

"Yes, sir. I'll be right down, sir."

#### LIGHTED PATHWAY RATING

LIGHTED PAT		
2	Sold for May	
Alabama		28,378
Alaska	7	63
Arizona	195	2,152
Arkansas	702	7,202
California	956	9,695
Canada	309	2,705
Colorado		447
Connecticut	14	100
Delaware	125	1,088
Florida		27,040
Foreign		3,712
Georgia		48,683
Idaho		1,540
Illinois		16,933
Indiana		10,355
Iowa		1,736
Kansas		5,130
Kentucky		21,176
Louisiana		4,429
Maine		3,216
Massachusetts	58	419
Maryland	466	11,373
Michigan		9,257
Minnesota		734
Mississippi	927	9,473
Missouri		$13,\!430$
Montana	144	1,538
Nebraska	32	<b>2</b> 98
Nevada		54
New Hampshire	3	32
New Jersey	156	1,308
New Mexico	255	2,071
New York		1,050
North Carolina	4,920	53,307
North Dakota		2,143
Ohio	3,261	28,895
Oklahoma	617	5,301
		1,372
Oregon Pennsylvania	755	7,776
Rhode Island	1	1
South Carolina		79,517
South Dakota		2,069
Tennessee	6.069	41,869
Texas		16,937
Utah		3
Vermont		6
Virginia		14,960
Washington	684	3,586
Washington Washington, D.	C 76	682
West Virginia	2.053	16,430
Wisconsin		666
Wyoming		50
wyommig		
	57,021	522,289

#### Notice to Gideons

When it is necessary to make a change in your order or a change of name and address of Gideon, please let us have this information on or before the 10th of each month. If it is received later, the change will likely not be made until the following month.—Editor.

#### ATTENTION!

#### Y.P.E. State Superintendents, Also Local Superintendents

Just a reminder relative to distribution of the Lighted Pathway, and the rating. You get credit for the number of Lighted Pathways distributed in your state, and your rating each month is taken from this record. When the final check-up is made in determining who is entitled to the state banner in your group, only the Lighted Pathways that have been paid for can be counted. For example, if your state has distributed 50,000 copies and paid the Publishing House for only 20,-000 copies, the rating in the final check-up will show a distribution of only 20,000. So don't let your accounts get behind. If we collect for Lighted Pathways distributed in our state some year prior to this year, that have not been paid for, we get credit for them the same as if we had distributed them this year. So, local Y.P.E. superintendents, check on your Y.P.E. and see if some old accounts are standing; get them paid and out of the way, should there be any, help your state superintendent win in having the highest rating.—H. L. Chesser, Ass't Gen. Overseer.

# LIGHTED PATHWAYS FOR MEN IN SERVICE, ETC.

Amount sent from each state to the Publicity Fund and to the fund for sending Lighted Pathways to men in Service for May.

bettiee for may.	
Missouri	
Illinois	8.50
Texas	8.40
Kentucky	5.00
West Virginia	3.10
Georgia	3.00
Michigan	2.05
California	2.00
Alabama	
Florida	2.00
Pennsylvania	1.35
Tennessee	
Delaware	1.00
Louisiana	1.00
Ohio	1.00
Mississippi	60

34.50

\$57.40

#### May Prize Winner

Lucy Ford, Chattanooga, Tenn., is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5 for selling the most papers and having the money in on time. NOTE: In order to qualify for winning the prize of \$5 in any one month, you must sell the most papers and have your money in on time. The due date for the money to be in is the 20th of each month. For instance, the money for June papers must be in the office by June 20.

#### Honor Roll

Gladys Warden, Canton, Ohio.

Margaret Varner, Baltimore, Md.

J. L. Barfield, Greenwood, S. C.

Pauline Albro, Louisville, Ky.

Mabel Garrett, Ninety Six, S. C.

Leonard Price, Kannapolis, N. C.

#### THE BUILDER

A builder builded a temple;
He wrought it with care and skill,
Pillars and groins and arches,
All fashioned to work his will.
And men said, as they saw its beauty,
"It shall never know decay;
Great is thy skill, O builder,
Thy fame shall endure for aye."

A mother builded a temple
With infinite loving care,
Planning each arch with patience,
Laying each stone with prayer.
None praised her unceasing effort,
None knew of her wondrous plan,
For the temple the mother builded
Was unseen by the eye of man.

Gone is the builder's temple,
Crumbled into the dust;
Low lies each stately pillar,
Food for consuming rust.
But the temple the mother builded
Will last while the ages roll,
For that beautiful unseen temple
Was a child's immortal soul.

-Selected.

A spring storm broke a large limb of a cherry tree. It hung by a slender connection. But the blossoms came, and soon the fruit began to grow as on the other branches. By and by the fruit ripened on broken branch and unbroken. I didn't understand till one day Jesus' word "much" made me notice that only those branches in full connection bore "much" fruit, the broken branch "scanty" fruit. How are your connections? The fruit tells—much or scanty.—S. D. Gordon.

# Enthusiastic About Loan Fund



REV. WESLEY SNYDER

Dear Sister Harrison:

We are happy to let you know that the Church of God here at Bozeman, Montana, is enthusiastic about the Student Loan Fund. We voted that each member would give two cents a day (also, some affiliated are cooperating on this), or double the amount suggested, as one cent a day seems small for such a worthy cause. We shall also take a special offering for this at our state camp meeting and convention which convenes here at Bozeman in June.

We started a building program in August, 1944; at which time we had a membership of only five, and some affiliated. We had our opening service December 10, 1944. The church is located on North Grand, three blocks off Main Street. We also have a nice parsonage, sidewalks in, and a nice sign on the corner; all these are paid for and we are getting well out of debt on the balance.

Bozeman is located in the beautiful Gallatin Valley, which is the best farming and stock-raising section in the State. The state college is located here, and we have been on the radio, over KRBM, with the gospel program for over a year now. Our membership stands at seventeen at present; not large, but they love God and His Church, are so faithful in co-operating, and we expect to continue growing. We do appreciate our state overseer, Brother W. H. Godwin. He has been a great blessing to the churches in Montana. "The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

We thank you for the great interest shown in our young people through the Lighted Pathway and Student Loan Fund.—Rev. Wesley Snyder, Bozeman, Mont.

and they will willingly give the money."

"Of course, there were failures and discouragements and untold hardships and baffling defeats. But many of the seeming defeats turned into victories before the campaign was done.

"George Truett witnessed some heroic donations in the debt-paying campaign. He saw people give all the cash they had and then give rings off their fingers and gold watches out of their pockets. They gave stocks and bonds and insurance policies and houses and lands and cattle and every kind of thing that represented money, to them. George Truett, himself, on one occasion, quietly slipped his own contribution into the collection plate. It was for \$500, all the money he had, a sum he had been saving up for his own college course when he should have finished with his present task. He told no one what he had done, but when his check went through to the university treasurer, his reckless gift became known and quickly the people of Baylor and others in Texas knew that their financial agent practiced what he preached, though he sought to do it unobtrusively.

"In the twenty-third month of the campaign, Dr. Carroll and George Truett met in Waco to count up the total of all the gifts received. They

were \$800 short of the goal.
"Dr. Carroll said: 'I think I know three men who will give me \$100 each, today. But I don't know where to get the \$500.'

"George Truett said: 'Mr. Ccould give it all if he wanted to. He is ill, but I am going to see him any-

"He went to see the sick man, who promptly inquired about the progress of the campaign. Mr. Truett told him they were within \$800 of the goal, and said: 'Dr. Carroll will see three men today and he thinks he will get \$100 from each of them. But where the balance is to come from I don't know.'

"The sick man said: 'Hand me my checkbook over there,' and, writing a check for \$500, he said, 'Here's my share.' Truett thanked him and then almost ran to the First Baptist Church in Waco, where he met Dr. Carroll, who greeted him with the words: 'Here are my three checks for \$300.'

"And George Truett almost shouted, 'And here's Mr. C-—'s \$500.'

"As Dr. Carroll took the check from George Truett's trembling hand, he turned his face upwards and said in a voice that sent chills up and down young Truett's spine, 'It is finished."

"Then it was that George Truett sat down on the curb and cried like a child."

May God bless in the task that is before us.—James Beatty.

Yours in Him, AN INTERESTED STUDENT.

NOTE: Could we not find some interested young men or women who could be as useful as this young man? There are hundreds of men and women who would give for our Loan and Endowment Fund if they knew about it. Will you tell them? Make your summer vacation profitable for the school.

# Reports From Other Loan Fund Enthusiasts

Dear Sister Harrison:

The ten dollars enclosed is for the Student Loan Fund, to help worthy students get an education so they may be more able to work for Him.

Oh, how I wish I might have had an opportunity to learn the deeper things of God when I was young. Will you please pray for the Lord to touch my nerves and that I may know His will in everything? May the good Lord bless and enable you all in your efforts to reach the spiritually hungry hearts.—Mrs. Mae Townsend, Rt. 4, Athens, Ohio.

#### From An Interested Student

2005 Grand Ave. Nashville, Tenn. March 5, 1946.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have been reading of the Student Loan Fund and though I am not a student of B. T. S., I am interested in it. Many times we are prone to despair in the face of many problems of life, especially those of this nature. I would like to tell you the story of George W. Truett, who faced a similar situation a half century ago, although it was not a loan fund, yet it shows what one person can do if he has a mind to work.

He was ordained by a small Baptist church in Whitewright, Texas, when he was about twenty years old. Immediately, he entered junior college there in Whitewright. In the late fall of 1890, Dr. B. H. Carroll, dean of the Department of Bible at Baylor University, contacted Truett about becoming financial agent to lift a \$92,000 debt. After much deliberation, he consented.

He met the Board of Trustees and they were very little impressed by this young fellow who was still pale and hollow-eyed from a recent illness. But. after a short talk, they saw the confidence and trust that he had in his task and in God's help. His final words were: "I do not know how it can be done, but I am persuaded that our heavenly Father will show us the way if we trust Him and lean utterly upon Him. Will you pray for me now?" One of them led in prayer and, after that, he had their full cooperation.

For the twenty-three months of the campaign, George lived in the Carroll home. Dr. Carroll traveled much with him. There were many old promissory notes, of which George disposed. He said: "We can get along at Baylor without their money, perhaps, but not without their friendship. People are the important thing. Win the people

# Flag Quiz

MELVIN C. SMITH

How much do you know about your flag? Are you familiar with its history? Do you know how it was formed? The following questions will set us thinking—and perhaps will start us studying about the Star-Spangled Banner.

- 1. When did Congress adopt the resolution establishing the flag of the United States?
- 2. How were the stars first arranged on this flag?
- 3. Were there ever more than thirteen stripes?
- 4. Who commanded that the stars of our flag should be arranged in six rows?
- 5. What president issued an executive order authorizing eight stars to be placed in each row?
- 6. In what city did Betsy Ross make her first flag?
- 7. Who wrote "Hats Off! The Flag Is Passing By"?
- 8. What is the color of the two outside stripes of our flag?
- 9. What is indicated when a flag is flying upside down?
- 10. What does it mean to "strike a flag"?
- 11. Of what does a yellow flag warn?
- 12. How and when is a flag dipped?

- 13. In hanging bunting, which color should be above?
- 14. Where should a flag be displayed in a church?



### A Message to Young People

By P. R. Hayward

You see me everywhere today on this birthday of your nation. Fluttering gayly in the breeze, worn on coat lapels, carried tightly in the chubby hands of children trudging in multitudes of parades, I am called forth for my annual summons to your soul.

I am a symbol of a mighty past. The hope and devotion of the fathers of your country are woven into my strands. The blood of their devotion has reddened me forever. Wherever I am held aloft, their unseen hands reach out of the past and help to hold me high.

My fabric is the interweaving of the ideals of a great people, but to that fabric each age gives a new and a greater meaning. Each generation I am remade by the hopes and the inner purposes of the living, for the living must always reshape the work of the dead.

Thus today, in me, your ideals wave in the breeze. I am your flag!

# Linhed Pathunau

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

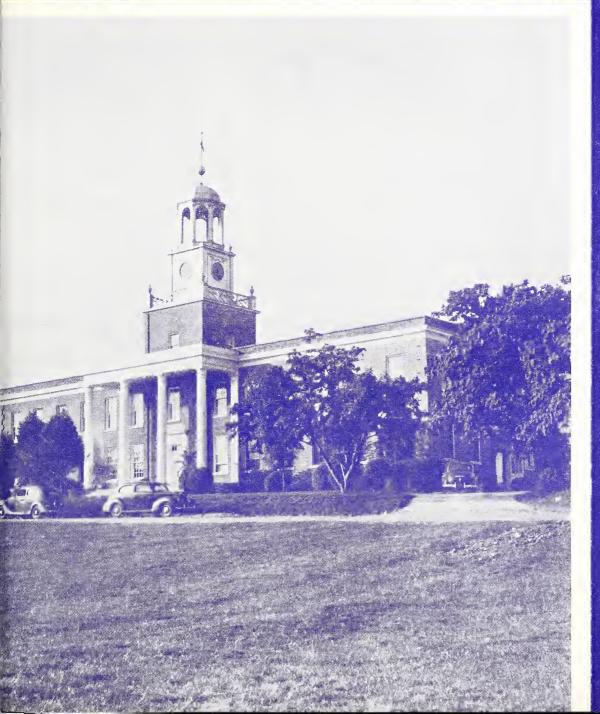
Vol. 17

AUGUST, 1946

No. 8







"Thy Word is Light Unto My Path"

Psalm 119:105

## THE EDITOR'S MESSAGE

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Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

The time of year has arrived when young people are almost ready to return to school. According to the United States census statistics, here is what will happen during September. In the United States, there are about seven million youths of high-school age; at least five million of

them will be in school instead of working in factories and other gainful employ-



There are many reasons why young people are going to school in such large numbers. First, a better education is required than formerly, if one is to do the world's work. A recent canvass in the Chicago area of fifty-one industries showed that out of one hundred and ninety kinds of positions open in these industries, sixty-five called for a high-school education or a college education, thirty-four called for at least two years of high school, and forty-nine called for

completion of the eighth grade. Only forty-two were open to persons of less than a complete elementary school training. Even where superior training was not required, preference was given to those who had such training. Second, industry is demanding that young people be kept in school in order that they may not compete too early for the positions of older men and women. This seems to work a hardship upon some homes where young people are needed to help to supplement the family income, but in the end it will prove a blessing to the Nation, and especially to the young people. Third, the better financial return going to the person with more schooling has undoubtedly in-

fluenced thousands to stay in school. One of the life insurance companies is authority for the statement that "out of every dollar earned-in the United States—by men up to age sixty ... the untrained man gets sixteen and one-half per cent, the high-school man twenty-eight and one-half per cent, and the college graduate fifty-five per cent." Young people are aware of the greater earning power of those with more education and they are willing to make the investment of time and money and energy to take this longer schooling. Fourth, a considerable number of the church's young people are willing to go to school longer because of the service motive. In Sunday School classes and young people's societies they have gained the stewardship idea of life. They want an education in order that they may serve God and others more effectively.

#### MEMORY GEM

HOPE FOR THE BEST UNTIL THE WORST COMES, THEN MAKE THE BEST OF IT.—Selected.

The church in the United States has taken the lead always in providing schooling for children and young people. Long before the Government provided adequate schooling for those in the inaccessible and poverty-stricken areas, the church, through its mission work, established schools. In the college field, the church has been a pioneer and still remains a most necessary part of the Nation's educational system. The church, through its mission schools and colleges of higher education, serves hundreds of thousands of young people. One big contribution of the church to the education of youth is the insistence upon Christian standards in obtaining an education and Christian motives in the use of an education. In recent years, the church has placed fine influence on almost every state university campus through the student pastors and others who labor there for the welfare of youth. Through the Sunday School and young people's societies, the church leaders help young people in high school or of high-school age to see the deeper values of life.

Christian training and education is the topic of the day among our own church people. We are more and more becoming interested in seeing our boys and girls educated and prepared for a life of service for the Master. However, among some of our people, we find only a spark of enthusiasm along this line. It is this spark that, through this educational issue, we hope to stir into a flame. We have

heard people say, "I would rather give my children a good education than to leave them a fortune." They can lose their money but their education is something they can always use. It is a joy and a satisfaction down through life and is a means of being of greater service to the world in which one lives. One may be a miner and dig the coal from the bowels of the earth, but that does not mean that he would not enjoy an education. Every person in the world, whatever their calling may be, will profit by an education. The mother and father, with their little brood about them, are in great need of an education to train the little ones from the mother tongue to speak correctly and save them the embarrassment of wrong speech when they grow up. Thousands of young people are handicapped for life

because of their mother's and

(Continued on page 16)

#### GOD'S AMBASSADOR!

"He held the Lamp, each passing day, So low that none could miss the way, And yet so high to bring in sight That picture fair of Christ the Light, That, gazing up, the Lamp between, The hand that held it was not seen!

"He held the Pitcher, stooping low,
To lips of little ones below;
Then raised it to the weary saint,
And bade him drink when sick and faint!
They drank; the Pitcher them between,
The hand that held it was not seen!

"He blew the Trumpet, soft and clear, That trembling sinners need not fear, And then with louder note and bold, To storm the walls of Satan's hold; The Trumpet, coming thus between, The hand that held it was not seen!

"And when our Captain says, 'Well done!
Thou good and faithful servant, come!
Lay down the Pitcher and the Lamp;
Lay down the Trumpet, leave the camp,'
Their weary hands will then be seen
Clasped in His pierced ones, naught between!"

# We Went

By DOROTHY C. HASKIN

From Sunday School Banner



#### PART ONE

"Kathy, stop daydreaming. All you since you returned from that sumer camp where the church sent you daydream."

Kathy, a slim young girl, with fair air and deep blue eyes, leaned against be jam of the kitchen door. She turned er eyes from the drifting clouds on be distant horizon. Her older, sturdy, town-haired sister, Ruth, was skill-ully skimming the milk. Her fragile tother, though lying on a couch, as shelling fresh peas from the arden for supper. Kathy walked fer to her mother and crouching the floor by the couch, started to tell peas. "I wasn't daydreaming," a quietly denied.

"Then, what was it?" Ruth asked, alf irritated. It was a hot July day, while had worked hard. Her mother as ill with a serious heart condition om years of strenuous work on the arm and rearing five children. The hree younger boys had to help their ather in the fields. The burden of the ooking and housework fell to Ruthie. "I can't get over it," Kathy sighed, and I can't figure out how to do it."

"Do what?" her mother asked kindly, triking Kathy's head. Of all her chilten Kathy had been the most compart. Ruthie was quick and always into mething. The boys, Herman, Elvin, ad Jacob, favored their father. Kathy ad waited on her constantly since he had been ill.

Kathy stopped shelling peas. The araway look sprang into her dark blue les again. Her voice was low and lasky as she spoke. "I thought when ar little church let me go to camp this lammer for the conference that was be biggest thing that could ever hapen to me."

Her mother nodded. "Your pa was bry he couldn't afford to send you mself, but—you know how money is th us."

"The Lord sent me anyway. I came arer to Jesus there than I've ever in my life. Before, He always

Deor Reoders:

Lost month our continued story ended. This month we ore using a story in two ports. We are thinking about another serial, but we are going slowly for we do not want to make a mistake in our chaosing.

You will notice that we have our paper cut again to twenty pages. I om so sorry, for I have so many good things for your inspiration, and if there were ever a time you need encouragement, it is today. Proy with us about this paper shortage. Please proy in earnest that God will restore our thirty-six pages to us. We especially feel disappointed as this is our EDUCATIONAL issue, but we hape that something we have given you will open your eyes to the need of education. Sincerely.—EDITOR.

seemed as if He were in heaven. There, He seemed so close. Since I've come home, He still seems that same way.

Drawn by the radiance of her sister's face, Ruthie put down her last milk pan and crossed to her sister's side, listening.

"When I think there are those who don't know Him, who have never even heard of Him, it seems as if my heart will break. I must do something about it. Mother, I want to be a missionary."

"Where?" the practical Ruthie demanded.

"I don't know where. I just want to tell about Jesus."

"Are you sure you've had a 'call'?" her mother questioned.

"I don't know exactly what a 'call' is," the seventeen-year-old Kathy replied. "I only know that within my heart, like the low, constant murmur of a brook, is the feeling I must go and tell.

Her mother nodded her head slowly. "I guess that's a call. If you want to play the piano, or write, or sing, or do some certain kind of work, there's no reason to it. You just want to do it. That's all. I guess a call's the same."

"Or, if you're in love. You just feel it without a special reason," Ruthie agreed, thinking of the ever-smiling Russell. They planned to be married in September.

"Then you must go, or you'll be unhappy all your life. It's like a woman when she's left the dinner dishes. No matter what else she's doing, those dirty dishes in the sink stay in the back of her mind and make her restless."

"Seems like you women folks are

awfully interested in something," Mr. Carlson remarked as he stepped into the kitchen from the back yard. His square face was careworn, and his huge frame clad in soiled overalls.

"Kathy's going to be a missionary." His wife glancéd at him with a happy expression on her thin, pale face. "I'm thankful that the Lord has called one of our girls into His service."

"Kathy a missionary!" he repeated, crossing over to the three women and staring at Kathy as if she were still a child. "It takes education to do that. You haven't even finished high school. I don't see how you can go back this year, with Ruthie getting married, and your mother too sick to work. The boys have got to go. A man's got to have education these days; but I was planning on your staying home and helping."

"But—" Kathy rose to her feet, her earnest face drawn white.

"There, Kathy. It isn't that I don't want you to be whatever will make you happy. I want the best there is for all my children. I'd be more than happy to have one of mine serving the Lord; but Kathy, we're a family. We've got to share and share alike. Your mother needs you. 'Honor thy father and mother' is one of the commandments, you know."

Kathy suppressed a sigh, and nodded "yes." It seemed impossible for her to go. Yet—as she worked around the house that July and August, with her family expecting her to stay home and help her mother, she felt in her heart that she would return to school. The Lord had sent her to camp. He had

(Continued on page 17)

#### THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

Devoted to the general welfare and spiritual uplift of our young people everywhere

Published monthly at the Church of God Publishing House Cleveland, Tennessee

F. W. LEMONS, Editor-in-Chief of Youth Literature

ALDA B. HARRISON, Editor Editor, The Lighted Pathway Cleveland, Tennessee

C. M. TRUESDELL, Associate Editar

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# Chideren<sup>9</sup>5 Page

Dear Children:

I am giving you some short stories about being truthful. I think that our M.O.H. Club should be truthful, don't you? If you learn to be truthful now, you will be able to be good when you are older; but, if you deceive now, you will be a deceiver after awhile. Whatever you want to be after awhile, you must begin now. We are giving you our club poem again. Be sure to save this for future use. We will not be able to use any letters now until we have a full-siz paper again. You see our paper has been cut to twenty pages. We will publish only a few names and addresses.—Editor.

#### TRUTHFULNESS REWARDED

I am going to tell you about a boy who was not afraid to tell the truth. This boy was working for a store-keeper. One time the storekeeper had a great many bushels of beans that were damaged. He bought several bushels of good beans. He put some of these good beans in the bottoms of his bean barrels, filled the barrels nearly full of the bad beans and then put some of the good beans on top. So no matter which end might be opened, only good beans would be found. The storekeeper marked on each barrel, "Beans, A-1."

When the boy saw what the store-keeper was doing he said, "Sir, do you think it is right to mark those beans that way?"

"It is none of your business," replied the merchant in a rough, ugly tone. The boy said no more.

Then one day a man came into the store to look at the beans. He wanted several barrels of them if they were good. Now, a sample of the beans was kept in a box. The man was well pleased with the sample. He said they were fine. Then he asked to see the beans in the barrels.

"Certainly, you may," said the merchant. He then told the boy to go with the gentleman and open one of the barrels. They went upstairs and a barrel was opened. The man examined the beans carefully and found them to be just like the sample. He said, "My young man, are the beans the same quality all the way down?"

The boy hardly knew what to say.

He knew the merchant would expect him to say "yes"; but his conscience told him he ought to say "no." He decided to be truthful, and he said:

"No, sir; they are not."

"Then I do not want them," said the man, and left the store.

When the boy went back to the office the merchant said, "Did you sell that man those beans?"

"No, sir," answered the boy. "Why not?"

"Well, sir, the man asked if those beans were of such good quality all the way down, and I told him they were not. Then he said he did not want them."

The merchant was very angry and told the boy to get his pay and get out. He didn't want him there any more. So he was without work. Should he have told a lie to keep his job? No, he did the right thing and not long after that, the same merchant wanted a boy for a job. It had to be someone he could trust. He remembered this boy and hired him. The boy was truly rewarded for being truthful. He received more money, but best of all his conscience was clear.

It pays to be truthful.—Sel.

#### Make Others Happy

When rain beats down and all is drear,
As often is the way,
With happy smile I will recall
What Grandma used to say:
"Why, bless your heart, it doesn't help
To let the tears drip, too;
Just wipe your eyes and look around,
For some good deed to do."

With glee three letters she'd repeat,
Just M. O. H. were they;
Yet what their meaning we knew not,
For did we ask, she'd say;
"Why, that's my motto and I've learned
The very wisest plan
Is to find out what others need
And help them if you can!"

With each success, as we would seek Some helpful act to do.
We found that cheering others' lives Brightened our own lives, too.
I told her this one day, and pled:
"M. O. H. please make clear."
Then smiling sweetly, she replied,
"Make Others Happy, dear.

"When stormy days give you the blues,
Just help to set things right;
Kind acts will fill the darkest day
With sweetness and with light.
Look up the real unfortunates,
And cease their aches and pains;
As you make others happy, dear,
You just forget it rains."
—Selected.

"And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you," Eph. 4:32.

## Little Lighted Pathway Seller

We are enclosing a picture and our words of thanks unto the Lord for our little four-year-old Lighted Pathway seller. His name is Rayburn L. Winnett, Jr., and he has been selling one roll of Lighted Pathways for one year now. He also had a part in helping his mother sell them before he went to selling them himself and finds it is a pleasure. His dear daddy is in the armed forces, stationed on Luzon giving his time to help the cause of keeping peace here in this world while his little son is giving his time here at home spreading good cheer by selling Lighted Pathways. Let us bow our heads and ask the Lord to give us more little boys and girls to be used for the cause of Christ. It is written, "A little child shall lead them" (Isaiah 11:6).—Vallie Loftin, 605 Ingram St., Sulphur Springs, Tex.



Thank you, Rayburn

#### M. O. H. CLUB MEMBERS

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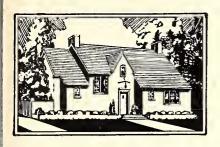
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Jeriel Parke, Rt. 4, Cullman, Ala. George King, Rt. 3, Franklin, N. C Elizabeth McCord, Rt. 1, Box 162, Mt Creek, Ala.

Bernice Reed, Box 753, Shafter Calif.

# HAPPY HOME (IRCLE



#### WHAT MAY I DO? Ruby Beckmon

We oldsters can only laugh at such n interrogation as the title suggests; nost of you would ask, "When may I est?" How I wish we could answer hat for you! But there is a vitally nportant group of individuals who re asking, "What may I do?" They re our children and teen-agers naybe not all of them, but a great nany.

One of our country's major problems oday is juvenile delinquency; we lear about it on the radio every day nd read it in our newspapers. Why re so many of our boys and girls gong wrong? And the very young age f seventeen the most common for rrests of both boys and girls? Probng into these various cases has reealed that the vast majority of them vere dreamed up in idle minds; thereore, to them and to everyone of us, What may I do?" is a mighty imporant question, requiring immediate ttention. I do not pretend to know he solution, but perhaps some sugestions from here and there could ielp lay a strong foundation against vrong doing.

Every healthful child and adolescent ias abundant energy, especially physial, which must have an outlet. The roblem of finding something to do n the farm is not so acute as in towns nd cities, at least it wasn't when I vas a child. What fun we did have oasting, skating, snowball fights, etc., n the wintertime; swimming, playng croquet and softball, horseback iding, etc., in the summertime. We earned to help with the farm work it early ages, too, of course. But I do emember my youngest brother's askng Mother that very question many imes, "What may I do?"; he was omewhat younger than his brothers

and, naturally, they didn't appreciate his tagging them in their pursuits.

Time and the neglect of other work will be necessary in order to cope with each family's problems, but how worth-while it all is! The most successful parents have always been those who are pals with their children. What a rich heritage those children have! A boy would rather have a father who can make a whistle out of a willow branch, who will swim with him, skate and tramp with him, guide him a little, but not too much, in making things, than all the equipment money can buy. Sometimes there are

lovely little hills made just for the children's use; and right at hand is the wood for a home-made sled—a sled that would give twice as much joy as anything that could be bought, if father would only help the children make it. In a recent issue of "Mothers' Golden Now" magazine is an article about a lady who calls herself a "fun" mother; and she says it is fun! She seems to be gifted with that simplicity of imagination which children love. She made scrapbooks with her children to give to patients at hospitals and they made small, useful gifts for orphans, old people and invalids. What character building! Occasionally, she prepared "fun" dishes for breakfast, and each day she pinned up a new picture in the

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#### ... NO PLACE FOR BOYS

"Whot con a boy do, and where can a boy

If he olways is told to get out af the way? He cannot sit here, and he must not stand

The cushians that cover that fine rocking

Were put there, of course, to be seen ond admired,

And a boy has no business to ever be tired. The beoutiful roses and flowers that bloom On the floor of the dorkened and delicate

Are not made to wolk an, ot least not by bovs.

The house is no place, onywoy, for their noise.

"But boys must walk somewhere, and what if their feet

Sent out of our house, sent into the street, Should step round the corner, and pause at the door.

Where other boys' feet hove poused often before;

Should pass through the gateway of glittering light,

Where jokes that are merry ond songs that ore bright

Ring out a worm welcome with flottering voice.

And temptingly soy, 'Here's o place for the boys!

"Ah, whot if they should? Whot if your boy or mine

Should cross o'er the threshold that marks

Twixt virtue and vice, 'twixt pureness and sin.

And leave all his innocent boyhood within? Oh, what if they should, because you and I, While the days and the months and the years hurry by,

Are too busy with cares and with life's fleeting joys

To make round our heorthstones a place for the boys?

"There's a place for the boys. They will find it somewhere;

And if our own homes are too daintily fair Far the touch af their fingers, the tread of their feet,

They'll find it, and find it, olos, in the

'Mid the gildings of sin and the glitter of vice;

And with heortoches and longings we pay o dear price,

For the getting of gain that our lifetime employs.

If we foil in providing o ploce for the boys.

"A place for the boys—dear porents, I proy, As cores settle down around our short earthly woy,

Don't let us forget, by our kind, loving deeds, To show we remember their pleosures and

Though our souls may be vexed with the problems of life

And worn with besetments, and toiling, ond strife.

Our hearts will keep younger-your tired heort and mine-

If we give them a place in their innermast shrine:

And to life's lotest hour 'twill be one of our joys

That we kept a small carner—a place for the boys."

—God's Revivalist and Bible Advocate.

# HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED AND TRIED

## TURNING DIFFICULTIES INSIDE OUT

A pessimist, some one says, sees the difficulty in the opportunity, and an optimist sees the opportunity in the difficulty. A scientist and his assistant were at work on an experiment. Repeatedly it failed to "come out right." The assistant betrayed his disappointment, but the scientist looked up at him with shining eyes. "Man," he exclaimed, "the accepted law does not work!" They were on the verge of discovery. Defeat might be turned into thrilling achievement.

"If," says Professor E. C. Lindeman, "we faced every conflict in life as an opportunity for creativeness, most of

the drabness, futility and wastefulness of human intercourse could be transmitted into exciting adventures."

Beethoven recognized that he was becoming deaf. "After a period of utter dejection and hopeless despair into which he was plunged by the realization of his impending doom, . . . Beethoven emerged a new man, a superman. Out of that tragic struggle with himself, in the course of which he had sounded the very depths of human anguish, his genius rose purified of all earthly dross, in imposing, awe-inspiring grandeur."

Milton became blind, and wrote "Paradise Lost."

Bunyan languished in Bedford jail, and wrote "Pilgrim's Progress."

Luther was immured, to save his life, in Wartburg Castle, and made his great translation of the New Testament into the German language.

Whitefield found the churches of England closed to him, and thereupon began to preach in the open fields to such multitudes of common people as would never have entered churches.

Sir Walter Scott, at the height of popularity, suddenly faced enormous debt through the failure of his publishers, his wife died and his health failed; but, with indomitable faith, he set to work anew, and paid the debt by producing works, many of which he would probably never have undertaken otherwise.

Robert Louis Stevenson lay in bed with weak lungs, blinded with ophthalmia, one arm in a sling, suffering from sciatica, sentenced to silence and darkness, and composed the "Child's Garden of Verses."

Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau was sent to the Adirondacks with consumption, and turned that region into a place of hope for such sufferers as himself. "Shattered health," he said, "brought me experiences and left me recollections which I never could have known otherwise, and which I would not exchange for the wealth of the Indies."

Helen Keller, blind, deaf, dumb, ha won the admiration of the world fo her conquest of her handicaps.

Paul, in Rome at last, where he had so long wished to preach the gospel was confined in prison and chained to the wrist of a Roman legionnaire day and night, but he preached to those who came to see him, converted his very guards, and wrote to his Philippian friends that his imprisonmen had actually proved an advantage in the spread of the gospel, for Roman soldiers and captains and slaves and ladies were gripped by the spectacle

of a man in chains who could surmount his difficulties with a faith that was sustaining and triumphant.

Take the matter of doubt If we face it honestly, it may prove "the growing pains o a large faith." It may mear that we are on the verge o passing from religious childhood to religious maturity. Or take the case of a particula: temptation or a specific habi which threatens to undo us Here is the possibility of defeat, but here is also the possibility of victory. We car come out of the experience crippled, or we can come out of it stronger than ever before.

A bronzed cattleman directed two mounted tourists to the divide between Sweetgrass and Big Timber Canyons, "Above timber line," he said, "you'll come to a place where you'll think you can't go any farther, but you can.' A wall of rock finally towered before the two, a great, grin semicircle. It seemed incredible that any horse could go farther, but they remembered the cattleman's words. Long they looked, and would not give up. At last a telltale angle shone in the sun. A narrow trail zigzagged up that face of rock, and led to one of the

(Continued on page 17)



#### MY CRY:

"How long, how long; the furnace fires rage high.
Hath God forgotten me as here I lie?
Is there no silver—is my soul all dross,
That I must suffer trial, pain and loss?
Oh, for the Master's voice; will He forsake?
Here in the fires alone, must my heart break?

#### HIS ANSWER:

"Be patient, suffering soul, I hear thy cry;
The trial fires may glow but I am nigh.
I see the silver and I will refine,
Until My image shall upon it shine.
Fear not, I am near, thy help to be;
Greater than all thy pain My love for thee."

# . News from Bible Training School and College . .

#### VALEDICTORIANS OF THE GRADUATING CLASSES



Junior College

Virginia Green led the graduating Junior college Class with an average of 97.2. She worked her way through school and was outtanding in extra curricular activities.



BERNICE STOUT Christian Workers

Bernice Stout led the graduating Christian Worker Class with an average of 95.9. She has proved faithful in all phases of school life.



BERTHA GORMAN High School

Bertha Gorman led the graduating High School Class with an average of 96.4. She worked her way through school by serving in the cafeteria and doing stenographic work for a local lawyer.

#### SALUTATORIANS OF THE GRADUATING CLASSES



MARGARET JONES
Junior College

Margaret Jones was second in the graduating unior College Class with an average of 92.5.



BARNEY SMITH Christian Workers

Barney Smith was second in the graduating Christian Worker Class with an average of 94 7



MABLE WILLIAMS High School

Mable Williams was second in the graduating High School Class with an average of 96.3.

ONORABLE MENTION TO GRADUATES WITH AN AVERAGE OF 90 OR MORE: Junior College, Julia Daughdrill; Christian Workers, Sophia broyles, Roy Burroughs, Ruth Carmine, Kathryn Dize, Alonzo Hall, Ray Hancock, Ernest Lee, Maxine Loftin, Charles Nutter, Carl Rochester, Vanda Spann, Archie Swiger; High School, Gordon Arvidson, Ella Ruth Broxson, Maxine Buchanan, Louise Fowler, Virginia Glass, Doris Greene, Lobert Green, Doyle Harper, David Lundstrom, Elestine Pope, Helen Symes.

# BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL AND ITS MISSION

Beautiful indeed are the feet of those who tread the path of knowledge. It is the way by which we discover the immensity of things, the immensity of nature, the heavens, the earth, and the seas. It is through its literature that we have found God, religion, moderation, and have had our souls redeemed from obscurity. It is the way by which are disclosed those things which are above and below, first and last, and those things which are between. It is a guide to better living of a life that will help us to be a guide to others.

This path is as a shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

The Church of God Bible Training School and College endeavors to establish such a path of knowledge, and to invite those who are thirsty to walk therein, and quaff freely of its fountains.

There is perhaps no greater department of the church than its educational system. It is the system by which and through which a deeper knowledge of things that are vital to the growth of the church and to things that are eternal in their duration are dispensed. A demand for a medium through which such knowledge could be given has, from the earliest of the Bible times, been sought.

# BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

The Bible institute is a new institution. For many long years, education has been confined either to the secular or to the theological seminaries. The demand for a Bible course in the high school and college is being fulfilled in the Bible School. The Church of God Bible Training School and College had its beginning in the early days of the Church of God. More than twenty-eight years ago six students gathered around the teacher, Mrs. Nora B. Chambers, for the first class. Though this was a very small beginning, it had a purpose and has been constantly in pursuit of it. This purpose was to help men and women prepare for a work to which they had been called of the Lord.

To this Christian Workers' Course was later added a High School Course, so that younger students could be accepted before the world attracted them. This course has been a Christcentered one and has for its aim the same Christian service goal as the Christian Workers' Course.

Higher learning is also an attraction at the Bible Training School and this has brought about the addition of two years of college. The Junior College is proving a great addition and many students are finishing in other and higher institutions, after having been well established in the evangelical faith.

#### WHOLESALE ENVIRONMENT

Among the important things to be offered by the Bible Training School is its wholesome religious environment. Here we have assembled a great concourse of boys and girls from the very best families. At least ninety per cent of them have an experience when they arrive, and most of the other ten per cent have accepted the Lord before the term has closed. With this religious association as a gem in a setting of physical beauty and grandeur, the Bible Training School carries on in its task of imparting spiritual and mental development.

#### B. T. S. ALUMNI

It has been said that the proof of the pudding is in the eating of it. This can truly be said of the Bible Training School and College. Its graduates are found scattered throughout the country, stationed at some of the very, most important posts of life. Especially is this true in ministerial and church life. General Overseers, Assistant General Overseers, State Overseers, and pastors of many of the large and important churches have received much of their ministerial training within her confines. Many missionaries, youth leaders and Sunday School workers are found on her alumnus records.

#### 1946-47 CLASS OPENS

On September 3, B.T.S. opens its regular term. New accommodations have been created, but these will all be reserved soon. A nice trailer camp is an addition to the housing problem, but those occupying space there must furnish trailers. All who anticipate attending should make reservation immediately to insure space. Bible Training School looks forward to the greatest year in spiritual and scholastic attainment that it has ever enjoyed.

# REPORT FROM NORTHWEST BIBLE AND MUSIC ACADEMY

The 1945-46 term of school at the Northwest Bible and Music Academy is now in history but it will ever live in our memories as a year of great spiritual and educational accomplishments.

We also received much experience in the line of field work as several of the students and faculty members conducted revival services while others contributed musical talent.

Some of the students have been called to the mission fields and are making definite preparations for their

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REV. E. L. SIMMONS, President

# Reading :-: O:-: Circle

## WHAT IF YOU CAN'T GO TO COLLEGE?

By Frank L. Slutz

Hundreds of young persons who expected to go to college have found out now that they cannot. What are they to do? Here is one way to look at the question. No college or school ever gave anyone an education. Why not? Because there is no such thing as giving anyone an education. A college can give opportunities, credits, and diplomas, but everyone of us has to achieve his own education. Whether in college or out of college, an education must be "got" rather than "given." Any high-school student who wants further education can have it. No depression can keep him from it if he wants it enough. The best books are actually free in this day of fine libraries. Every one of us is given free, each morning, twenty-four good hours of time. There you have two ingredients of the getting of an education. The third is our own desire, that must be strong.

Even if we cannot afford to go to night school that offers college work, or if we cannot pay the small fees for the remarkable home college study that such an institution as Chicago University offers, we can use the school right at our elbow and get an education if we want it.

Let mathematics help us a little. Surely a high-school graduate should be able to read twenty pages of a book in half an hour. At that rate, he could finish a book of two hundred forty pages in six hours. If he were working and could read but two hours a day, he could do a book in three days or two books a week. In a year, he could have a record of over one hundred books.

What about the teachers? Isn't it true that the chief value of college is the teachers? Doesn't a pupil get more out of the teacher's personality and friendship than out of any book or assignment? Have you ever thought about how many remarkable people are all around you, whom you might choose as teachers without their knowing it? Many such persons of interesting experience are glad to share their knowledge with young people and they are honored to be asked.

Here is an engineer who has built railroads in the jungles of the West Indies; there is a retired professional man who spends every summer in Europe studying the new nations that have grown up there since the war, and in that clean white house is a man who was once the engineer of one of the crack Pennsylvania trains between New York and Chicago. What teachers these, if you would but give them a chance! In college, the teachers are chosen for you, but in this big school you may choose your own.

Why go to college at all if such an education lies right beside us waiting for us? College speeds up education. It brings many great men and women together in the teaching corps; it collects thousands of the most valuable books in libraries. It offers on one campus, very conveniently, many kinds of training and learning. It brings students with common interests into close association. It accepts

our money for tuition and by that payment a pledge is made by the college to do its part to see the business of education through.

Oh, yes, that degree! To educate ourselves may be well enough, but when a person so educated tries to get a position and is asked to show his degree, what shall he say? Degrees are probably overrated; but we do have to have them? Colleges are always willing to set examinations. If a person has had to educate himself, he may apply to his state department of education for examinations in any subject and, if he passes, a statement which counts as the equivalent of a degree will be given to him.

No one needs to be discouraged about not being able to go to college. If he will give himself up to a deep, strong desire for an education, it will be his.—Sel.

#### Books for the Month

Frances Havergal in this issue (book out of print).

The Problems of Youth, by W. B. Riley. Price, \$1.25.

brings students with common interests into close association. It accepts lishing House, Cleveland, Tenn.

#### IN APPRECIATION

For a number of years it has been my privilege and the privilege of thousands to enjoy the Lighted Pathway. It has been an inspiration and a great help in conducting young people's services down through the years. It has provided encouragement for those who are shut-ins, for those in prison, for those who were unsaved, for those who were discouraged, and to various people in all walks of life. With the coming of World War II, the Lighted Pathway was sent to Service men and women all over the world. This kept them in touch with the United States and the Church of God. Now with the war over and with peace our object, the Lighted Pathway is on the job doing everything possible to promote real peace.

Starting this great magazine with very little encouragement was a woman who had caught a vision of what the young people of the Church of God really needed. Her prayers, money, strength, heart and mind went forth into this fine publication. To Alda B. Harrison, for her great work and her many sacrifices, we offer our sincere "Thanks."—T. W. Day, State Youth Director of Mississippi.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Greetings to you in the precious name of Jesus. I have been a silent observer and reader of the fine literature in the Lighted Pathway since the very beginning of your faithful service in the Church of God. I think you, through God's help, have been a great service to the youth of our church. I have wondered if the elderly people write you as often as they should; or do they, as I have in the past, take it for granted that the Lord will reward you? I am sure your reward in glory will be just and fair, but we like appreciation and encouragement here, too. Let me say again, I am very grateful to God for your untiring efforts and for the great job you have done.

I have been a member of the Church of God for thirty-four years. I joined at the age of nineteen and have seen it grow from a small group to its mighty force today. I have been a minister for twenty-eight years.—T. M. McClendon, Holden, W. Va.

NOTE: Many thanks for these good letters of appreciation. They give us new courage.—Editor.

# THE LIFE STORY OF FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

Frances Ridley Havergal was born in 1836, in Worchestershire, England, where her father was for a time the rector at Astley. As a child she was precocious and could read simple books at three years of age, and at four could read the Bible correctly. At nine years of age she was accustomed to writing long letters to her friends in perfect rhyme. She was converted while in school, at about fourteen years of age. After her conversion, whether in school or traveling in Switzerland, Wales, Ireland and Scotland, she took a bold stand for Christ. While in Germany, of the one hundred and ten girls in attendance at the school, there was not another converted person, and while she suffered much persecution from them she continued her firm stand for Christ and succeeded in winning their confidence. She received a splendid education both in England and in Germany and was especially proficient in the languages, including Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French and German. She was also a constant student of the Bible and at the age of twenty-two knew the whole of the Gospels, Epistles, Revelation, Psalms and Isaiah by heart. The Minor Prophets she learned in later years.

#### A DEEPER EXPERIENCE

But through all of her activities, there was in her heart a constant longing for a deeper Christian experience. In "Gleams and Glimpses," written in 1858, she says, "Gleams and glimpses, but oh, to be filled with joy and the Holy Ghost!" It was at the age of twenty-two that she wrote the hymn, "I Gave My Life for Thee," which reveals something of her longings and aspirations for the deeper, fuller and richer experience. In 1865 after passing through many dark places in seeking the experience, she wrote, "I had hoped that a kind of tableland had been reached in my journey, where I might walk awhile in the light, without the weary succession or rock and hollow, crag and morass, stumbling and striving; but I seem borne back into all the old difficulties of the way, with many sin-made aggravations. I think that the great root of all my trouble and alienation is that I do not now make an unconditional surrender of myself to God, and until this is done I shall know no peace. I am sure of it." But at last she entered the vale of Beulah; the long-looked-for experience came and her whole being was lifted into sunshine and gladness. Her sister Maria, who likewise enjoyed the experience, gives the account of how her sister was brought into this experience of heart cleansing.

"We now reach a period in the life of dear Frances that was characterized by surpassing blessings to her soul. The year 1873 was drawing to a close, and she was again visiting Winterdyne. One day she received a letter from N a tiny book with the title 'All For Jesus.' She read it carefully. Its contents arrested her attention. It set forth a fullness of Christian experience and blessing exceeding that to which she had as yet attained. She was gratefully conscious of having for many years loved the Lord and delighted in His service; but there was in her experience a falling short of the standard, not so much of a holy walk and conversation, as of uniform brightness and continuous enjoyment in the divine life. 'All For Jesus' she found went straight to this point of the need and longing of her soul. Writing in reply to the author of the little book, she said, 'I do so long for deeper and fuller teaching in my own heart. "All for Jesus" has touched me very much. I know I love Jesus, and there are times when I feel such intensity of love for Him that I have not words to describe it. I rejoice, too, in Him as my "Master" and "Sovereign," but I want to come nearer still to have the full realization of John 14:21 and to know "the power of His resurrection," even if it be with the fellowship of His sufferings.'

"God did not leave her long in this state of mind. He Himself had shown her that there were 'regions beyond' of blessed experience and service; had kindled in her soul the intense desire to go forward and possess them; and now, in His own grace and love, He took her by the hand, and led her into the goodly land. A few words from her correspondent on the power of Jesus to keep those who abide in Him

from falling, and on the continually present power of the blood ('the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin') were used by the Master in effecting this. Very joyously she replied, 'I see it all, and I have the blessing.' The sunless ravines were now forever passed, and henceforth her peace and joy flowed onward, deepening and widening under the teaching of God and the Holy Ghost. The blessing she had received lifted her whole life into sunshine, of which all she had previously experienced was but as pale and passing April gleams compared with the fulness of summer glory."

#### THE CONSECRATION HYMN

It was this time that her great consecration hymn, "Take my life and let it be," was written, "Perhaps," she says, "you will be interested to know the origin of the consecration hymn. 'Take my life.' I went for a little visit of five days. There were ten persons in the house, some unconverted and long prayed for, some converted but not rejoicing Christians. He gave me the prayer, 'Lord, give me all in this house!' And He just did! Before I left the house every one had got a blessing. The last night of my visit I was too happy to sleep, and passed most of the night in praise and renewal of my consecration, and these little couplets formed themselves and chimed in my heart one after another, till they finished with, 'Ever, only, all for Thee!'"

From this time her life was a beautiful example of this consecration hymn. She sang nothing except sacred hymns and songs, and her voice, like her pen, was "always, only for her King." "I forget sometimes," she said, "but as a rule I never spend a sixpence without the distinct feeling that it is His, and must be spend for Him only, even if indirectly."

#### HER TRIUMPHANT DEATH

She was greatly broken and suffered much from ill health during her last days, but when friends sympathized with her she said, "Never mind! It's home the faster! God's will is delicious; He makes no mistakes." She requested that her favorite text should be placed on her tomb, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin." On her dying bed she very frequently would exclaim, "So beautiful to go!" She said, "Oh, I want you all to speak bright, bright words for Jesus! Oh, do, do! It is all perfect peace, I am only waiting for Jesus to take me in."—Selected.

# Youth Personal Evangelistic Unoin

# ESSENTIALS OF SUCCESS IN PERSONAL WORK

MRS. HOWARD ROBBINS

To have success in personal soulwinning, one must know and acquire things necessary in approaching those whom he hopes to win. One must also have influence over the individual. In this lesson, we shall discuss some of the most important things, which I am sure will prove very helpful to those who wish to begin a life of service.

First, we must know Jesus Christ as a personal Savior. Christ said to Peter, "When thou art converted strengthen thy brethren," Luke 22:32. Peter had to live right himself before he could help others into right relation. Paul could say, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief," 1 Tim. 1:15. After his conversion, he brought many souls to Christ.

Second, we must live a clean life, 2 Tim. 2:21, "If a man therefore purge himself from these, he shall be a vessel unto honor, sanctified, and meat for the Master's use." We must be clean within and without. If success in winning souls to Christ does not follow our efforts, we should search our hearts and lives to see our condition.

Third, we must be filled with the Holy Ghost, that Comforter promised by Jesus to those that believe. We must have His affections, desires, and purposes. We must be under the Spirit's control. Philip, the evangelist, is a good example. Acts 8:29, "Then the Spirit said unto Philip, Go near, and join thyself to this chariot." We must know when He speaks.

Fourth, we must lead a prayer life. Wisdom is needed to know to whom to speak the right words, that God will really save souls. It was while Peter was praying that he received the impulse to go to Cornelius to show him how to be saved, as in Acts 11:5-12.

Fifth, we must have love for lost souls and a burning desire to win them to Christ. Christ himself so longed for the lost, He wept for them. Luke 19:41, "And when he was come

near, he beheld the city, and wept over it." In Matt. 23:37, we find Him saying again, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

Paul loved his brethren who were rejecting Christ. Rom. 9:2, 3, "That I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart. For I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh."

Sixth, we must believe that "all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." Rom. 3:23. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Ezek. 18:4b. "The wages of sin is death." Rom. 6:23. Christ came to save the lost. "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." Luke 19:10. "Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them," Heb. 7:25. Those who reject Christ are lost. "He that be-

# Supreme Support

The field is ripe to harvest,
The grain is bending low,
A cry, "O help, we perish!"
Rings out in mournful flow.

Why tarry then, my brother?
Youth's years you should not waste,
If you would aid some lost one
To find the narrow gate.

There is ought you could be doing;
The way you've no doubt heard.
It's written for our guidance
Within the blessed Word.

"Ask," the Savior whispers,
"Seek and ye shall find."
The door, of course, will open
To those whose heart and mind

Are stayed on Christ our Savior,
Whose message help declare,
By giving of your cardinal aid—
Hold up the work in prayer.

-James Furlong.

lieveth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." Mark 16:16. Let us awaken ourselves to duty and the fact that souls are dying without God. Let us redeem the time for our redemption draweth nigh.

#### A CERTAIN MAN LAY

A certain man lay upon his deathbed gradually sinking away. The wife, being a Christian, kept calling Christian workers and ministers to pray and talk with him about his soul. But he would always say, "I have always worked hard, attended my own business, was always good to my family, paid my debts and robbed no man. Therefore, I stand as good a chance as anybody," until one day a little old woman went in to see him. Before she went into the room, she prayed that she might say something that would stir his heart. After talking with the man for a few minutes, she said, "Brother, did you ever think of heaven?" He said, "Yes, it must be a wonderful place. I believe there will be lots of music and singing there." She said to him, "What do you think they are going to sing about?" He said, "Oh I never thought of that." She said, "Let us open the Bible and see what they are going to sing." So she opened to Revelation and read, "And they sing the song of Moses and the Lamb." "And they sang a new song, saying, Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation, and hast made us unto our God kings and priests." She then turned to him and said, "What are you going to sing about?" He thought a moment, then said, "I won't have any song, will I? My moral life will not take me there. I must have the blood." And that faithful little woman pointed him to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world, he died with a lively hope and a new song upon his lips.—Sel.

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble," Psa. 46:1.

Motto: "EACH ONE WIN ONE"

Scripture: "He That Winneth Souls Is Wise"

TO THE TOTAL PROPERTY OF THE POST OF THE P

# :-: PRISON PAGE :-:

#### FROM THE SHADOW OF DEATH

H. F. J. WILLOUGHBY

How an Incorrigible Found His Way to the Cross

A gaunt muscular man with flashing black eyes and a heart almost as dark stood indifferently in the dock at the Old Bailey, a few years ago, and listened scornfully to the police officer as he read out the long list of crimes and convictions which had stained his life with their terrible dyes.

"You are incorrigible!" declared the judge as the accused man returned his searching scrutiny with an insolent stare. "You have no redeeming point in your character at all, and if you continue such a life, the next time you come here I shall have to put on the black cap!" Shouting blasphemous defiance, the man was led away to the cells, inflamed with a deadly fury. And so Rodney the Cracksman began to serve his last and longest sentence. The scarlet taint of murder had not as yet reddened his evil soul, but its livid shadow often haunted his sinwarped mind, for upstairs in the court a crippled policeman had given evidence against him from the Bath chair which he would never leave while life lasted, and this dreadful deed was one of the charges, together with burglary, for which Rodney was now sentenced.

#### A SISTER WHO PRAYED

This gallant policeman, in the dusk of a winter's evening, had seen Rodney creeping up the staircase of a block of flats, and, being suspicious, had followed him. Rodney running on and the officer giving chase, the former had suddenly turned and, springing at his pursuer, had flung him over the banisters, leaving him crippled for life! Yet, prison had no terrors for this devilish man, and his contempt for "stir" was common knowledge among his "pals"; and it was his boast that he had spent almost forty years in and out of every prison in the south of England!

The solemn words of the judge he laughed at, but their tone of warning, when his anger burned itself out in the coldness of his prison cell, made him remember his sister, who was a Christian and who prayed continually

for his soul's salvation, doing all she could in other ways as well to bring him to God. But it all seemed useless and in vain. How little Rodney knew. as he recalled these things to mind in the long-silence prison evenings, of the wonderful things which God had in store for him when he should come to Christ. So the long months and years passed, and at last the day dawned when Rodney left prison, worse as is usual, than he had been when he went in. Then came the whisper of the love of God to this most abandoned and dangerous criminal. For, weary of life, Rodney contemplated suicide, and with thoughts of this he made his way to Hungerford Bridge at Charing Cross. Here, an old associate met him, and, hearing of Rodney's intention, laughed him out of it, asking jocularly whether it had come to that.

## GOD'S CALL THROUGH CHILDREN'S VOICES

Diverted by ridicule, in which obviously the hand of God was guiding, Rodney left the bridge and walked on. In one of the streets he heard distinctly the call of God echoed in the voices of some children who, at the open win-

#### Send the Light

M. E. DETTERLINE

There's a heart that is longing for someone tonight

To speak words of comfort, to shed rays of light.

There's a soul that is burdened with sorrow and grief;

A life steeped in sin and in vile unbelief.

There are some who are destitute, living alone

Where the light of the Gospel has never yet shone.

May we pause, ere we come to the close of this day,

And determine to help them; our least is to pray.

Note: Lighted Pathway readers, are you helping to get the Lighted Pathway into the prisons? This is a great work. Some of our great soul winners have been saved in prison.

dow of an upstairs room, were singing.

Come, oh come to Me! Weary heavy-laden one! Come, oh come to Me!

Suddenly, a woman came to the window and closed it, and Rodney could hear no more, so he stood in the street and cursed with terrible oaths, for somehow he dimly realized that he wanted to hear those words; instinctively he felt that they were addressed to him and, with all the fierceness of the savage, he was debarred from something which he thought to be his own. So he cursed the woman who shut the window, the children who sang the hymn, and the day when, as a boy, his stepfather sent him away from home. Then, walking on, he came apparently by chance, to the Marble Arch, and there, pausing among the crowds, he caught the words of a converted jockey who was saying that God could save anyone who would come to Him. Then a hymn was given out, and to his astonishment it was the same one that the children had sung at the open window less than an hour before:

Come, oh come to Me!

Then the invitation was again repeated by the jockey, and poor Rodney saw the light and, obeying the call, "came" and got converted, for he had at that meeting met with God.

Now new thoughts filled his mind: there were many people whom he had wronged and to whom reparation must be made. This he tried to accomplish by saving his meager earnings. One case he mentions of an old woman who had given him shelter and whose kindness he repaid by stealing her purse and all her savings! But Rodney, like many of the former servants of Satan, did not find the Christian way a path of roses, and one foggy night Satan brought his late slave to Euston Road, and Rodney found himself looking into a jeweler's shop window. He was a skilled crackman; he needed money for food, and the "job" was easy; moreover, the weather could not have been more favorable. Then, hardly knowing what he was doing, Rodney almost dared God to keep him from this crime, but he was kept, and although Satan tried again and again to trip him up, vet the faithfulness of God was always sufficient to maintain him, and meeting at last with a few truehearted Christians, who themselves had known the hardness and bitterness of life and the awfulness of temptation, Rodney was helped into work

(Continued on page 18)

# NATIONAL Y. P. E. AND SUNDAY SCHOOL NEWS



EARL M. TAPLEY, President

#### NOTICE

Last month we gave one of the national pages to the report of the South Carolina youth rally, and promised that in this issue we would give a fully illustrated account of the newly organized Alumni Association of the Church of God B. T. S. and College, as well as a roster giving credit to the churches which have a Home Department in their Sunday Schools. We regret to announce that, since the Lighted Pathway has been cut to sixteen pages again this month, we have relinquished rights to one national page in cooperation with the Editor. Therefore, we must omit the Home Department column in this issue, and give only a brief report on the Alumni article. We are sure that you will understand our position, and accept our apology.

We received a letter from Rev. D. H. Kirkland, state youth director of Arizona, which didn't have any pessimism in it AT ALL. He says the state camp meeting out there was the greatest ever, spoke very kindly of our friend, Leland Burroughs, who was the GUEST speaker, as well as our amiable General Overseer, Brother John C. Jernigan, and family, who were with them. His claims were modest, but I think we shall hear more about the work in Arizona at the Assembly.

#### \* WHO'S WHO FOR THE YEAR \* IN THE BIG TEN

IN THE BIG TEN

Here are the respective churches entitled to their places in the order listed on the Big Ten roster. This place was awarded them after a careful study of their positions, month by month. They are the WINNERS for the Assembly YEAR.

Greenville, S. C.
Kannapolis, N. C.
North Cleveland, Tenn.
Atlanta, Ga.
Dillon, S. C.
Canton, Ohio
Hamilton, Ohio
Lenoir City, Tenn.
Cincinnati, Ohio
McColl, S. C.

North Cleveland, Atlanta, Ga.
Dillon, S. C.
Canton, Ohio
Hamilton, Ohio
Lenoir City, Tenn.
Cincinnati, Ohio
McColl, S. C.

\*

#### ALUMNI ORGANIZATION A REALITY . . .

Possibly you graduates who have gone forth from our Bible Training School in its earlier history, and from its Junior College, also, have often wondered why we did not have an active alumni body. Well! you may tell everybody that we DO have one now. It is one of the many fine results of the efforts put forth by our National Youth Committee this year. Our hats are off to them for many other splendid achievements, such as the Nat'l Youth Convention, etc. Lest you forget the personnel of this committee, let us give you their names, and then we will tell you more about the Alumni Association. E. L. Simmons is chairman, and the other members are: Ralph Williams, R. R. Walker, Robert Johnson, and Paul Stallings. If you appreciate their work, drop around when you see one of them at the Assembly or elsewhere, shake their hand and tell them so. Gratitude is the greatest reward for honest labor. Due to the action of this committee, a barbecue was held for the ex-graduates present at the closing exercises of school this year, and from the Alumna (female graduates of the past) and Alumnus (male) an Alumni was organized. Here are the names of the officers elected: President, Earl M. Tapley; Vice President, C. M. Jenkerson; Executive Sec'y, Ralph E. Williams; Recording Sec'y, Virginia Green; and Treasurer, Robert Humbertson. The body formally became a reality on the morning of Friday, May 31, 1946. The Alumni Executive Committee consists of the first three officers named, plus two others selected by the Alumni group. The two are: Zeno C. Tharp and Claude Phillips. We do not wish to conclude this little account without letting you, who are graduates of any department of the Bible Training School or college from its first year of service till the present time, know that we are depending on every one of you to fill out this little application blank for membership in this organization, Let's make it 100 per cent, what do you say? There are no strings attached, and no obligations enjoined. The big family of graduates needs unity



C. M. JENKERSON, Vice-President

We have the talent! Let's assist in uniting them and directing them properly, and start our expansion program right. Soon we'll be back in Cleveland, and let's be equal to the task when we get there. PLEASE do not neglect this opportunity for membership. Fill out the blank now. You are entitled to it. Will your name be among the first two hundred members? There is no time to lose. You are then eligible to receive any information and literature that is sent out to the organization members. After the blank is properly filled, enclose in a letter, and mail to the Executive Sec'y, Ralph E. Williams, P. O. Box 11, Cleveland, Tenn., with a registeration fee of \$2.00, which is to help take care of postage and literature used to keep you posted on all developments. There is no graft, and you are the one who is to decide on the aim and achievements of this body; so become a part of it today. The Alumni Organization cannot perfectly reach its purpose without each of you who is eligible for membership. Let's decide and do it today! Here is your application blank.

My name is:				
	(first)	(middle	(la	st)
Address:				
(NOTI	CE: Please 1	otify secretary of any	future change in	address)
Year of graduat	ion:	Departmen	nt graduated from:	
Single?	Married?	To whom?		
Any children?		Number of:		
Occupation:		Do you wish to r	eceive all literature	published?
Applicant do not	write here.	Date received	Replied to	Filed

**************************************							
Largest Total Attendance in Y.P.E.   Largest Total Attendance in S. S.							
(INCLUDES FIRST 10 MONTHS OF THIS ASSEMBLY YEAR)			(INCLUDING AUGUST, 1945, THROUGH MAY, 1946)				
Group	State	Last Year	This Year	Group	Leader	Last Year	This Year
A	Georgia	210,175	240,504	A	N. C.	286,835	351,107
В	Kentucky	111,643	117,450	В	Kentucky	141,914	156,799
C	Illinois	66,516	71,775	C	Illinois	74,417	92,494
D	Oklahoma	13,369	30,961	D	California	59,357	67,626
E	Arizona	13,584	16,632	E	Kansas	15,723	25,704
F	Oregon	6,951	8,183	F	Maine	8,049	9,373
G	Nebraska	1,142	2,306	G	Nebraska	1,884	3,317

LAST CALL! NATIONAL YOUTH CONVENTION, BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA, AUGUST 27, 28, 1946

# Y. P. E. Lessons

#### THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

Scripture: Ephesians 6:10-19.

Thoughts for the Leader

All will agree that the most inportant work we have to do is the building of character. A good character is the only thing that will bring us real success. Character is what a man really is at the center of being. Not long ago at the close of commencement exercises, the head master in one of our schools asked the class that was graduating these five questions:

- 1.—Are you afraid?
- 2.—Are you honest?
- 3.—Are you pure?
- 4.—Are you in earnest?
- 5.—Are you ready?

Can you answer these five questions?

#### COURAGE

A boy once said that "courage is doing what you are afraid to do." There is a moral element in true courage. Courage is doing what one thinks is right. It is vitally connected with conscience. A good conscience is a bulwark to right doing; a condemning conscience "makes cowards of us all." Duty makes all the difference between courage and foolhardiness. Courage and caution must go together. In Hebrews, chapter 11, where the list of heroes of faith is given, the men and women were made courageous and heroic, possessing faith in God in right and in truth. Study the courage of Jesus. He stood up for the truth in spite of opposition, public opinion, ridicule, indifference, threats, and death. He shrank from the cup and yet dared to drink it.

#### HONESTY

Honesty may be defined as "loyalty to truth and reality." Honesty has to do with one's thinking, speaking and acting. One should be careful to give an honest impression, to deal honestly. There are four parties involved in any transaction: the seller, the buyer, the consumer and God. It is often easier to be honest in handling money than in handling ideas. "He that doeth these things shall never be moved."

#### PURITY

The Christian's goal is to become like God manifested in Jesus Christ. God requires purity. Moral purity is the state of being untainted with sin and

begins with pure thinking. "For as he thinketh in his heart so is he." Thoughts influence feelings and conduct. Unclean imagination is generally back of evil desires and passions. Impure thought and imagination are sin. What is the influence of the stage and moving pictures upon purity? Christian purity demands pure desires. Every one needs the saving power of Jesus Christ. Banish evil pictures and imaginations from the mind. Are we willing to surrender our wills to Christ? Here lies the secret of purity. Moral purity finds expression in morally pure actions. Consider the Christian's attitude toward unclean stories and unclean humor. What should be the Christian's attitude toward dress? "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God" is for males as well as females. The manner of seeking purity may lead to a weakness-exclusiveness, which in turn leads to pride. Purity, like the other Christian virtues, is positive. Over against the tendency of purity toward exclusiveness should be placed the spirit of service. At this point, also, study the example and words of Jesus.

#### EARNESTNESS

Are you in earnest? Do you have a fixed determination? Are you eager, intent, serious in every least thing as in every greatest thing? If so, the desired result will be realized. Steadfast, unremitting application will conquer at the last.

Contemplate David Livingstone at the tender age of ten years in a cottage factory whose working hours were from 6:00, a. m. to 8:00 p. m. He bought a small Latin grammar and attended an evening school after work, and then studied at home until midnight. He was in the habit of placing the grammar on a portion of the spinning jenny and thus caught sentence after sentence as he passed at his work. He did this way for a dozen years. The record of his life and labors as a missionary and explorer in Africa is a household tale. It was hard, persistent work that made Livingstone famous. Do your work and do it well and show that you are in earnest.

#### ARE YOU READY?

Ready for service? Do you possess courage and honesty? Are you pure and in earnest? Are you willing to suffer, to be laughed at, to be thought peculiar? Are you ready for an unpleasant duty? One is not ready to

die unless he has been taught how to live. "Prayer and provender," says the proverb, "hinder no man's journey." "There is no time lost in sharpening the scythe." One cannot get ready for an emergency in a moment. What you have done, and the way you have done it, will determine how you will meet life's emergencies. Faithfulness to a daily duty will make you faithful to a supreme duty in some supreme moment.

Jesus is truly the ideal man and the one perfect example. The learned philosopher, the poet, God Himself, cannot say anything better than "try to be good." Piety controls the virtues. "Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord."

#### THE 3 R'S IN RETURNING TO GOD

GLADYS DELK

Rev. 2:5.

Have you ever seen a more wicked day than that in which we live? It seems that more and more of the Christians are turning away from God. Oh, what a pity! Joel 2:12, 13, "Therefore also now, saith the Lord, turn ye even to me with all your heart, and with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning; And rend your heart, and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God; for he is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repenteth him of evil." The whole world needs to return to God. And the best way to do that is for each individual to amend one by-

#### 1. REMEMBERING

How blessed it is to see someone pray through. Just to watch the happiness and joy they feel when their sins are forgiven; the zeal they have for lost souls; the obedient spirit they manifest; their cheerful sacrifices and desire to pray always, with not a thought of the world or the cares of this life. Did it happen so long ago that you can't remember how you felt?

Consider, then, how far you have fallen. Remember how you loved to fall in the altar and pray someone through. Your first love to God and man is now sadly lacking. Rev. 2:4, "I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love."

#### 2. REPENTING

"Mere sorrow, which weeps and sits still, is not repentance. Repentance is sorrow converted into action, into a movement toward a new life."—M. R.

Vincent. "Cast away from you all your transgressions, whereby ye have transgressed; and make you a new heart and a new spirit: for why will ye die, O house of Israel?" Ezek. 18:31. Humble yourself before God and ask forgiveness, for the fault is in you. We cannot, ourselves, make a new heart, but we can seek God earnestly, repentantly, and He will make us a new heart and a new spirit. Don't be like the man who daily repents and resolves to do better, yet never turns from his ways.

#### 3. RESUMING

Repeat your works. Watch, fast, and pray diligently. Ask God for wisdom and zeal to work for Him. Rebuke sin and get as far from it as possible. Walk with God and continually work until you have regained your lost ground and have evidence that you are accepted with God. That's a wonderful feeling—to be at peace with yourself and God. I'm sure that once you have that feeling again, you'll never want to lose it any more. The remedy for any backslider, cold or indifferent person, is to do their first works. Read the 10th verse of the same chapter, last clause, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

#### **IMPORTANT IDEAS IN JOHN 3:16**

#### GOD'S LIMITLESS LOVE

In this world of inflexible material law, brute force, and cruel inhumanity there is a standing protest to all that is harsh and full of hate. Like a beacon on a rock-bound coast, the light of John 3:16—the little gospel—shines forth to refute the doctrine of despair. Cynicism may be having its day, but there is no sun, no light, no warmth, and no cheerful radiance.

In his declaration of hope, John emphasizes the love of God. Today, as ever, we need to know who God is and what He is like. If He seems to us, as He seemed to one young man, like an old professor who had retired from active duty, life for us will not be full of hope and joy. But if we know that God exists, and that He has a heart of infinite love, we can bear all things without any discouragement or fear.

#### THE SUPREME GIFT

Our loving heavenly Father is a great Giver. On the human plane, love is the prime motive for giving. The more a father loves his child, the more he desires to give to it. Great affection leads to tremendous outpouring

of gifts upon the object loved.

God loves the world, which is His own handiwork. In spite of all its imperfections, He cares for it, and longs to make it complete. He has lavished a wealth of natural resources upon His creation; He has touched it with rare beauty at so many points; and He has given to man the supreme gift—an unfolding revelation of Himself, a revelation that is comprehensible to all men.

This disclosure of the Eternal to man reached its height when God gave His only Son. Those who saw Jesus could see what God is like. The Savior's love led Him to give Himself in service and finally to sacrifice His life upon the cross that others might live.

#### BARRIERS SWEPT AWAY

One of the religious sects in Jesus' day was known as the Pharisees, the Puritans of that time. They believed in the salvation of the few, the elect, and were sure that they were of the elect. John caught the full sweep of the gospel in the word "whosoever." To him was manifest the truth that social standing, religious tradition, or an outward show of piety do not entitle a person to the benefits which God offers. Moreover, every barrier, except one, which separates man from the happiness which God so freely offers, is swept away.

#### FAITH

Unbelief—cynicism; the refusal to give any value to truth, beauty, and goodness; the denial of the love of God manifest in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord—this is the only barrier which shuts us away from the most precious gift, which is life, full, abundant, and eternal.

Belief is made up of two elements: trust and self-surrender. The first arises out of knowledge. When we know Jesus Christ as the Savior, we can trust Him. And when we trust Him, we readily surrender our lives to Him, for such surrender is a natural part of perfect trust.

#### LOST MEN FOUND

Jesus gave three pictures of people who are lost: first, the sheep, which became detached from the flock; second, the coin, which was misplaced; and third, the son, who turned his back on the affection of his father and went far away to live to himself and for self, to be free from all restraint and parental advice.

But our Lord did not picture the lost condition as hopeless. He did not dwell upon the morbid side. All that was lost in these parables was found. Even the boy who lost himself was found, and all that he had to do was to change his mind and to accept a new way of life to be followed in the future.

This is the glory of the gospel, that no matter how far a man may have drifted away from God, he may, through faith in Christ, return and find forgiveness of all his misdeeds.

#### LIFE MORE ABUNDANT

The person who accepts Christ as his Savior begins to have life more abundant here and now. Jesus did not infer in His teachings about salvation that eternal life was deferred until after death. He positively affirmed that those who would forget themselves and seek the highest gifts would receive all that their hearts desired, Matt. 6:33.

God	John 4:24
Loved1	John 4:8-11
Whosoever	Rom. 10:13
Believe	John 5:24
Perish	1 Cor. 1:18
Everlasting Life	John 6:27

#### NOTICE

On account of our paper's being cut to twenty pages, we are using short lessons this month. If you would like a lesson on education, take the contents of the entire paper and build your program around it. The Editor's message, Brother Simmons' message, and the Reading Page will all give you some good thoughts to build upon.

Perhaps you will have some students from B.T.S. and College who will lead the meeting. Below we are giving a short outline on the "Power of the Holy Ghost." This will help you in building your own messages instead of using other people's thoughts.—Ed.

## THE POWER OF THE HOLY SPIRIT Revealed in the Acts

(Abridged from A Whitsuntide Meditation, by F. E. Marsh, D. D.)

Where there is no article in the original, the power of the Spirit is to the front, therefore, "Holy Spirit" and "power" are equivalent.

Power To Communicate: "After that he through the Holy Spirit had given commandment" (1:2).

Power To Baptize: "Ye shall be baptized with (in) "the Holy Spirit" (1:5).

Power To Fill: "They were all filled (Continued on page 17)

#### EDITOR'S MESSAGE

(Continued from page 2)

father's lack of education. Some argue that an education is unnecessary in some cases, that much depends on what one is going to do in life. There is no task so menial that one will not need an education to make life worthwhile.

Now, since we have been trying to show that education is really necessary in all walks of life, we want to see what some of the characteristics of a truly educated man are.

A great many people look on an educated person as someone who stands far above them in their own estimation of man. This is not true of the right kind of an education.

Let us see what kind of a man or woman we can call educated. A truly educated person will have tact in dealing with people. The tactful person always fits in. He may be a profound scholar, but the one whose education was limited to a few months in the district school does not feel uncomfortable in his presence. He may have clothing of the latest cut and finest quality, but, in his presence, shabby people forget about his garments and their own. His manners, instead of rendering the awkward more acutely conscious than ever, are good enough to set them at their ease. Even the habitual grumbler and faultfinder surrenders to tact, and grudgingly acknowledges that things are not so bad as they might be.

The tactful person makes friends, gets ahead, and enjoys himself for the simple reason that he scatters happiness about him wherever he goes. Why not cultivatae a little more of so beneficent a quality?

A truly educated person will be humble. Humility is the greatest need of our church today. God can do very little through the man or woman who is exalted in their own estimation.

Not long ago, I was talking to a consecrated young woman about humility and we were analyzing our own lives. I began to enumerate some of the things in my life that I was sure signified my humility, and I was sure I had some qualifications. But I didn't measure up in others. Many things came before us as we looked into the mirror of humility, and made my heart cry, "O Lord, help me to be humble so that Thou canst use me in a greater way." I wonder if you are satisfied with your life as you behold your face in this mirror of humility.

We have tried to inspire you in this message to seek an education that you may glorify God, but for no other reason, and the only way to glorify Him is through humility. So in closing, we are giving you a special thought in the beautiful poem, "God's Ambassadors," on page two.

## REPORT FROM NORTHWEST BIBLE AND MUSIC ACADEMY

(Continued from page 8) future work. Two of the faculty members also plan to leave for foreign fields soon.

The faculty for this past term included the following:

Superintendent, Rev. C. C. McAfee Principal, Rev. J. B. Reesor Fae V. Dyer Mr. and Mrs. Harold Cato LaVern Borton Marie Meppelink

The term was brought to a wonderful climax as six seniors marched forward to receive their diplomas. These were:

Joseph Byre Melvin Arthur Jensen Martha Leicht Betty Lou Moyer Luella Phinney Vernette Thompson

We were honored in having our state overseer, Rev. C. C. McAfee, and Rev. Godwin, overseer of Montana and Wyoming, as speakers for the closing exercises. Plans are being made for a larger and better school next term.

Write for an application blank today and plan to join us in Christian fellowship next term, which starts October 15, 1946. Application blanks may be secured from Mrs. Fae Dyer, Lemmon, S. Dak.

#### HAPPY HOME CIRCLE

(Continued from page 5) kitchen which had been cut from magazines. These things seem so simple, yet bring such joy to children's hearts.

Doesn't it sadden your heart to think of the many children in our world who are deprived of such simple joys? Many are just shifting for themselves. What can we do for our own and other children in our community who need guidance in spending their time? Here is a lovely quotation from the magazine mentioned previously: "The day has many hours for routine tasks, but the needs of the heart must not be overlooked." Let us not neglect love; pray for more love if you are lacking. A tame plant,

neglected, will soon become wild, and it will take lots of cultivating to retame it. Likewise with children. It has been said by competent authorities that Hitler's Nazi system of education was more powerful than his army. Children from ten years of age and upwards were taught that it was noble to lie, steal, kill or die for Hitler. Now those youths are causing no end of trouble for the occupation forces. That character is a part of The same authority was of them the opinion that to make Germany safe as a future neighbor, we should begin teaching their kindergarten children new and sane principles immediately.

One of our nation-wide radio network programs awards a small prize daily to a good neighbor selected from many letters written from all sections of the U.S.A. They award a \$1,000 cash prize annually to the "good neighbor of the year," chosen from among the hundreds of letters received. I was thrilled to learn of the persons to whom awards were made this year. It was a tie between two, so a double prize was awarded. One went to a young man and his wife in New Jersey. This young man (a Sunday School teacher) became alarmed over several minor offenses committed by children in their small town, and decided that half an hour with his Sunday School class on Sunday was not enough. Although they were a family with a moderate income and had several children of their own. they decided to open their home to the boys once a week. In their basement, they set up a game room and played with the boys. Later, the group increased until they had to rent larger quarters and spend two nights a week with them. The juvenile problem for that town was absolutely solved, simply because those energetic boys no longer had to ask, "What may I do?" They had something to which to look forward and were trained to better entertain themselves in between times. The other award was made to a Negro woman in Georgia who undertook to gather neglected children of her race into her home where she taught them to read and write. Then on Sundays, she took as many as forty to Sunday School. We could emulate these examples to some degree in our own communities, couldn't we?

It gives me great satisfaction to read and hear about the Youth Congresses, boys' and girls' summer camps daily vacation Bible classes, etc., being planned and executed by our church and other fundamental Christian groups. The country at large is waking up to the need of youth and the worldly groups are establishing canteens, etc., for them. Christians, this presents an even greater challenge to us to supply Christian entertainment. Do not misunderstand me; I do not suggest that we substitute extra-church activities for the Sunday School, Y.P.E., etc. If carried out in the proper way, they will merely supplement our church activities and supply added interest to them. So let us live with our boys and girls that we can enjoy the confidence and assurance the mother did whose son in the army wrote her these words, "You raised me, didn't you, Mom? Well, why worry?"

NOTE: Dear mothers: We promised last month to give you a program each month, but on account of our limited space this month, we will permit you to plan your own. Pray for an increase in paper so that our work will not be hindered. See Reading Page for suggestions for study.—Editor.

#### THE POWER OF THE HOLY SPIRIT

(Continued from page 15) with the Holy Spirit" (2:4).

Power To Speak: "Peter filled with the Holy Spirit, said" (4:8).

Power for Confidence: "When they had prayed . . . they were all filled with the Holy Spirit, and they spake the word of God with boldness" (4:31).

Power for Office: "Seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Spirit and wisdom, whom we may appoint over this business" (6:3).

Power To Serve: "They chose Stephen, a man full of faith and the Holy Spirit" (6:5).

Power To See: "He being full of the Holy Spirit, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God" (7:55).

Power To Qualify: "Prayed for them that they might receive the Holy Spirit... they received the Holy Spirit... he may receive the Holy Spirit" (8:15, 17, 19).

Power To Endue: "Be filled with the Holy Spirit" (9:17).

Power To Do Good: "God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Spirit . . . Who went about doing good" (10:38).

Power To Unify: "Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Spirit . . . The

like gift as he did unto us" (11:16).

Power To Discern: "He was a good man and full of the Holy Spirit" (11:24).

Power To Detect: "Paul, filled with the Holy Spirit, set his eyes on him and said," etc. (13:9).

Power To Rejoice: "The disciples were filled with joy and the Holy Spirit" (13:52).

Power To Possess: "Have ye received the Holy Spirit?" (19:2).

#### HELPS FOR TEMPTED AND TRIED Turning Difficulties Inside Out

(Continued from page 6)
most glorious views they had ever looked down upon.

#### WE WENT

(Continued from page 3) put into her heart the desire to serve Him. He would do the rest.

Whenever they were alone, Mrs. Carlson and Kathy would discuss ways of Kathy's becoming a missionary. They realized Kathy would have to finish high school; then she would have to either attend a Christian college or a Bible institute. A missionary had to be prepared. Christ had worked and waited until He was thirty before He proclaimed His gospel. Paul had gone into Arabia for three years before he began to preach. Her mother suggested, "I think Bible school would be cheaper than college. You write and see what they expect. Then we will know how to pray."

Kathy wrote a letter to the Bible school and asked the entrance requirement. After she mailed it, she chuckled to her mother, "Here I am, talking about going to the city to school, and pa says I can't even finish high school. Yet I can't do anything else."

"That's faith," her mother encouraged.

It was in August, 1941, when Russell Henseley hurried down the path. The Carlsons had finished supper and the three boys were doing the chores. Mr. Carlson, Mrs. Carlson and the two girls were resting on the back porch in the late twilight.

Ruthie jumped up when she saw Russell. He always smiled, but now there was a furrow on his brow. "What's wrong?"

"Evening," he glanced at the others. "Ruthie, the Selective Service Board has called my number. I thought they wouldn't take farmers, but they're going to take me and leave Bud," he mentioned his younger brother. "I

have to leave in ten days."

"No," Ruthie exclaimed; then she blinked back the tears and encouraged, "But that's all right. You must do what's right. It's only for a year."

"If we don't get into the war; then it'll be for the duration." Mr. Carlson reminded shrewdly.

"I thought, maybe, we could be married at once and you could live near the camp where I'm to be stationed."

Ruthie gazed fondly at him. She loved him deeply. She glanced at the quiet Kathy, who went about the house holding her little vision close to her heart never saying a word, but with her eyes ever wearing a look of expectancy.

"Maybe, Russell, the Lord means for us to wait this year. You remember what I told you about Kathy's wanting to finish high school so she could tell others about Jesus." He nodded and stared at the slight, fair-haired girl.

"As long as you have to go, I might stay home and help mother with the housework. That way you and I could give Kathy her chance."

"I'd like to have you near me, but what you suggest is right, Ruthie. We'll write often. I'll have a furlough now and then. I know we'll be happier if we do what's right."

Ruthie turned to her father, "Pa, that way, is it all right for Kathy to go back to school?"

Mr. Carlson grinned. "It surely is. It worried me considerably because Kathy had to stop school. This makes it about right. Kathy, why don't you say something? Everything's fixed for you."

Kathy rose, a tear dampening her blue eyes. She looked so slender and girlish in her faded print dress as she stood on the porch steps, with all of them staring at her. She gulped, deeply; then stammered, "Ruthie, Russell, I-I thank you for being so good to me, but—Mother, you tell them why I can't let them do it?"

"Yes, why?" Russell demanded.

Mrs. Carlson answered in a flat, suppressed voice. "I had Kathy write to the Bible school where she must go after she finishes high school. They say she must have a hundred and fifty dollars in advance for her room and board before she comes to the city.\* They explained that it costs a lot to live in a big city and the students must not go into debt. They believe if the Lord wants a girl to go, He'll raise the money. I can't figure any way of the Lord's doing it.

Russell glanced at Ruthie with a

smile. He would like to have her marry him and live near his camp. It would be a hard year, and a year was a long time to wait. Then he turned again toward Kathy. She stood there, quietly gazing across the fields toward the horizon. Suppose he and Ruthie did wait, waste a year, was Kathy merely young and dreaming, or— He questioned, "Kathy, do you think there's any way the Lord could give you that money during the next year?"

\*A requirement at the Bible Institute of Los Angeles. I understand all Bible Schools do not make this requirement.

(To be continued)

#### PRISON PAGE

#### From the Shadow of Death

(Continued from page 12)

and testified freely to the saving power of God. Hearing of his conversion from the police, one of the justices of the Old Bailey sent for Rodney and invited him to his house. Rodney's sister was greatly encouraged in the Lord at the knowledge that her prayers were at last answered, and that her longlost brother had realized there was indeed no redeeming point in his character, but that all his redemption lay wholly in a crucified and risen Savior!

The conversion of Rodney clearly proves that the saving power of God is just as mighty today as it ever was in scriptural and apostolic times, and that prayer is a power more effective than that stored up in electricity or the earthquake—that it is an energy vibrant with quickening force, swifter than wireless and a sure means of communication through Christ between God and man.

The judge in his scarlet robe believed Rodney incorrigible, but his sister knew that prayer was more potent than all the prisons on earth, and so her prayers of faith were rewarded, and by the blood of Christ her intercession was accepted, and Rodney passed from the sinister shadows of the gallows to the eternal blessedness of the redeemed.—The Life of Faith (England).

Note: Boys and girls, and men and women who have fallen by the wayside and who are behind prison bars, God is able to make you as white as snow, if you will but yield yourself to Him, Isaiah 1:18.

# LIGHTED PATHWAY RATING FOR JUNE

	7-1-1-4	m - 4 - 2
	Sold for June	Total
Alabama		30,657
Alaska	7	70
Arizona		2,362
Arkansas		8,284
California	883	10,578
Canada	321	3,026
Colorado		497
Connecticut		100
Delaware		1,212
Florida		29,992
Foreign		4,194
Georgia	5,083	53,766
Idaho	173	1,713
Illinois	2,058	18,991
Indiana	718	10,975
Iowa		2,081
Kansas		5,593
Kentucky		23,268
Louisiana		4,956
Maine	323	3,539
Massachusetts		477
Maryland		12,864
Michigan		10,208
Minnesota		817
Mississippi		10,399
		14,929
Missouri		,
Montana		1,650
Nebraska		372
Nevada		72
New Hampshire	3	35
New Jersey	154	1,462
New Mexico		2,326
New York		1,128
North Carolina		58,700
North Dakota		2,358
Ohio		31,725
Oklahoma		5,825
Oregon		1,522
Pennsylvania	804	8,580
Rhode Island	1	2
South Carolina	8,549	88,066
South Dakota	257	2,326
Tennessee	8,846	50,715
Texas	2,409	19,346
Utah	1	4
Vermont	1	7
Virginia	1,719	16,679
Washington	· ·	3,849
Washington, D. (		1,058
West Virginia		18,541
Wisconsin		741
Wyoming		50
·		
	60,398	582,687
	,	,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,

#### June Honor Roll

Margaret Varner, Baltimore, Md.
Pauline Albro, Louisville, Ky.
Edwin M. Mortenson, Columbia, S. C.
Leonard Price, Kannapolis, N. C.
W. H. Pendergrass, Lindale, Ga.
W. L. McIntyre, Charleston, S. C.

#### ATTENTION!

## Y.P.E. State Superintendents, Also Local Superintendents

Just a reminder relative to distribution of the Lighted Pathway, and the rating. You get credit for the number of Lighted Pathways distributed in your state, and your rating each month is taken from this record. When the final check-up is made in determining who is entitled to the state banner in your group, only the Lighted Pathways that have been paid for can be counted. For example, if your state has distributed 50,000 copies and paid the Publishing House for only 20.-000 copies, the rating in the final check-up will show a distribution of only 20,000. So don't let your accounts get behind. If we collect for Lighted Pathways distributed in our state some year prior to this year, that have not been paid for, we get credit for them the same as if we had distributed them this year. So, local Y.P.E. superintendents, check on your Y.P.E. and see if some old accounts are standing; get them paid and out of the way, should there be any, help your state superintendent win in having the highest rating.—H. L. Chesser, Ass't Gen. Overseer.

#### June Prize Winner

John D. Smith, Chattanooga, Tenn., is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5 for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.

NOTE: In order to qualify for winning the prize of \$5 in any one month, you must sell the most papers and have your money in on time. The due date for the money to be in is the 20th of each month. For instance, the money for July papers must be in the office by July 20.

#### Lighted Pathways for Men in Service, Etc.

Amount sent from each state to the Publicity Fund and to the fund for sending Lighted Pathways to men in Service for June:

20 70
27.08
18.90
2.00
2.00
1.00
1.00
1.00
1.00
53.98



Reason. Macood

#### Dear Sister Harrison:

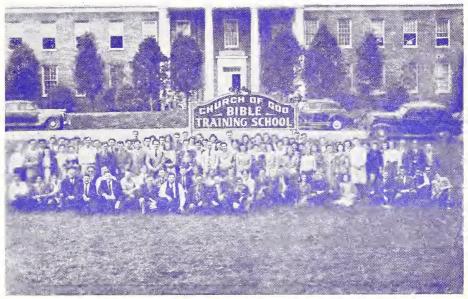
At our state convention which recently convened in Bozeman, during our Bible School program we raised an offering for the Student Loan Fund which our state treasurer, Mrs. A. C. Washek, will send to the school in a few days. Although this offering is small, it bespeaks the feeling of the people of Montana toward the Loan Fund.

We put the penny-a-day plan before our churches. However, our church in Bozeman, where Brother W. H. Snyder is pastor, has already pledged to give 2c a day instead of 1c per day. I think a penny a day is too little for Church of God folk. I trust Montana will be able to do more in the future for this great cause.—W. H. Gadwin, averseer of Mantana.

NOTE: Would it not have been wonderful if every pastor and state overseer could have done as much? We would have reached our goal of \$100,000 by the Assembly. Perhaps next year we will all join hands and hearts in this undertaking. However, it is not too late. We are laying a foundation this year upon which we hope to build a great Loan and Endowment Fund in the years to come. Would your church or state not like to have a part in laying the foundation?—Editor.

# Hello, Everybody! .....

I am colling to say "Thank You" far all you have done for the schaal this year. We ore especially thankful to those who have contributed to the Loan and Endawment Fund. We hope that many other churches will enter this pennyaday drive before the new school year has begun. You will see the large number of students in the pictures on this page who have made good and many are entering into their special field of service for the Moster. Did you help them in getting their training? If you did, I know you are very hoppy. But there are thousands of boys and girls on the home field who are just as capable as these. They are looking to God for help, and God is expecting you and me to be His instruments to answer their prayers. Will YOU and YOU and YOU help in this great cause?—Charlotte Patterson, B. T. S. Student.



**Evangelists** 



Honor Students

# The Future Home of Bible Training School and College



Here is a beautiful landmark known as "Old Main" af the Bab Janes Callege praperties, which have been recently purchased as a home for our Bible Training School and College, where aur awn Church af Gad bays and girls will be educated.

Bob Jones College properties were purchased by the Executive Board and Council of Twelve after a meeting held in Cleveland, Tenn., February 26, 1946. The estimated value of these properties was set at \$2,242,000. The Church of God Council tendered an offer of \$1,500,000, which was finally accepted by the trustees of Bob Jones College. The capacity of this college is about 1,500 students. The following make up the list of real estate obtained in this purchase:

Mack Memorial Library Alumni Hall Old Main (see cut) Nell Sunday Hall Cosmopolitan Hall Georgia Creel Hall Dining Hall Margaret Mack Auditorium Academic Building Victory Hall
Gymnasium
Memorial Hall
Eight Unit Apartment House
North Hall, Boys' Dormitory
South Hall, Boys' Dormitory
President's Home
Melody Hall
Harmony Hall

Residence on 19th Street
West Hall
Jeep, a Dwelling on 21st Street
Green House, a dwelling on 23rd St.
Residence on Magnolia Avenue
Large lot on Centenary Avenue
Studio Buildings
Honeymoon Hall
Heating Plant
A new dormitory under construction

Many of our ministers and laity have expressed great satisfaction with the acquisition of this fine college. Most of the college buildings are of recent construction. Possession of the college properties has been promised in time for the opening of 1947 term, if at all possible. It is hoped that this move will prove to be a progressive one, and one on which the blessings of the Lord may be markedly manifest.

# Lighted Pathway

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR



Vol. 17

SEPTEMBER, 1946

No. 9



"Thy Word is B Light Unto My Path"

Psalm 119:105

## THE EDITOR'S MESSAGE

#### A PRAYER FOR THE NEW CHURCH YEAR

In the time of temptation, O God, show me the way of escape. Grant me to know how impotent I am apart from Thee, and help me to be so near to Thy heart that I shall have strength to resist evil and be master of my



conduct. When my loyalty is challenged by compromising interests, make me resolute, clear-eyed, pure-hearted, true. Inspire me to noble daring; give me a heart of courage that refuses to lower its standards. Grant that the direction of my thoughts may be upward and my real self rise with them. With my eyes fixed on Thee, my ears open to Thy counsels, my will steadfast to Thy purpose, enable me to live to Thy glory. When heart and flesh fail, and the tide of conflict seems against me, so renew, quicken, and embolden me by Thy Spirit and the unfailing friendship of Jesus Christ, that I may hold to the contest until peace and victory are won. Make me charitable and help me to see the good in those with whom I associate

from day to day.

Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

Here we are at Assembly time, 1946. This is the season of the year when the natural harvest is being gathered, and for our Church it is the time when we come together in this great Assembly to rejoice over the harvest of souls for the year that is passed, and to plan for the coming year.

As we look back over our year's work, we will see many bright spots along the way for which we are thankful, but along with them comes the trials and failures and disappointments. It is a good time to take inventory, for soon we must enter into a new year of service for the Master.

During the past year there have been a number of people whom I have heard commenting on the loss of power in the church today. It seems to be a popular subject and you perhaps have heard it, too. It is being lamented in the pulpits, in the Sunday School classes, in private conversations between friends who love the Church and want to see it move on to perfection. When the subject is discussed, possible reasons for the condition are set forth, and many reasons have been offered. I would like to point out to you, in my message this month, what I think might be hindering the Holy Spirit from doing the work He would like to do in the world today through us; with the hope that, as we face a new year, we might rid our lives of a blight that is killing the influence of the church today. The blight to which I refer is the spirit of criticism

Not long ago a preacher, who was discussing this dearth of power, used as his theme, "Back to Pentecost." It was a good message and contained truths that all of us need to face. In the worship service just preceding his message, the conversation of two adults was overheard. Their conversation concerned those who were taking part in the service. One of the parties commented on the dress of the pianist as being worldly, another thought the singers not so hot. "We have a quartette at our church who can beat them all to pieces," etc., etc., etc. After the service, there were numerous comments made about the sermon; about its ideas and the method of delivery. As I thought of the preacher's theme, "Back to Pentecost," I thought of something D. L. Moody said in his book, "The

Fulness of the Gospel": "Supposing that on the day of Pentecost the apostles had been criticizing Peter, do you think the Holy Ghost would have worked so miraculously? Imagine John whispering to James, 'It doesn't seem to me that Peter is quite up to himself this morning; and James replying, 'I am disappointed myself. This is a representative audience, and he lacks polish and finish.' Suppose Andrew had turned to Matthew and said, 'Really that is too bad for Peter to be so harsh on the Pharisees and rulers. There are so many other things upon which we can agree, I do wish he would avoid all controverted subjects.' Do you think that if that had been the attitude of the apostles there would have been any conversions?" Suppose we try the effect of sympathy and prayer instead of criticism, upon the efforts of those who participate in the worship service and upon our minister's sermons, for the Holy Spirit will not work in an atmosphere of criticism. Not long ago, I dined with three friends at a cafeteria.

I like to eat there because I can choose just what I like best. We all passed along and made our choice of food and when we sat down at the table I noticed each plate was entirely different, and I remarked about the difference. Right there God spoke to my heart and showed me that no two individuals were alike or had the same tastes, and that we should allow each individual to choose for himself in other things besides food, instead of trying to compel everybody to see just like we see or do just like we do. This will hold good in our spiritual life as well as it does in feeding our physical body. I believe God is displeased with our narrow ideas. There are some scriptures that we do not all see alike. They come to us in a different light. Right in our own church, different interpretations are put on different scriptures. You think your interpretation is right and every body else should see just like you do, and you criticize the one who does not see eye to eye with you. That day at the cafeteria, I chose everything that was not seasoned with fat because I cannot eat fat. I have learned to like things without seasoning just as well as with it. I didn't criticize my friends because they ate food that was well-seasoned. I was glad to see them enjoy their food.

I think we have people today who have spiritual indigestion, and because they have been led out of some things they try to make everybody else see their way. If they don't, then they criticize. Criticism of each other has kept God's power from doing its work, and many souls will be lost because of it. I presume you would like to ask me this question, "Sister Harrison, do you criticize?" If you should ask me that question, of course I would say, "Yes, sometimes." So you see, I'm talking to myself, also. I have an idea we all know how to criticize. Sometimes we go into a meeting and it seems that everything is going wrong. The songs do not suit us. Some like the old hymns; some like the new; some like the slow songs; some like jazz. I

like the slower songs because I get the message of the song, which is very important. Strangers who come into our services can understand and enjoy the songs and derive a greater blessing. But there are those who enjoy the fast songs, and why should I not learn to joyfully give them a chance to satisfy their taste as well as mine? Sister Jones criticizes Sister Smith's dress because she has been definitely led to give up something that Sister Smith wears. Sister Jones spends most of her time watching, throughout the services, to see what she can find wrong with the dress of the congregation, since the church has certain standards. Well, this is one of the sins that hinders the Holy Ghost power from working in our services. Then it is hard for a pastor to preach Holy Ghost ser-

(Continued on page 13)

#### IF WE KNEW

By NIXON WATERMAN

If I knew you and you knew me—
If both of us could cleorly see,
And with on inner sight divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less
And closp our hands in friendliness;
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree,
If I knew you and you knew me.

If I knew you and you knew me,
As each one knaws his awn self, we
Cauld look each ather in the face
And see therein a truer grace.
Life has sa many hidden waes,
So many tharns far every rase;
The "why" of things aur hearts would see,
If I knew you and you knew me.

# We Went

MANAMA

By DOROTHY C. HASKIN

From Sunday School Banner

ALTERNA SYNOPSIS: Kathy Carlson, one of five children of a poor farmer is sent to a summer canference by the small rural church she attends. She feels called to serve the Lord, and tells her family. Her father says it is impossible for her to go because her mother is nat well enough to do the housework, and Ruthie, her aldest sister, is engaged to be married. Shortly before the date of the wedding, the number of Russell Hensley, the praspective groom, is called by the Selective Service. Though he would like Ruthie to marry him and live near the camp, he and Ruthie offer to postpane their marriage the year he is in service so Ruthie can stay home and take care of her mother and give Kathy the opportunity to finish high school. Mrs. Carlson says their sacrifice would be vain as Kathy must have one hundred and fifty dollars to go to Bible School after she finishes high school. Russell asks Kathy if she has the faith that the Lord will provide money for her to go to Bible School.

"Do you have the faith?" Russell insisted.

"The Lord sent me to the Bible conference where I received my call, He is opening the way for me to finish high school, how could I doubt His providing the money necessary for me to continue my preparation?"

"You know I can't provide it," her father felt obligated to warn. "If the farm pays well this year and it should, I've got places that the money must go for the advantage of the whole family. A father is obligated to all of his children."

"Yes, I understand. It must be from the Lord," Kathy smiled warmly at her father. She knew he was a hardworking, fair man whose hands were tied by his responsibilities.

"Then," Russell went on, "I think we ought to do as Ruthie suggested, and expect the Lord to honor Kathy's faith."

As Russell would be the one who would make the greatest sacrifice, for he would be leaving Ruthie and going alone to camp, everyone else felt they should agree.

The day Ruthie went to the station to say good-by to Russell, Kathie went down the road to the mailbox and got the local newspaper. As she walked up the path, she read it intently.

"What do you see?" her mother

asked from her customary place on the couch as Kathy entered the kitchen.

Kathy dropped onto a stool beside her mother. "I was reading this article on the shortage of domestic help. It says here that many who used to do housework are working in defense plants. Mother," Kathy raised her blue shining eyes, "Do you suppose I could find a place where I could live and after school work for my room and board and some money?"

"Oh, Kathy," her mother started to protest; then because she regretted she had discouraged Kathy when the letter came from the Bible Institute about the required money, though she disliked to have her Kathy leave home, she encouraged, "You try, Kathy. If the Lord wants you to go, He'll lead you to the right place."

The Lord did lead and Kathy found a pleasant home in which to work. It was the home of one of her school teachers, who had three small children and wanted a teen-age girl to live in the home so they could go out sometimes in the evening.

"How much will you make?" Ruthie asked excitedly when Kathy told the family at supper. Ruthie was thrilled that the sacrifice which she and Russell had made would not be in vain. She must write him!

"Five dollars a week," Kathy answered brightly.

"You'll have to save nearly every cent to save one hundred and fifty dollars in nine school months," Herman, Kathy's oldest brother, rapidly calculated.

"I know," Kathy nodded. She realized it would be a hard year, but she was willing. The Lord had called her; this year was but a small sacrifice for the eventual achievement.

"Don't you worry, Kathy," her father offered proudly. "You save your money and I'll manage to get you the extra things you need for school. I'd have taken care of you if you were home and I'll plan to do as much for you."

"Thank you," Kathy choked. Everyone was so good to her. The church had sent her to camp. Russell and Ruthie were waiting a year so she could go to school. Her mother was willing for her to leave home, and her father to continue to help her when he had so many responsibilities.

In December, came "Pearl Harbor." The Carlsons realized Russell would be kept in the Army. Kathy saw Herman every day at school and arranged

through him to spend her Christmas vacation on the farm so Ruthie could go to camp and marry Russell.

Neither one regretted the sacrifices they had made to help Kathy, but with the war, it seemed best to be married before he was shipped "across."

Otherwise, it was a long, but quiet happy year for Kathy. She made excellent grades. The people she worked for were pleasant. If she had to forego some good times, her steadily growing bank account balanced them.

When the summer vacation came, Kathy returned to the farm. Ruthie spent three more weeks with Russell before he was shipped to the Pacific area of the war. When Ruthie returned home, she offered, "Kathy, you've your money, and I'm content to look after mother and the family as long as Russell's gone. You can go to Bible School, knowing the Lord has, indeed, opened the way that seemed impossible.

At Bible School, Kathy was a serious, slender, fair-haired girl with wide, blue eyes that saw everything. She worked at a cafeteria to help support herself. She sucked in knowledge as one would suck an orange dry. She conquered her self-consciousness, learned to speak in front of people, and taught a class of teen-age girls at a near-by church.

Conditions continued to change at home. Ruthie had a baby boy with a ready smile, like Russell. Herman graduated from high school and was granted a farm deferment. Elvin secured his father's permission to join the Navy. Jacob entered high school.

(Continued on page 17)

#### THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

Devated to the general welfare and spiritual uplift of our young peaple everywhere

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## hildren's P

I think the story I am giving you this month is a real M.O.H. Club story, and so is the poem. "Make Others Happy" surely includes moth-er and Daddy. Don't you think so? How about memorizing this poem? God bless you and make you grow to be kind to all.

#### THE BOY WHO HELPS HIS MOTHER

As I went down the street today,

I saw a little lad

Whose face was just the kind of face To make a person glad.

I saw him busily at work

While blithe as a blackbird's song His merry, mellow whistle rang The pleasant street along.

Just then a playmate came along, And leaned across the gate, A plan that promised lots of fun

And frolic to relate. "The boys are coming for us now, So hurry up," he cried.

My little whistler shook his head, And "Can't come," he replied.

"Can't come?" Why not, I'd like to know;

"What hinders?" asked the other. "Why don't you see," came the reply. "Im busy helping Mother. She's lots to do, and so I like To help her all I can;

So I've no time for fun just now," Said this dear little man.

"I like to hear you talk like that," I told the little lad;

"Help Mother all you can and make Her kind heart light and glad." It does me good to think of him, And know that there are others Who, like this manly little boy,

Take hold and help their mothers. -Selected.

#### WORTH MORE THAN FINE CLOTHES

It was a common saying among the girls of Harbord Street School that Jessie Rankin did not half know what a good time was. She had a lively, quartet of younger brothers and sisters, and everyone of them looked to Jessie, as the big, wise, elder sister, who, of course, must know all about work.

On Saturday it was Jessie who scrubbed the kitchen floor, and baked cookies, and she actually had to wash dishes and make beds every day of her life. Nor were the younger members of the Rankin clan quite exempt from toil. Every morning Edwin helped Jessie to wash the breakfast dishes, while James and Fred and little Ruth tidied up the dining room and cleaned the bedroom lamps. At noon, every child of this well-regulated house attacked the dinner dishes, and again at supper time, "many hands made light work." But upon Jessie's young shoulders there rested what her schoolmates adjudged to be quite a burdensome share of work.

"It is just ridiculous!" said Nellie Perkins. "However can a girl have any sort of a good time who is always slaving at home?"
"Besides," continued little Grace

Holmes, "look at Jessie's hands. They are always red, and if she was not so persistent with her music, she would never make any sort of a headway.

Now, although Jessie Rankin heard bits of this frequent criticism, she was not the girl to court pity. And thus it came about that, to all save her own home folk, she maintained, on the subject of her home duties, an attitude of lofty indifference.

"But I declare, Mother," she would often complain, "things are not even, in this old world. I know you are not strong, and you give us all the good time you can, but there is not another girl in our class who has to work like

"Things are more even than you imagine," Mrs. Rankin replied one day

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when this all-too-common wail reached her ears. "Generally, in life, wail what people miss at one place, they can pick up at another."

"But the Perkins girls' father has no more money than my father," continued Jessie, "and yet they are always at school in fresh, white linen or muslin dresses, and they can bring home all the company they like and never have to do a hand's turn of work."

"And how is all this accomplished, Daughter?" asked Mrs. Rankin gravely. "Every night I can see Mrs. Perkins sewing and mending until nearly eleven o'clock, and then she is up at five in the morning, washing and ironing, that the little ones, and those two big, strong girls, may be kept at school in elaborate wash suits. company which Nellie and Susie bring home so constantly, and for which they make no preparation, means that their mother must work a little harder still. I fear that some day when it is too late, these careless girls will find out with sorrow that a mother is worth more than either fine clothes or a good time."

Jessie said nothing for a moment. She was thinking of the new linen suit which she had coaxed for so persistently, and which her mother had said must come next year. A mental picture, too, of her busy days and of the care-free life of many of her comrades, kept her from giving the fullest kind of assent to these wise words; but she kissed her mother and said:

"I'll reform and bear my burdens cheerfully some day, Mother, you'll see." And true enough, Jessie did reform. Cousin May's visit was responsible for the first step in the right direction. She came all the way from New York to spend a long-promised month in the Rankin household, and the young folks found her brimful of effervescent, sparkling life. The very first night she seized Jessie's red, freckled hands in her own firm ones, and said in her energetic fashion:

"What perfectly splendid hands! Wherever did you get them, child?"

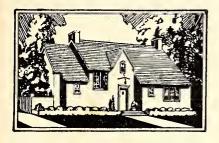
"Oh! they are a product of scrubbing indoors and weeding outdoors,"
Jessie replied grimly. "I hate my Jessie replied grimly. "I hate my freckles, but they stick fast to me." "Have you ever heard," said Cousin

May, with a twinkle in her eye, "that a freckle only spoke once, and then it is said that it was never known to light on a 'din' skin?"

After Jessie had come to understand that "din" was Scotch for dark and that her fair, clear skin was being praised, she laughed in a pleased, hearty fashion. And then it was that Cousin May made a remark which this young, impressionable girl never forgot.

"Lassie," she said, "I want you to treasure always these fine, sensible, well-kept hands of yours. Long after the freckles have all gone, the brawn and muscle will abide, and this is the stuff that counts in life. It stands for capability and force, and my experi-(Continued on page 13)

# HAPPY HOME (IRCLE



A Mother's Morning Prayer

I have awakened to another day, my Father, still trusting in Thy gracious love, and knowing that I am safe in

Thy protecting care.

I do not know what will be asked of me, nor how far I may be able to go, not how much I may be able to carry. But if the load is heavy, I know that Thou, the Burden-Bearer will share it with me, and enable me to endure the weight.

Not the loads that Thou gavest, but the way I meet them is my part. In Thy Word I find food and drink; if I do not partake of them, I am spiritually weakened, and am not at my spiritual or physical best. Therefore, I must not neglect nor fail to gather the Daily Manna that is provided for my needs.

And I must ever be willing to say, "Thy will be done." Thy will. Amen.—

By Edna Vaughan Black.

#### HOME TRAINING

ANNE GUILBERT MAHON There are probably as many dif-ferent ideas of what home training should be as their are different people in the world. Each parent has his or her own theory as to what is the best home training. Each individual child needs a different kind of training from any other child. One cannot prescribe a definite rule

"Just one reproachful word enough to break James' heart," said a mother whose eldest son was a delicate, sensitive, affectionate boy. "The fact that he has done wrong and that he has disappointed or grieved me is punishment enough for him and he is overwhelmed with remorse and a

desire to do better."
"But," she went on, "Frank is entirely different. I might look sorry and say the most reproachful thing I could to Frank and it would roll like water off a duck's back. He would go on in his own headstrong way until he was made to understand that he would have to behave differently. Stern, firm methods are the only ones to use to make him know that he must obey and do what is right. They are both good boys. Both love me, I know; but they are entirely different in their make-up, and they need dif-

"It is so with my girls, too," she went on. "Edith is the practical type. She goes straight ahead and accomplishes things; but she is apt to consider herself superior to her sister Margaret, who is of a more dreamy disposition, who loves to read and think. The danger with their train-ing is that Margaret will develop habits of laziness and be too dreamy and idealistic to accomplish as much as she would, while Edith needs to have the finer qualities of mind cultivated a little more and to be trained not to place too much stress on being able to do more work of a practical nature.

"Margaret is sensitive and shy," she added. "She needs to be encouraged and stimulated and brought forward to express her best qualities. Edith needs no stimulation of that sort, rather, she should be held back and not allowed to think herself of too much importance because she is quick and bright and capable of achieve-

ment."

So the home training must be fitted to each individual child. To accomplish this, the mother must study the children. She must read the best books she can obtain on child training -and there are many in every public library which will be a liberal education to her.

The children should be encouraged to express themselves, their thoughts, their opinions, so only can the parent understand them and guide them in the right direction, and so only will they be of value to the world— as each and every one has his or her mission in life, his or her own particular life to live and work to do. Only as they are themselves can they do their best and fill the place for which they were intended; but it is the parents' privilege and duty to 

#### Memory-Making Days

GRACE NOEL CROWELL I must move softly, I must keep A watch upon my words and ways, My children are so small, but these Are the dear memory-making days-

The days when their young minds will take

A clear-cut picture of my face; Some little word I say will make An imprint time will not erase.

My hands, swift-moving through the

hours;
My feet that tread their daily round;

My thought's (God help me) in their hearts

Through after years will still be found.

I must walk softly, I must keep A watch on all I do or say. Perhaps, thus guarded, I shall make Some lovely memory today. guide and lead the children in the right paths and to teach them how to make the best of themselves.

Certain qualities need to be cultivated in every child. Some will possess them to a greater or less degree. Some will have one quality, another will have others. Unselfishness and consideration for others should be the basis of home training, for from love and unselfishness spring all the other virtues. Strength and courage, truth and honesty, high ideals, nobility of character, then industry, helpfulness, not forgetting the important quality of happiness, good cheer, seeing the bright side of every dark cloud, are all important qualities to be cultivated and encouraged in the children. Understanding, encouragement, the right suggestions and judicious praise have much more to do in inculcating these qualities in the children than any amount of blame, censure, criticism, and harshness.

Only a little while have the mother and father the privilege of training the children in the home then they must go out to meet life's battles with the equipment that has been given them; so that home training is a fail-ure which does not instill into the children a spirit strong to meet life's hardships, and a character which makes it of use and blessing to the

#### GIVE THE BOY A CHANCE

HENRY J. ZELLEY

In looking over my clippings, I found the following, by Mrs. C. V. Henson, and the poem by an unknown author, both of which deserve a wider reading. Permit the writer to say that it was printed many years ago, before Christian homes were flooded with sex novels and magazines of doubtful character, or when entertainments were provided such as are common today, and prove to be schools of immorality, for both girls and boys.

Mrs. Henson said, "We seldom have the question asked. What shall our girls read?' It seems to be taken for granted that a mother will see to it that her fair little daughter shall read only what is best for her. There is a wrong sentiment abroad that our boys must wade through a moral slum, hoping that some may come out uncontaminated. I do not believe it for a moment. Why should not a boy be just as pure as a girl? I do not believe that there is any more natural wickedness in a boy's nature than in a girl's. For the future good of 'Home and Native Land' they should have equal care and good influence.

"Don't send my boy where your girl

can't go,
And say, 'There is no danger for a

boy, you know, Because they all have their wild oats to som.

There is no more excuse for my boy to be low

Than your girl. Then please don't tell him so."

## HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED AND TRIED

#### BE PATIENT UNTO

Believers are called upon to exercise patience in view of the coming of the Lord. All manner of testings and trials may come to them before the Lord returns, and undoubtedly this is why James writes, "Be patient therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the

Lord." Christian waiting is patience. Every year brings the Lord nearer in His coming. Indeed, every day brings us one day nearer to His return. Indications of His coming are multiplying rapidly as the days and the years pass one by one. Waiting for the Lord to come does not mean that we shall sit down and fold our hands and thus wait for Him to come. It means rather the contrary. It means to be ever on the outlook. An attendant, who was asked to wake a visitor in time to meet an appointment, was "lingering hard" for the purpose, when someone exclaimed, "What, sitting here and doing nothing!" "No," was the quick reply, "I am busy waiting." This gives us an idea what the man or woman is like that is waiting for the Lord to come.

"Busy waiting"—that is what they are doing. We shall be busy as one waiting for the dawn of day, or as one waiting to take the tide at the flood. "Busy waiting!"

Christian reader, are you "busy waiting"? Are you truly looking for the Lord to come? If you are "busy waiting" for the Lord to come, you are hard at it. This sounds like a conundrum—"busy waiting," "hard at it," but such is nevertheless the case. The farmer is encouraged to wait by the thought that every sunrise prepares for and accelerates the gleeful reaping time. The Christian is therefore encouraged by the thought that every day, every hour, he is nearer the time when the Lord will come. He is incited to wait for His coming by the assurance, "I will come again," and "His coming draweth nigh." Glorious encouragement! Blessed assurance! "The night is far spent, the day is at hand!"

The reason James writes, "Be patient therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord," is because there is danger of becoming weary in the waiting. Weariness is liable to take on one of three forms—simple fatigue, discouragement, or that of disgust. Weariness in the first form is the most



#### THE BLAZED PATHWAY

THELMA MASSENGILL

Jesus Christ our blessed Savior, Blazed the path to heaven's throne; Trod the way along before us, And prepared for us a home.

Oftentimes this pathway leads us Through the valley low and dim; Then we hesitate and wonder If this path was trod by Him.

We look about to find some stronghold; 'Tis dark, and in our hearts there's dread. Then a sweet voice gently whispers, "Go on, my child, there's light ahead."

He knows the stones that lie hidden; He sees the curve that's on beyond, And with guidance sure He leads us Ever gently on and on.

So with courage new we travel, For we know that He is there. Soon we see the light before us Shining as a beacon fair.

And then when we reach the ending Of this path our Savior blazed, Our hearts are filled with peace and gladness,

For we'll dwell with Him always.

common and possibly the most natural. Rest is the one and only cure for fatigue. Daily tasks have a tendency to tire our human physiques. Heavy burdens and great responsibilities have a tendency of tiring our minds, our hands, our feet, our physical being as a whole. Nighttime is a most blessed

relief to those who have bur-

dens and responsibilities to take care of. Weariness in the form of discouragement is different from weariness in the form of fatigue. Weariness in the form of discouragement means a loss of hope, and, as a result, there is nothing worth-while to look ahead to. The incentive is not there. The inspiration is lacking, the enthusiasm is wanting. Weariness has robbed the believer of that which encourages, inspires, and enthuses. Discouragement is, therefore, a most disheartening thing. Disgust, the third form of weariness, brings a person to a most inexplicable state of mind. This state of mind often drives a person to the other extreme, so that he is inclined to loathe things which once were attractive to him. A disgusted

person may not only cause a person to renounce what he once strongly purposed, but it may cause him to turn into an antagonist to the very ends that before, he sought to serve.

"To all those who have a wearisome life; to all those who have mixed responsibilities; to all those who are obliged to have great burdens; to all those who are compelled to bear these things in bodies that

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#### LETTER

Dear Sister Harrison:

I read the Lighted Pathway a lot and I really enjoy it. I cut that verse out each month which says, "In the grip of God." I put it in a cellophane holder and carry it in my pocketbook wherever I go. When I find myself downhearted or in a tight spot, I always take it out and read it and it really helps a lot to know that God is right there with me on the job.—Name Unknown.

#### RAYMOND'S "FIVE-YEAR" PLAN

By Nellie L. Harrington

Raymond Barnes thrilled to his fingertips. This was the climax of his years of hard study—this ordination service. He wondered if those other young men on either side of him sensed the importance of the moment.

He was keenly alive to every word of the address and of the charge, and when those hands rested upon his head he felt definitely set apart—"God's man!" What could he not do!

Later, an old minister laid a hand on the shoulder of the young man and after a few congratulatory phrases, said, "Raymond, let me give you a bit of advice. Stay with your first church for five years."

"Five years!" cried Barnes, startled. "Why, how do I know they'd—want me that long? Or that I'd want to stay?"

"That's the very point. Make them want you, or at least not vote you out—for five years. And make yourself stick to it that long. See? There's a sort of discipline a young fellow needs that can't be taught in the course of study. Neither can you get it through the 'laying on of hands,' good as both are. Life has its own lessons to teach and the only way to learn them is to stick it out. Where do you go?"

"Maple Grove," was Raymond's dubious answer.

"And you're thinking that you don't want to stay by that small-town church for five years, I'll warrant," laughed the older man. "I guess no one has, at that. It will be a test of your ability, and maybe of their grace. Well, the Lord be with you, but remember what I say, 'Five years.'"

This conversation gave a definite trend to Raymond Barnes' thought of his new church. He had accepted the call because it was the only one offered him. He realized now that he had hoped for a larger place. But five years! Surely not! And yet, why not?

And Maple Grove church was accustomed to young preachers. They could not pay the salaries the older men could command. Year after year they listened to sermons that were well-meant, to say the best of them. They looked with kindly charity on the efforts of their young pastors. It was a bit discouraging to think that as soon as they really could preach they'd be called to a better place and Maple Grove would have to start in with another fledging!

But Raymond Barnes found that five-year idea sticking in his sub-conscious. It colored his very first sermon and it flung its shadow over the entire community. Was he to be responsible for the Christian teaching of these youth for the next five years? By that time some would either be in the church—or utterly lost in the world.

Plans for the young people—plans for the church—plans for material as well as spiritual things grew into high ideals. But—one after another they fell flat. The church people smiled complacently. They were used to enthusiastic ideals that never materialized. The preacher next year would present an entirely new set. Why bother!

So the cold water of indifference was dashed over Raymond. "Endure this for five years?" Not he. What was it the good old brother had said? "Test of your ability—make them want you."

The young man picked up a brief essay and read, "If your knees are shaky, kneel on them." And it went on to advise more Bible reading in days of discouragement; more looking above to the source of the power needed to cope with the situations of the day.

He did both and before the end of the year he knew that his own spiritual life had deepened; his insight was keener, and he had made real progress in winning the young people.

"Well, Brother Barnes, how about it? Are you planning to leave us this

#### LITTLE CHURCHES

AUDRE PITTS

I thank Thee, God, for little churches Where simple folk may kneel to pray;

Where each teardrop and each heartache

By Thy hand is brushed away.

Where the vesper hymns are chanted, Organ music fills the air,

And the atmosphere is scented With the sweet incense of prayer.

Where the presence of the Savior Guides us to eternal day.

I thank Thee, God, for little churches Where simple folk may kneel to pray.

year?" asked the chairman of the pastoral committee.

"Not unless you vote me out," was Barnes' smiling answer.

"So? I heard that Sugar Creek was after you. We supposed you'd go there. They are changing preachers," was the surprised rejoinder.

Raymond shook his head. "I do not feel that I should leave this year unless you folks insist."

"Oh, no, no. We're satisfied," but they wondered.

The second and third years followed the pattern of the first. Barnes could sense an understanding of a deeper spiritual life, and yet there was a vagueness of expression that tantalized him. Some doubts of the wisdom of that "five-year plan," as he called it to himself, assailed him. Perhaps someone else could bring the results that seemed to elude him. He must lack the electric spark that would touch off the magazine of power!

As the time approached for the fourth decision he spent much time in prayer. He had already stayed in Maple Grove longer than any other pastor. He had seen those young people staunchly staying by the definite stand for Christ and the church that he hoped for. New people had been attracted, but here again, results had fallen short of his hopes. And now, with the war years the finances were strained. Just maybe it was time to call a halt on that "five-year" idea.

To add to his indecision he had a flattering call from a city church where the salary would be much larger; and the opportunities more numerous. But within him a still, small voice whispered, "Stay! If you go now you'll miss the blessing! And you'll miss whatever of value there might be in that 'five-year plan.' Better stay."

But again, he was not sure whether it might be a determination to carry out his own scheme, rather than to follow the leadings of the Lord. He did not want to be stubborn or wilful, but neither did he want to put his hand to the gospel plow and then look back!

"Had you noticed the new chime, Brother Barnes?" asked a merchant as the chimes rang out the hour.

"Yes, sounds pretty nice, doesn't it?" was Raymond's reply.

"Do you know the words that go with it?" The minister shook his head and the other went on:

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# Poem Pag

#### THE MYSTIC TRAIL

There's a narrow highway leading Down a trail that takes you back Through the miles of years called lifetime:

Or, an ever-winding track. There's a train of thought called memory;

Its lights are all aglow,

And it runs thru joy and sorrow To the land of long ago.

No dreamy tale of fairyland That fancy might unfold, Can quite describe the wonders That the eye will here behold. For you pass the smiling faces And you grasp each friendly hand Of the playmates of your childhood, In that distant wonder land.

When the shades of night are falling, And the lights are burning low; When the fireplace is beaming With its embers all aglow; Then I seem to drift out yonder Like a ship without a sail, As I pass thru years departed Out along the mystic trail.—Sel.

#### THE GOOD MAN PASSES

He died today—a man I hardly knew, But at a time when friends were all too few,

He stopped as he was passing by And spoke a few kind words Which showed me duty's way, A wrong I would have done, I did not do-

He died today.

He died today—no local fame had he; But in his family's midst on bended knee,

asked that he might better live from sun to sun,

Content each day with worthy action done;

Asking that love of right

Within his children's hearts might stav

The world hath lost a worthy man, He died today-but still his kind words live

Within my heart, and I will give A kindly word and smile To those who falter on life's way. God grant that when my time has come,

Some one might say, "He was a worthy man-

He died today.

--Sel.

#### A DAY'S WALK

By Grace Noll Crowell

I pray each morning that I be not blind

To the Christ who moves that day among my kind;

I dare not turn a hungry man away, Lest I be leaving Him unfed today. dare not slight some tattered, unclothed one,

Lest I should fail to warm and clothe

God's Son:

I can not pass one languishing in bed, Lest it be Jesus lying there instead; Each weary burden-bearer in the road Shall have my help, for it might be His load;

And every lonely stranger that I see, I must greet kindly for it may be He. I shall walk softly on the road today, I could meet Christ down every traveled way.

#### WHY HATE THE OTHER FELLOW?

Why hate the other fellow Who walks life's path with you? Think you the way so narrow There is not room for two? Some day a flood of sorrow

May draw you 'neath its tide, How gladly then you'd welcome This fellow at your side.

Why hate the other fellow Because he's making good, Refusing him a welcome Or help him if you could? As frantically you struggle
The wealth of earth to gain,

Think you God's gifts so frugal There's not enough for twain? Why hate the other fellow?

Hate kills the hater's soul, And all he gains in earthly wealth
Is lost at heaven's goal; But each kind word you offer

To help man on his way, Will bring a glorious harvest Of brotherhood some day.—Sel.

#### THE GREAT OAK'S MESSAGE

By Catherine Rhodes Davis

Mother, dear, what is the Great Oak saying?

I think he is speaking, Or is he just creaking?

See how he beckons! Is he just playing?

No, little boy, he isn't just playing; A sermon he's preaching, A lesson he's teaching.

See how the storm lashes! But how he stands!

And this is what he is saying:

"Stand straight, little boy, and strong

In your purpose in life; In your fight against wrong, In your hold upon truth— Be strong, little boy, be strong!"

#### KEEP SMILING

H. D. Sweeney

If, perchance, you lose your place; Keep smiling.

Nothing beats a cheery face; Keep smiling.

If you've failed to reach your goal, Do not seek the flowing bowl; Try with all your mind and soul; Keep smiling.

Never say you're down and out;

Keep smiling. Prove yourself a worthy scout; Keep smiling.

Others may have won your prize; Scenes grow dark before your eyes; Though you walk 'neath clouded skies; Keep smiling.

Friends prove false, you thought were true

Keep smiling. Everything on earth looks blue; Keep smiling.

Skies aren't always overcast; Storms, some day, will all be past; Trust in God; you'll win at last; Keep smiling.

#### LOOKING UP

"I don't look back; God knows the fruitless effort, The wasted hours, the sinning, the

regrets: I leave them all with Him who blots

the record, And mercifully forgives and then

forgets. I don't look forward: God sees all

the future, The road that, short or long, will lead me home.

And He will face with me its every trial.

And bear for me the burdens that may come.

But I look up . . . into the face of Jesus.

For there my heart can rest, my fears are stilled:

And there is joy, and love, and light for darkness,

And perfect peace and every hope fulfilled."

—Selected.

#### LIFE EXULTANT

By Mary Davis Reed

That bough of thorns beneath the winter snow

In June with velvet petalled blooms will blow;

That bare vine clinging to the garden wall.

Will spread its flow'ring glory over all; That tree, now standing lone and gaunt and mute.

Will soon be freighted with its luscious fruit:

The fresh, green foliage will clothe the lea.

The barren hill-side, and the naked tree.

They are not dead; they calmly rest in sleep,

Waiting the summons, life's sweet tryst

And when they hear that one clear sounding call,

The bonds will break which hold them now in thrall;

Waking, they feel through every deepdrawn breath,

Life is, indeed, exultant over death.

# The High Cost of Resentment

A hard-working layman, who had given much time to various responsibilities in connection with the Church, was also a great sufferer from sensitiveness. No one questioned his ability, but all his friends were well aware of his malady, and sought by every possible precaution to avoid giving him offense.

Then one day the inevitable happened—his name was left off a list by some accident and, although explanations were made and apologies were offered in complete sincerity, nothing was sufficient to heal the hurt.

For a few Sundays thereafter he attended the church services, but refused to assume his usual responsibilities. Then one day the pastor received a formal letter of resignation from all offices and committees, and for almost two years now that layman has stayed away from all meetings held in connection with the church. A few days ago he was called upon by a solicitor who was presenting the Crusade for Christ. Scarcely was his visitor seated when the story of the two-year-old offense began. In the two years it had accumulated bitterness, malice, and resentments of the most corrosive sort.

The result of brooding over an old wrong is a soured spirit out of which all sweetness and peace have gone.

Let it be granted that the offense, in the first place, was humiliating. Let it be further granted that an actual wrong was done. It must still be admitted that the offender worked far less of an injury upon the sufferer than he has worked upon himself during these two years of nursing his grudge.

A wise old Negro once said, "A chip on de shoulder is 'bout de heavies' load a body ever carries," and in that simple observation he has told the story of the high cost of resentment.

The sensitive layman of our story has suffered, and suffered severely. His pain has not been imaginary; it has been very real. He has not had a happy day since the incident occurred. But the cause of his wretchedness is inside him. He is suffering from a self-administered infection of the soul.

That is what resentment does to us. It poisons all spiritual life and takes away all the joys of our days. He who is unable to conquer his resentments is like the man who is unable to throw off a poison that is infecting his blood stream.

Sensitive people are especially in danger at this point. The bruises and jolts of life hurt them so seriously, and they find it difficult to forget the wounds.

In the event that you find yourself harboring a resentment, no process of self-cleansing can be too difficult to be tried, for the cost of maintaining a grudge is always excessive.

A saintly woman who has attained great spiritual maturity told her secret not long ago. "If I find myself developing a resentment against some one," she said, "I make it a point to pray for that person until I have conquered my bitterness. It is sometimes necessary for me to go out of my way to show him a kindness, but I do it for my own soul's good. I find that it is difficult to be bitter and resentful toward anyone after I have done him a favor, and it is really good fun doing it when he does not know what caused me to do it." Jesus called it "heaping coals of fire on their heads."

Suppose the offended layman with whom our study began had compelled himself to show a kindness to the offending friend, two years ago. He would have saved at least two years of inner wretchedness and unhappiness.

He suffers now from the delusion that the offender is still to blame. That is not true. The original offense remains the same, perhaps, but to it have been added two years of resentment, and the weight of these is fast breaking his spirit and he is becoming a sour, bitter, malicious, vengeful old man. What a tragedy! And it was all so unnecessary.—Roy L. Smith, The Christian Advocate.

#### THE CORROSION OF JEALOUSY

It was conceded by everyone that the pastor of a certain important and prosperous church was an unusually good preacher. His sermons bore evidence of careful preparation, and his delivery was captivating and attractive. In the opinion of the entire city he was "the outstanding pulpit man of the town."

Just when his popularity was at its height there came to the city, as the pastor of a neighboring church, another preacher somewhat younger. The newcomer lacked much of the polish and oratorical skill of the older man, but he coupled zeal with earnestness in such a way that he won the admiration of everyone in town.

By almost any professional standards there was no comparison between the abilities of the two men, but the favorable attention given to the younger man began to have a serious effect on the older preacher. He began to invent situations which would call forth compliments on his preaching. Inside certain intimate circles he began to complain that his people were "going over to hear that new man." Then some of his best friends were seriously disappointed when, on a public occasion, he took a condescending attitude toward his brother of the cloth.

It is impossible for any soul to harbor jealousy without the fact becoming apparent, sooner or later, and it was not long before the older man's attitude became a subject of comment. The inevitable result was a loss of prestige, a weakening of influence, and a loss of the respect of some of the finest souls of the community.

But the professional losses were not nearly so serious as were the personal losses which went on within his own spirit, as his jealousy corroded away some of his finest qualities. The critical comments which began to intersperse his sermons were not as bad as the fearful thing that began eating away at his own soul.

There were lovely social occasions which were utterly ruined for him just because his rival was present, also. His friends discovered after a while that there were some subjects they could not discuss in his presence without his temper rising, with the result that some conversations became a bit strained and painful. But the tension was not nearly so serious as that tautness of spirit under which he suffered day after day.

Naturally enough, this exhibition of jealousy began to dissipate his influence in the town. True, his congregations continued good, but something began to disappear out of his life and with it went the unfeigned affection in which he was held. His best friends began to apologize for him, to defend him against newly risen traducers and to find themselves under the necessity of explaining some of his irritability.

Worse than any of these outward evidences of the corrosion that was going on within his soul was the subtle change that come over his ministry. The people felt a shifting of emphasis which they could not quite describe or define. The unfeigned joy with which he had proclaimed the love of God was mixed now with acid. Something radiant disappeared from both his themes and his deliverances.

At no time was the older man guilty of any outright boorishness. He never insulted the younger man. In fact, he was correctly polite and courteous on every occasion, but his very cordiality was a veneer which only thinly covered his animosity. The young man, in the meantime, gave no evidence of recognizing the attitude of his brother pastor. Perhaps he did not know the real truth. At any rate he went on with his work and in gentleness of spirit and with impartial kindness he did the work of his Lord.

Woe unto the man who gives hospitality to jealousy, for his shall be the kingdom of hell.—Roy L. Smith, from The Christian Advocate.

#### Suggested Books for the Month

On Youth Personal Evangelistic Union page (11), we are giving you an article about Robert Moffat. Please read this, secure the book and read about his life. I am sure you can get the book from any good bookstore. The Publishing House does not have it in stock.

Another good book is "The Soul-Winner's Fire," by Evangelist John R. Rice. Price 20c.

## MISSION PAGE

Dear Sister Harrison:

Our district conventions started in January and went through February and March, with many extra visits to missions made up until now, which has kept us extremely occupied in the Lord's vineyard. The two weekly broadcasts are well received throughout Haiti. The Bible Schools, orphanage, and pastors' conferences are all functioning well for the glory of the Lord.

Brother Carl J. Hughes, superintendent of the West Indies, and Brother Willis J. Archer, on his way to Mexico, were with us for a brief visit in January, at the beginning of our conventions. While they were here, a revolution broke out and we could not carry out some of our engagements with outside missions. However, the Lord preserved us from harm and allowed Brother Hughes and Brother Archer to get away by plane just in time, before plane service was disrupted. After things calmed down sufficiently, we were able to get to visit many of our missions to encourage the people, some of whom had been worried about us. But with the Lord there is no need of worry.

It seems each year traveling over these poor roads gets to be a harder problem and offers more dangers continually. Nothing is done to keep them in repair, apparently. Only a few streets are paved and those are in the city of Port-au-Prince, the capital. Out in the country, many of the roads are impassable in the rainy season. For this reason, we chose January and February, the dry months, for our conventions, when there would, ordinarily, be little rain.

As traveling conditions are so poor, we cannot expect the people to come to one central place for an annual convention, but we must go to them. Thus it was that we held 11 district conventions and baptized 555 new converts that were examined and accepted for the baptism and membership into the Church of God. This makes a total of 1,410 baptized since November. Praise the Lord!

We were very fortunate, also, this year, to have had a number of brethren from the States to assist in the conventions. Brother Vessie Hargraves,

on his return to Mexico from South America, stopped by New Year's Eve and gave an inspiring message. Brother Henry Stoppe of Pennsylvania, Brother Thea Jones of Memphis, Tenn.; Brother Vep Ellis, Music Editor; and Brother A. M. Phillips of Atlanta, Ga., were with us during some of these conventions. They were a great inspiration to us all, with their messages and singing. They were asked to repeat their songs time and again, which was a real blessing to everyone.

On the whole, for our conventions this year, everything turned out splendidly. However, in trying to cross over a number of rivers, we got stuck twice in deep holes which became quite dangerous. In the first instance, attending the Jacmel district convention, we had to cross a river about ninety to one hundred times; in fact, a good share of the way we had to follow the river bed, and if the river had been deeper we might have gone by boat. As the car began to settle down into the hole in the river, water

Dear Sister Harrison:

This is our first article to the Lighted Pathway since our arrival in Central America. We would like to tell you how God has been blessing us in British Honduras, also in Spanish Honduras. We arrived in Belize, British Honduras, and organized a Church of God there and in a short time over a hundred came to the altar for salvation. We then organized a Y.P.E. there, with fifty members, and the work was going good when we left. The Y.P.E. night was the best service of the week.

We are now on the Island of Utila, Spanish Honduras, and have organized a Church of God with forty members. Three weeks later we organized a Y.P.E. with fifty-three of the prettiest young people you ever saw. We have grand programs every Tuesday night. The first month, we ordered four rolls of the Lighted Pathway, now we are ordering six rolls each The Y.P.E. desires your month. prayers that they may grow stronger in the Lord. We also covet your prayers that we may be faithful in His service.—Fred and Lucille Litton, Utila, Bay Island Rep. De Honduras,

started coming slowly into the car until there was over six inches of water. Some of our things got wet, but we praise the Lord for having delivered us.

We have become used to many such inconveniences and accidents, as each time we see the miraculous hand of the Lord to deliver us. In this case, after the car was stalled in the deep hole and the motor would not turn over, we thought we would have to try to force the doors open and everyone wade through the water. There was no one in sight to help push the car. As I looked outside the car, the water was within a foot of the glass in the door. Even if we could have opened the door, we would all have been swamped in the water that would have rushed in and wet everything that was in the car. Then we prayed, after which I tried the starter. It turned over but the motor would not take hold. After another five minutes of trying and praying, I put the car in gear and used the starter to make the car move. This worked to pull us out of the hole sufficiently to clear us of enough water that the motor started up. We all took a deep breath when we got on the shore of the river.

We got out, thankful to the Lord for delivering us, examined the car and found water running out in bucketsful. I opened the rear trunk and found everything quite dry. The air had prevented much water from coming in. How often the Lord has delivered us in similar troubles! Ordinarily, we remove the fan belt when we are forced into deep water, but it is sometimes deceiving to judge the depth of water even when the stream is clear.

In some missions we could make our plans to avoid sleeping where there was malaria, but at several places it could not be avoided and we just had to trust the Lord to keep us in good health. Of course, we always sleep under mosquito nettings, even when at home. There are some missions in the mountains where there are no mosquitoes because of the altitude. During these special trips and conventions, we were very happy to see a number of people come to the Lord and many believers receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

At Petit Goave, January 6, just before the revolution broke out, Brother Hughes and Brother Archer helped us baptize seventy-eight believers. This

(Continued on Page 18)

# Youth Personal Evangelistic Unoin

# **ONLY A BOY**

Half a century ago, says a writer in The Youth's Companion, a faithful minister, coming early to the church, met one of his deacons, whose pale face wore a very resolute but distressed expression.

"I came early to meet you," he said, "I have something on my conscience to say to you. Pastor there must be something radically wrong in your preaching and work; there has been only one person added to the church in a whole year, and he is only a boy."

The old minister listened. His eyes moistened and his thin hand trembled on his broad-headed cane.

"I feel it all," he said. "I fell it, but God knows that I have tried to do my duty, and I can trust Him for the results."

"Yes sir," said the deacon. "But 'by their fruits ye shall know them, and one new member, and he, too, only a boy, seems to me rather a slight evidence of true faith and zeal. I don't want to be hard, but I have this matter on my conscience, and I have done my duty in speaking plainly."

"True," said the old man; "but 'charity suffereth long, and is kind; beareth all things; hopeth all things.' I have great hopes in that one boy, Robert. Some seeds that we sow bear fruit late, but that fruit is generally the most precious of all."

The old minister went to the pulpit that day with a grieved and heavy heart. He closed his discourse with dim and tearful eyes. He wished that his work were done forever, and that he were at last among the graves under the blooming trees in the old churchyard.

He lingered in the dear old church after the rest were gone. He wished to be alone. The place was sacred and very dear to him. It had been his spiritual home from his youth. Before this altar he had prayed over the dead forms of a bygone generation; and had welcomed the children of a new generation; and here, yes, here, he had been told at last that his work was no longer owned and

blessed.

No one remained—no one? "Only a boy."

The boy was Robert Moffat. He watched the trembling old man. His soul was filled with loving sympathy. He went to him and laid his hand on his black gown.

"Well, Robert," said the minister.

"Do you think if I were willing to work harder for an education I could ever become a preacher?"

"A preacher?"

"Perhaps a missionary."

There was a long pause. Tears filled the eyes of the old minister. At length he said: "This heals the ache of my heart, Robert. I see the Divine hand now. May God bless you, my boy. Yes, I think you will become a preacher."

Some years ago there returned to London, from Africa, an aged missionary. His name was spoken with reverence. When he went into an assembly the people rose; when he spoke in public there was a deep silence. Princes stood uncovered before him; nobles invited him to their homes.

It is hard to trust when no evidence of fruit appears. But the harvests of the right intentions are sure. The old minister sleeps beneath the trees in the humble place of his work because of what he was to that one boy, and what that boy was to the world.-Selected.

# LET US HAVE A VOCAL CAMPAIGN

An Incident from Pre-Volstead Days

I was riding on a train through the eastern section of North Carolina, writes Rev. C. H. Mead, when two men came in and took the seat in front of me.

Shortly afterward, one of them took a bottle from his pocket, pulled the cork and handed the bottle to his companion. He took a drink and the smell of liquor filled the car.

Then the first one took a drink, and back and forth the bottle passed, until at last it was empty and they were full.

Then one of them commenced swearing, and such blasphemy I had never heard before in all my life. Women shrank back, while the heads of men were uplifted to see where the stream of profanity came from.

It went on for some time, until I began to talk to myself—I always did

like to talk to a sensible man. "Henry, that man belongs to the

devil." "There is no doubt about that," I

replied.
"He is not ashamed of it." "Not a bit ashamed."

"Whom do you belong to?"

"I belong to the Lord Jesus Christ." "Are you glad or sorry?"

"I am glad, very glad!"
"Who in the car knows that man belongs to the devil?"

"Everybody knows that, for he has not kept it a secret.

"Who in the car knows you belong to the Lord Jesus?"

'Why, no one knows it, for you see, (Continued on page 13)

# THE HARVEST

(Dedicated to our Christian Workers everywhere)

Once more the golden harvest is safely gathered in,

With thankful hearts and voices, we join in praise to Him,

Our tender, loving Father, whose bounty doth supply
The wants of all His creatures and lists their feeblest cry.

There's yet another harvest awaits the gathering in,

The souls that walk in darkness, in misery and in sin,

They never heard of Jesus, and how He died to save,

They have no home in heaven, no hope beyond the grave.

The harvest calls for reapers, the laborers are few Go! tell the old, old story, so wonder-

ful! so true!
That God so loved His children He

gave His own dear Son,

Of pardon full and perfect and free to every one.

And now is fast approaching the last

great harvesting, When angel reapers gather the harvest for the King;

And each true-hearted servant shall hear His gracious word,

"Well done, thou good and faithful, a crown be thy reward.'

-E. J. HORTON.

Motto: "EACH ONE WIN ONE" Scripture: "He That Winneth Souls Is Wise"

# NATIONAL Y. P. E. AND SUNDAY SCHOOL NEWS

### CORRECTION

After the August issue of the Lighted Pathway went forth to many corners of the universe, we received a very friendly letter from our coworker in the State of Kansas, Rev. W. R. Collins, asking that we recheck the Kansas attendance report in Y.P.E. for the first ten months of this Assembly year, and see if we had made a mistake in not giving Kansas credit for first place in Y.P.E. attendance, group E, on our roster of winners for this year. In accordance with his wishes, we did check the report, and we had made a mistake. Originally, we had given credit to the highranking State of Arizona, with a total attendance of 16,632. It is a pleasure to acknowledge our mistake to our good Brother Collins, and to announce that Kansas was the winner in this group. The State also led that group in Sunday School attendance for the period. Thanks for calling our attention to it, Kansas! You were out in front with a total attendance of 18.-965. The count was right.

By the time many of you readers receive the LIGHTED PATHWAY for September, our Church of God first National Youth Congress will be in history. Many of the state papers have played an important part in advertising this great meeting in the past three months, which reveals that your interest is not confined to your little section alone, but to the general growth of the movement, with its different departments as well. This week we noticed a very attractively displayed one in the ARIZONA STATE NEWS, and no doubt, many other states have also carried these announcements. Such cooperation explains why the Church of God is growing and going places. You states are doing a wonderful job. Keep it up!

We are looking forward to great steps for youth in this meeting. Our men at the helm are interested in our young people, and the young folks are interested in doing something for God. Watch for a report of the results.

In the *October* issue of the LIGHT-ED PATHWAY, we will have all the news we can assemble on the events of the Congress and General Assem-



C. M. TRUESDELL, Associate Editor

bly. Don't miss this copy. It will post you on the important developments.

Did you decide to ottend B. T. S. ond College in Sevierville this term? or did the little things hinder you? There will olwoys be hindronces, and in the future there may be mony more than now. You ore young and olert. The Bible chollenges you to get better ocquointed with it. The Mocedonion coll is not ringing out from Mocedonio olone. It comes from the four sections of the earth. You boys who went ocross know whot it means to live in a country where the people know nothing of solvotion through Jesus. God has permitted you to come bock sofely. Knowing the conditions over there, ore you willing to fold your orms and do nothing about it? This is the doy of chollenge. Whot sholl you do? If you feel the coll, it is probable that you can arrange yet to answer it sotisfactorily. Of course, you'll want to do it systematically. That's God's woy of doing things. Think it over!

# MISSISSIPPI STATE YOUTH RALLY

Below is a report which was sent in by the reporter of the Mississippi youth rally. We did not have space in last month's issue of the Lighted Pathway, but are publishing it for them in this issue.

One of the greatest "Youth for Christ" rallies that Mississippi has ever witnessed convened June 29 in the Civic Center in Laurel, Mississippi. The state youth director, Rev. T. W. Doy, was in chorge. Rev. Cecil Knight led the choir in some Spiritfilled songs, after which the state overseer made a few remarks and had prayer. The visiting ministers were then introduced by the youth director. They included Rev. John L. Byrd, averseer of Louisiana; Rev. J. T. Roberts, overseer of Alabama, and o number of ministers of Alabama; Rev. Robert Ball and Rev. J. E. Rinker, of Ohio, and many more visitors of Illinois, Michigan, Tennessee, North Carolina, and Georgia.

The first speaker was Mississippi's youth evangelist, Rev. E. C. Christenbury, who spoke on "Youth for Christ." Rev. Christenbury brought aut that the youth ore stonding at the crossroads; they must moke a choice, and that choice must be for God. A stirring message on our school system was braught by Rev. Ralph E. Day, state youth director of Michigan. This sermon was one of the most instructive sermons of the entire state convention. Led by Brother Day, the congregation sang some inspiring choruses.

Another special feature of the rally was the presence of Rev. Theo F. Jones, of (Continued on page 16)

Are you o graduote of the Bible Troining School and College? If so, regardless of what department, you are entitled to membership in the B. T. S. Alumni Association. Just send the application below, plus two dollors for registration fee (which will be used for future correspondence with you), to Rolph E. Williams, Executive Secretory, P. O. Box 11, Cleveland, Tennessee, and your name will be entered on the membership roll at a conce. You appreciate what

your school hos done for you. It has improved year by year, and is in position to do more for others in the same length of time now. You would like to have a voice in its future growth and improvement. You have the apportunity of doing so. Fill out the application blank and mail today. No one is going to ask you for a penny, but your cooperation is needed, and it is your duty to be a member of this organization. Do it today!

	(first)	(midd	le	(last)
Address:		A		
(NOTIC:	E: Please r	otify secretary of ar	y future change	in address)
Year of graduatio	n:	Departm	ent graduated fro	m:
Single?	Tarried?	To whom?		
Any children?		Number of:		
Occupation:		Do you wish to	receive all literat	ure published?
Applicant do not	vrite here.	Date received	Replied to	Filed

# WORTH MORE THAN FINE CLOTHES

(Continued from page 4)

ence with scores of girls has taught me that the girl who amounts to something is not generally the one with the white lily hands. Most times it is the girl who owns a pair of common-sense, usable hands, the kind that have learned how to work, who wins the race."

While this most wholesome message was ringing in Jessie Rankin's young ears, poor, tired Mrs. Perkins sickened and died. The first thing people said was that slaving for her children had killed her, and in the next breath they added that Susie and Nellie were big

enough to keep house.

And so, indeed, they were, but be-cause they knew not how to boil a potato, or darn a stocking, they made a sorry attempt as housekeepers. The younger children soon began to appear in tattered, disheveled garments, and even on Sunday, the one-time immaculate Perkins family was seen in attire far from tidy.

Now, of course, people commented, some pitifully and some caustically, upon this very evident change; but it remained for Jessie Rankin, one school-day, to place her finger upon

the real crux of the situation.

"According to my way of thinking, girls," she began, "we have no special cause to criticize Susie and Nellie Perkins. They have only done what some of us are doing and what the rest of us have wanted at times to do."

"What's that?" six or eight girls

asked eagerly.

"Well, they have merely chosen fine clothes and a good time, rather than their mother."

No one spoke for a moment. This was such an amazing assertion of Jessie's. At length Maude Peters said candidly:

"I guess it's the truth we are hearing, but I am sure, Jessie, you have no cause to scold yourself—you always save your mother."

"I don't save her half as much as

I intend to do in the future," Jessie

replied firmly.

Then she added quietly: "You know girls, fine clothes and a good time are common, everyday things, but mothers are so precious that they just can't be replaced."

Thus there came about the reformation of Jessie.—Young People's Weekly.

# LET US HAVE A VOCAL CAMPAIGN

(Continued from page 11).

I am a stranger around here." "Are you willing that they should know to whom you belong?'

"Yes. I am willing."

"Very well; will you let them know

I thought a moment, and then said, "By the help of my Master, I will."

Then, straightening up and taking a good breath, I began singing in a voice that could be heard by all in the car, "There is a fountain filled with

blood."

Before I had finished the first verse and chorus, the passengers had crowded down and around me, and the blasphemer had turned around and looked at me with a face resembling a thunder cloud. As I finished the chorus, he said, "What are you doing?"

"I am singing," I replied.
"Well," said he, "any fool can under-

stand that."

"I am glad you understand it."

"What are you singing?

"I am singing the religion of the Lord Jesus."

"Well, you quit."
"I guess not," I replied; "I don't belong to the Quit family. For the last half hour you have been flying your master's colors pretty high; now for the next half hour I am going to fly my Master's colors."

"My master! Who is my master?"

"The devil is your master, while Christ is mine. I am as proud of my Master as you are of yours. Now I am going to have my turn; if the passengers don't object, I want to sing the rest of the song.

A chorus of voices cried out, "Sing on, stranger; we like that."

I sang on, and as the next verse was finished, the blasphemer turned his face away and I saw nothing of him after that but the back of his head, and he left the train soon after. Song after song followed, and I had other voices to help me. When the song service ended, an old man came up to me, put out his hand and said, "Sir, we owe you thanks."—The Congregationalist, 1919.

### THE EDITOR'S MESSAGE

(Continued from page 2)

mons under the fire of criticism.

All of us are, at times, open to criticism for some of the things we do. Let us then grant to others the same charity that we ask of them and manifest a spirit of love for one another.

A little girl brought to her daddy her copybook which she had just completed. It was her first, and the young face reddened with beautiful and honest flush, for she knew as she turned over the pages some little word of praise and cheer would reward her hard attempts. The pages were very neatly written, and he told her what a pleasure it was to see how careful she had been. Presently they came to one on which were two small blots. As she turned the page, the little hand was laid upon them, and, looking up into her daddy's face with an artless-ness that was beautiful, she said, "Papa, don't see the blots!" Of course, he did not see them, but he bent down and kissed the little forehead, and was thankful for the lesson he had learned. How precious it would be if, amid all the nameless strifes and discords that so fret and chafe us, we could just lay the finger on the sullied page of human lives and not see the blots! When littlenesses and meannesses and petty oppositions annoy and vex us, if we would only look away from these to some brighter pages!

A lady, paying an early morning visit to a neighbor, was ushered into a rather untidy room, for which her hostess profusely apologized, but her visitor smilingly replied: "I had eyes for nothing but these lovely roses," pointing to a bowl of Gloire de Dijon beauties, which occupied a prominent place on the table. Just as the eye sees what it looks for, so the soul that is itself beautiful finds all that is best and noblest, and most worthy of praise, in the men and women round about. And in addition to this gift of hypervision, it has the equally beautiful gift of not seeing, which it exercises on occasion.

How much nobler, kinder, and more Christlike is this attitude than that of the woman in the following story:

A hard-faced woman called on her minister to complain that in doing her duty her feelings had been hurt by something some one had said about her. "And I only told her the whole truth," the woman complained. "The whole truth!" the minister repeated. "That was a wonderful achievement, Mrs. Potter—who but God ever knows that? The biggest of us can but grasp fragments of it. Suppose you tell me exactly what you said about Millie."
"I said," Mrs. Potter replied, "that Millie was growing wild and everybody was talking about her, and if her mother didn't watch her closely, it would be too late." "And you called that the truth?" the minister asked. "You said nothing about Millie's being a pretty, affectionate child, nothing about her clever fingers, nor her kindheartedness, nor her unselfishness."
"What had that to do with it?" she asked. "Everything, if you were telling the truth. To take a bit of the shadow-side and offer that as a perfect picture is no more the truth than if I should describe her by saying that she had a knack at trimming hats. Suppose you think the matter over, and whenever you tell something on the shadow-side, stop and tell something on the bright side to balance it."

John Wesley wrote in his diary one, day, "Today I grieved the Divine Spirit by speaking uncharitably of one who is not sound in the faith. Immediately I was in great darkness." We cannot keep the peace of God in our hearts unless our human relations are as

they should be.

If we want the gifts of the Spirit manifest in our lives today, let us strive first for the fruit of the Spirit which is "love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance," Gal. 5:22.

"Ye shall know them by their fruits." As Christians, our Lord says, "Ye are the salt of the earth." Naturally speaking, after we have eaten some-thing on which or in which salt has been freely used, we realize a parching thirst. How is it with those around Do they long for the Water of us? Life because of our well-savoured lives? It should be so. Our pilgrim walk should cause others to hunger and thirst after righteousness. Then God will fill them. (Matt. 5:6.)

# Y. P. E. Lessons

# "WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?"

Thoughts for the Leader

Rev. 22:17

We may have salvation and have it freely if we will only accept. There are five steps we are to take if we are to really and truly know God in peace. We cannot buy salvation but we can accept it. Jesus said, "Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life."

The Philippian jailer asked, "What must I do to be saved?" and Paul and Silas said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house."

# REPENT Luke 13:5

The first step is to repent. Repentance is the willingness and the decision to turn from all sins by God's help. We cannot do this within our own strength but God is able to help us. If we will furnish the willingness, Jesus will furnish the power. We can forsake sin and this we will do when we see its consequences. He who repents turns to Christ, and he who turns to Christ repents.

### BELIEVE Rom. 10:4

The second step is to believe. What am I to believe? Believe that the Son of God bore your sins in His own body on the cross, 1 Peter 2:24. Though we may have turned astray, the Lord has laid on Jesus the iniquity of us all. We must believe on Jesus if we are ever saved. He freely gave His life on the cross that we might have this life eternal.

# RECEIVE John 1:12

The third step is to receive. When we receive Him, He gives us power to become the son of God. You may say, "I do believe but I don't think I am saved." You may believe things about Jesus, but do you believe on him? You may believe the aeroplane to be a good one, and that it will take people to their destination safely, but do you believe it will carry you safely? Are, you willing to trust your life to it, and risk all? The personal trust in a personal Savior is what is lacking. Do it now, and say to Him, "Lord Jesus, I do now accept Thee as my own Savior."

### CONFESS

The fourth step is to confess. "He who receives Christ as Savior confesses Him as Lord," because "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved," Rom. 10:9.

We cannot truly love the Lord if we will not confess Him to men.

A Christian boy going out to work with non-Christian boys was asked on his return home, "Did the boys tempt and persecute you because of your religion?" He said, "They did not know that I had religion." So it is, his experience wasn't very deep. If we love our Lord Jesus we will have enough grace to stand and tell others about His love. We cannot stand still.

# OBEY John 14:15

"If you love me keep my commandments." "He that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him," 1 John 2:4.

If we keep His Commandments we are His children for the scripture says, "Ye know me if you keep my commandments." Others will know we are His children by our fruits. It is the vine that makes the grapes and not the grapes that make the vine.

### CONCLUSION

So as we repent, believe, receive, confess, obey, we will more and more come to know the perfect peace of God in our hearts, and the power of God in our lives.

# THE CHRISTIAN'S WALK

The walk denotes the whole tenor of our life. In Ephesians 2:2, we read: "Wherein in time past ye walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience," but when we get in touch with God our walk is different. Walking with God denotes six outstanding marks in our life.

# 1. COMPANION WITH GOD

"Can two walk together except they be agreed?" No, this is out of the question. We read in Genesis 3 of the companionship that existed between God and man, but when sin came in, sin separated them and that companionship was marred or broken. We cannot walk with God unless we be agreed with Him.

NOTE: We may use another scripture, "Be not unequally yoked to-

gether with unbelievers," and show how impossible it is to walk with unbelievers and with Christ, also. Bring out the thought of young people's taking unsaved companions.

Consider if you will enjoy the young fellow's company Monday morning as well as you do Sunday evening.

Find outhow he treats his mother, and younger brothers and sisters when he is alone with them.

Try to discover exactly what his employer and his fellow employees think of him.

Will you and your children enjoy the odor of stale tobacco? Will he deny you necessities while he spends \$54.75 a year (15c a day) for coffin nails?

Will his religion hold its own in face of sickness, disappointment, loss or death?

Will his love wane when your beauty fades?

Are you sure that he would bring to you the same unsullied purity that you would bring to him?

Is he so far below you intellectually that he cannot stimulate you?

Think well before you place your heart in his hands.

# 2. ACQUAINTANCE WITH HIM Job 22:21

"Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace." We never become acquainted with God until we are justified by faith, and then we have peace through our Lord Jesus Christ, Acquaintance is more than an introduction. If we walk with God, we become acquainted with Him. Companionship and acquaintance go hand in hand. When we are agreed with Him, we do what He wants us to do. We say, "I delight to do thy will, O God." We submit to the plans of God and He works out His own purpose for our lives. God's ways and thoughts are so much higher than ours; but when we submit to Him, we reach a place that we are pleased continually with His ways. This is the result of a steady walk with God. We are agreed with Him and we know Him to such an extent that we trust his will and ways.

# 3. ACHIEVEMENT WITH HIM 1 Sam. 17:45

David was just a shepherd lad, but he achieved great things with his God. He realized that no spear, sword or shield could hinder God from doing His work; and although David had but a sling and gathered the stones on the way, the first stone directed in the name of his God achieved more than all the equipment of the Philistines. Our main equipment to accomplish anything for God, is walking with Him. Get in step with God, and keep in step with Him, and there will be great things achieved for Him. Everything done outside of walking with God will in the end prove to be a failure, no matter how wonderful it looks at the time. Contrariwise, when we walk with God, and depend wholly on God, what seems like a failure and defeat may prove to be something done for God that will bring forth fruit unto all eternity.

# 4. ALLEGIANCE TO HIM 1 Sam. 15:22

We can prove our allegiance to God by our obedience. Some people will obey God to a certain degree, but when it means "not knowing whither" He leads, they halt and draw back. But when we walk with God, we will love to do His will and abide in His way.

# 5. ABIDE WITH GOD John 15:7

We are not hasty to take a step without God's approval. How often we frustrate God's ways and purposes for our lives by not abiding in Him, and we speak or act on the impulse of our emotions, failing to abide in Him, thus showing that we are out of step with God. When we really walk with God we are united to such an extent that we abide in Him and He in us; then we realize the truth of our scripture.

# 6. ACTIVITY John 5:17

Here, in this scripture, we read that Jesus healed a man on the Sabbath day. As is always the case, there are those who find fault when something good is being done; so the Jews were on hand to find fault because He healed on the Sabbath day. Our activities for God should be always where opportunity presents itself. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," was the reply of Jesus on this occasion. When we walk with God, we are always on the alert for opportunities to work for Him. "We are labourers together with God." Leave God out of your activities and your labor is in vain.

Enoch is a man with a very brief biography, but it is a most wonderful one. "Enoch walked with God." We are also told that Enoch pleased God, and God's pleasure was from the fact that he walked with Him. Remember, our walk denotes the whole tenor of our life, and to walk with God is the

most essential characteristic of the child of God.

# THE WAY THROUGH Matthew 6:25, 33; 7:7, 8

Leader's thought

Church organizations are beset with many problems. Individual churches have their share. Life itself is a chain of problems. Every individual who breathes the breath of life is beset with problems peculiar to his situation. For some it is the question of their salvation. They are troubled and perplexed as to whether God can and will save even them. Others are in the wilderness, tossed about by the devil, and they are wondering whether there is a Canaan-land experience for them. For all such there is a way through. Many are overcome by financial worries and pressure of various kinds, but for every situation there is a way through. It is a Godmade plan and not man's.

# GOD SAYS ASK

Yes, but there are some things I cannot ask God about. God never put a circle around what to ask Him about and what to work out for yourself. He said to ask ALL things. For fear this was not plain enough and might be overlooked He said ask anything, and for the fearful, weak, faltering, and those who still might wonder if He meant what He said, He said ask "what ye will" and also "whatsoever ye desire." If I can read at all, this tells me to ask any and everything I want to. God will answer according to His will.

# GOD SAYS SEEK

This little word means "to go in search of." Of course, then, this means that I am to go out and search for a way through by trying first one method and then another. That is what the devil would encourage. In His sermon on the mount, Jesus said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." It will surprise you how many things will cease to be problems when you put God first. The reason many folks get in hot water is because they put Jesus aside and try to get along on selfsufficiency and even common sense. Common sense is good, but it always needs God in it or it will become plain old self. If I am a sinner, I will get saved; or, if I am unsanctified, I will get sanctified, and by doing so I am seeking the kingdom of God, for "the kingdom of God is within you." Getting ready for the coming of Jesus and doing all we can to spread the

gospel and build up the spiritual condition in individuals and organizations is seeking the kingdom of God, I believe. It also means that I continually put God first.

And we need to seek or search for the will of God. His will many times is the solution to our problem. The reason we know so little about the will of God is that we try to make our will God's will, and we get the cart before the horse every time. To know God's will we must be dead to self-will.

Seek the answer to your problems from God. It is well to talk some things over with friends, but there are some things no one but God can tell us and when we get His answer we are forever settled on that issue. As long as you prefer your friend's advice to God's He will never bother to give you any. Folks will say, "Is there any harm in using tobacco?" You know the minute they open their mouth that they are dead under conviction. They are seeking some soothing balm and not help. So it is with many things.

### GOD SAYS KNOCK

Jesus could not have used a better word, but no wonder at that, for He was the Master of expression. No man has ever been able to say things like Jesus, yet He used the simplest words in the dictionary. This word speaks to me of dead earnestness. It is closely and inseparably linked to asking and seeking. It suggests a barrier or obstruction which cannot be knocked down, but it can be opened because it has a door. Paul said there were many adversaries. If you tear down a barrier in your own strength by your own plans, you have merely opened a way for more adversaries. God must have put a door in the way so that He could tell who meant business and who was playing. God help us not to play with the things of God! Sometimes the wind rattles my windows or doors and I never budge, because I know it is only the wind; but when I hear a good, healthy knock I drop things and run.

### SOMEBODY WANTS TO GET IN

Some barriers are so great that it takes a lot of knocking, and others will open with gentle knocking. Whatever the case, a loving Father is behind the door. An earnest knock opens His heart of love. He will listen to every problem and mark the fall of every tear. The fountain of His generosity will break loose. He will begin to give. If it is pardon you need, you

get it; if it is purity, you get it; if it is bread or meat or potatoes, you will get them; if it is an answer to your problem, you will get it. There is a way through.

Knocking opens the door of God's power. He can do with one word what you can't do in a year's preaching. He can move mountains with the tip of His finger which you and your entire congregation couldn't push over. He begins to work in hidden ways and sometimes the first evidence we see is an open highway where once was a tangled jungle. Our biggest job is knocking.

Neither our asking, seeking or knocking are in vain, but they often operate together. Jesus said with his own lips, "Ask and ye shall have, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened." The way through is open to all.

# PERSONAL PREPARATION FOR DOING PERSONAL WORK, Or, "Clay in the Potter's Hands"

The purpose of this lesson is to set forth outstanding qualifications of the individual Christian who would be used of the Master in introducing men to Christ, and challenge the development of these qualities under the leadership of the Holy Spirit.

"But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us," 2 Cor. 4:7

I. PERSONAL RELATION TO CHRIST AS SAVIOR AND MASTER. James 4:8.

An unquestioning assurance—We must have a personal experimental knowledge of Christ if we are to introduce others to Him. 2 Tim. 1:12; Eph. 3:19; John 20:28; 1 Thess. 1:5; 1 John 3:14; 1 John 3:19; Phil. 3:10; John 9:25.

II. WE MUST HAVE THE RIGHT ATTITUDE TOWARD SIN. "God be merciful to me a sinner." Luke 18:13.

- (a) Confess all known sin. Psa. 66:18; Psa. 51:10-13; Psa. 32:5; 1 John 1:9.
- (b) Am I conscious of my secret faults? Psa. 19:12.
- (c) Do I rightly direct my thoughts? Phil. 4:8.

III. WE MUST KNOW OUR BIBLE. The Bible, God's Word, is our message. John 20:31; 1 Cor. 2:1-5; Heb. 4: 12:13; 2 Tim. 2:15; Psa. 119:18; John 5:39; Acts 17:11; Eph. 6:17.

IV. WE MUST BE PERSONS OF

PRAYER. Luke 18:1; Eph. 6:18; 1 Thess. 5:17; Mark 11:24; Matt. 7:7; Psa. 116:1, 2; Luke 11:13.

V. WE MUST HAVE A LOVE FOR SOULS. Rom. 9:3; 10:1; Matt. 23:37; Exod. 32:32.

VI. WE MUST LIVE CHRIST. Psa. 40:10; Acts 4:13; Matt. 5:16; Gal. 2:20; Phil. 1:21; 1 Cor. 8:3.

"Take time to be holy, the world rushes on;

Spend much time in secret with Jesus alone.

By looking to Jesus, like Him thou shalt be;

Thy friends in thy conduct His likeness shall see."

# MISSISSIPPI STATE YOUTH RALLY

(Continued from page 12)

Memphis, Tennessee, who spoke on "The Second Coming of Christ." Time and again as Brother Jones preoched, the power of God havered over the congregation, reassuring them of the reality in the second coming af Christ. We weer then fovored with a trio composed of Rev. J. T. Roberts and Rev. and Mrs. T. W. Day, who sang "Am I a Soldier of the Cross." To climax this great service, Rev. J. T. Roberts, overseer of Alabama, stirred the congregation with a Spiritfilled message. He impressed upon the congregatian the need of having the old-time power of God in our lives. This youth rally certainly was one of the best Mississippi hos ever had.

Dear Sister Harrison:

It has been a long while since I wrote to you; however, I want you to know I am still a soldier of the cross and I am praying for all that are in the service of our Lord.

I can't say as yet that I am able to leave the hospital; very little encouragement in the improvement of my physical condition, but praise be to His name, I am not giving up because there is something within that makes me hold on, and I don't intend to give up the fight.

I wish to say here that I am still getting much enjoyment out of reading the Lighted Pathway. I am so happy that the sixteen pages have been added again. My heart really runs over when I read of the great mission work and all the souls who are being saved. It is such a jewel, such a joy to have the love of Jesus in our hearts.

The Bible lessons are especially inspiring to me in this month's issue. I want every reader to be impressed and feel the need of the Holy Ghost,

because it is the power that overcomes temptations in the world. May God bless you and give renewed courage each day to carry on in His name. I always pass my Pathway on to the other patients.—Beulah Jones, Sea View Hospital, Staten Island, N. Y.

The one who points out our failures to us all the time and never points to our successes is taking a poor course to help us get rid of the failures.

# RAYMOND'S "FIVE-YEAR PLAN"

(Continued from page 7)

"Lord, through this hour—
Be Thou our Guide—
So by Thy Power—
No feet shall slide."

"That's pretty nice to remember," remarked Barnes as he went on his way. "And that's a good thing for me to think of about my work here. If the Lord guides, everything will be all right. He can take care of the church, of the finances, and—everything. When He says my time here is up, then I'll go. Not before," and he stayed.

The fifth year! The crucial year! What was going to happen? What would make it more outstanding than the other four? The thought grew upon him that a genuine revival must be the answer. He had had meetings, yes. There had been some results, true. Just enough to keep him from despair. But no sweeping revival had come, and in this fifth year it simply must!

He knew his people now, and carefully, as a general mapping a campaign, he set to work with his plans. The church had come to respect his leadership. They knew and loved their pastor. So there was mutual confidence. And while some honestly doubted the wisdom of launching a revival effort in these unsettled days of defense work, staggered working hours, and demoralizing home conditions, they were compelled to admit that only the Lord Jesus Christ could bring order out of the world chaos.

At the prayer meeting where Barnes presented his goal, he told of a chapel in Leicestershire, England, that has the following dedication inscription;

In the Yeare 1653
When All Things Sacred Were
Throughout ye Nation
Either Demollisht or Profaned
Sir Robert Shirley, BBarronet
Founded This Church:
Whose Singular Praise It Is

To Have Done The Best Things In Ye Worst Times,

And

Hoped Them in the Most Callamitous.

"For us the 'best things' are spiritual, and regardless of the 'worst times' and 'callamitous,' we may prove that our God is still able. Let us undertake in His Name." And they did.

There were prayer meetings in the morning, in the afternoons, and at night, to suit the varying "shifts." There were "bands" and "prayer lists." "Definite praying gets definite results," Raymond told them, and the spiritual thermometer rose day by day. But all of the pastor's efforts to secure an evangelist failed. "Send Thy man, O Lord, when the right time comes," prayed the whole church, and they kept on with the preliminary work.

One day, a stranger walked into the afternoon service and gave a brief, Spirit-filled message.

"Can you stay over night?" asked Barnes.

"I can, yes, if you wish. My meeting over here in the next town was canceled on account of sickness. I'm footloose for a few days. I can stay if the Lord so leads."

He stayed and so hidden was he behind the cross that the people saw "Jesus only," and seeing, became conscious of their sin and their need for a Savior.

Altars were filled; barriers were swept away; definite victories were won for Christ.

As Raymond Barnes and his wife stood side by side in the closing service she said, "Raymond, forgive me. I've been impatient with you for wanting to stay in this little place all these years. I thought you were wasting your talents, but I wouldn't have missed this meeting for anything."

Her husband smiled as he said tenderly, "I've been learning some lessons here and one is that gospel seed needs to be planted and then tended before a harvest can be expected. Much of these results are from our first year's planting. What if we had moved?"

"And what if poor Maple Grove had had to keep on changing pastors every year! each one plowing up the field the other had sown. Oh, oh, how much patience the Lord must have with us foolish laborers!"

"Well, I thank Him for holding me to this five-year plan," said Barnes reverently. —The Sunday School Banner.

### WE WENT

(Continued from page 3)

Mrs. Carlson continued to watch her heart, and take care of herself. She always greeted Kathy with a warm, tender smile when she came home. The small local church was interested in Kathy's "call." When she attended the services in the summer, they asked, "Where do you plan to serve?"

"Where there's the greatest need," she replied.

By the time Kathy had completed the two-year general course at Bible School, she knew where she felt there was the greatest need and told her family. "I want to serve among the lepers."

"The lepers!" her mother's face blanched at the thought.

"Don't look like that, Mother," Kathy rebuked kindly. "It isn't any more dangerous than any other field. The doctors and nurses know how to protect themselves." She straightened her slim shoulders and her eyes shone with their horizon look, "I think leprosy, with treatment and segregation, could be wiped off the earth. It is possible if the Christians will band together and determine to 'cleanse the leper.'"

"What do you plan to do?" her mother asked anxiously.

"I want to be a nurse, and work in a home for the children of the lepers. Whenever possible, the missionaries take the babies from the leper mothers. The disease is contagious, but not inherited."

"Very well," her mother patiently agreed, feeling how greatly she would want a clean home for her baby if she were a leper.

The next year, Kathy enrolled in the nearest general hospital. The way to the mission field began to look clear. When she finished her first year's training as a nurse, she decided it was time to apply to a mission board.

"But who'll you apply to?" her practical father questioned. "Our denomination doesn't have any work among the lepers."

Kathy smiled reassuringly. She replied, "I shall apply to an interdenominational faith board. There is one which works with the different Protestant boards among the lepers."\*

"I see," he nodded admiringly,

Kathy applied, and had several letters from the Board. They asked her to forward three personal references and her school credentials.

Russell spent over two years fight-

ing on the Pacific Islands. Then he was wounded and returned to a hospital on the coast. Ruthie didn't know whether to cry because he was wounded or be thankful he was still alive. Kathy secured a two-week leave from the hospital and took care of her mother and the toddling Russ while Ruthie made a hurried trip to the coast to see Russell. The day after Ruthie returned home, Kathy received another letter from the Mission Board. As she read it, she turned pale.

"What's wrong dear?" her mother was quick to ask.

"They're satisfied with my references and credentials, but—"

"Yes," her mother urged.

"Every missionary is supposed to have a percentage of her support pledged before she goes to the field and, I well, I never have been able to save any money. I've had to work steady for my education, and we don't belong to a big church. I wonder—"

"I thought the Board took care of the missionaries," her father objected. "What good is the Board?"

"The Board does many things for a missionary. If your support fails, they take care of you, but they consider it evidence that the Lord wants you to go if a percentage of your support is pledged."

Ruthie put little Russ into his highchair, and remarked in a hopeful tone of voice, "Then if your support isn't forthcoming, maybe you won't go."

"I've never seen a step ahead since I had my call, but I still expect the Lord to provide," Kathy affirmed.

"Maybe, Kathy, you were young and full of dreams when you decided to be a missionary. Maybe the Lord didn't call you," Ruthie countered.

"Why do you say that?" Kathy's heart was suddenly tense as she realized Ruthie had a reason behind her suggestion.

"You know Russell's going to get his medical discharge soon don't you?"

"Yes," Kathy faltered.

"Surely you can't expect me to wait any longer," Ruthie cried. "Do you realize that it's nearly four years that I've taken care of mother so you could go to school? I didn't mind as long as the war kept us from having a normal marriage, but Kathy, you must realize that Russell and I want our own home the very minute he's discharged. Russell and I talked about it at the hospital. He wants me to see if we can use his discharge pay as a down payment on the Baxter place. I'm going to see this afternoon." Her eyes

glowed with a soft light. It had been a long, hard wait, these weary years Russell had been gone.

Now it was nearly the end.

"It's only fair," her father chimed in, "Maybe the Lord never meant you to be a missionary, but let you train to be a nurse so you could take better care of your mother. It looks that way, doesn't it, Kathy?"

\* The American Mission to the Lepers.

(To be continued)

# BE PATIENT UNTO

(Continued from page 6)

are enfeebled by disease, or in bodies whose nervous organization has been very much supplanted, there is an exhortation: 'Let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." "Continue instant in season," is another word of exhortation that comes in as a fine word of encouragement in due time. But you may feel that you have already continued beyond that which you think you can do. But how about the strength which lies in reserve in the place where the "grace sufficient" also comes from? The same One who is able to give you "grace sufficient" is able also to give you strength which is waiting for you.

In days of sickness, in days of labor, in days of poverty, when one can almost say, "Flesh and heart have failed," need we be surprised that there is discouragement? Do you not find room for the encouragement which comes from the words, "In due season we shall reap, if we faint not"? Let us not marvel that we are so weak, so finite, so easily upset, so easily overcome, but let us rather think of the infinite grace and patience that our Lord and Savior has with us. Let us remember how graciously He stands ready to help, to give the needed grace and patience to those who come to Him for it. He is the only One who can give help such as we stand in need of daily. He is the only One who is faithful in bearing with the faults and failings of those who come to Him again and again. Let us not forget this. Christian patience is the submission of the whole soul, ready for that which comes.-From Gospel Herald.

# MISSION PAGE

(Continued from page 10) was in the ocean. It was a beautiful sight, with all those to be baptized lined in a half-circle, with the shore filled with our people singing "When

I See the Blood, I Will Pass Over You!"
The coconut trees were swaying in the tropical breeze. Native mud huts covered with straw made a primitive background. Hundreds of us standing there rejoicing in the salvation of the Lord under a hot, cloudless sky! What a beautiful setting for the return of the Lord!

There are so many things to tell you about these conventions. The one in Cayes was especially interesting, with 3,000 of our members attending from our missions in the mountains surrounding the city. Some of them had walked two and three days to get to the convention. But everyone was joyful in the Lord. All-night watch services, at which many received the baptism of the Holy Ghost; wonderful preaching, glorious singing, and the presence and blessing of the Lord! It was a wonderful sight to see five pastors in the river baptizing the 228 converts at Cayes, surrounded by an immense crowd of our people and all singing the eternal story of redemption through Christ. Every one went home blessed abundantly. This gives you just a little picture of what your prayers and support are doing for the salvation of souls in Haiti.

May the Lord bless you, and continue to uphold us in your prayers before the throne of grace.—Sincerely in Christ, John P. Kluzit.

# A LETTER FROM JERUSALEM

Dear Mrs. Harrisan:

I am writing yau this letter ta infarm yau that I have read the Lighted Pathway and think that it is the very best magazine far bays and girls ta read. I received the Lighted Pathway thraugh Rev. J. H. Ingram. When he came ta this land, he visited in aur hame and he pramised ta send me the Lighted Pathway, and that is what he did when he returned ta the States.

My father and mather are saved and filled with the Haly Ghast and we have a gaad Christian hame ta live in, but my sister and I are nat saved. Pray far us.

I am a bay faurteen years ald and in the eighth grade; my sister is fifteen years ald and in the ninth grade. Please add my name to the M. O. H. club, and I would like to hear fram bays and girls in America.—David H. Suleiman, 15 Shiber's Building, Musrara Quarter, Jerusalem, Palestine.

# LIGHTED PATHWAYS FOR MEN IN SERVICE, ETC.

Amount sent from each state to the Publicity Fund and to the fund for sending Lighted Pathways to men in Service for July:

South	Dakota	 90.00
Missou	ri	 18.10

Illinois	3.50
Delaware	1.00
Georgia	1.00
rexas	1.00

...

\$114.60

July Honor Roll
Margaret Varner, Baltimore, Md.
Pauline Albro, Louisville, Ky.
Edwin M. Mortenson, Columbia, S. C.
W. E. Raney, Middletown, Ohio.
W. H. Pendergrass, Lindale, Ga.
W. L. McIntyre, Charleston, S. C.

# LIGHTED PATHWAY RATING FOR JULY

	Sold for July	Total
Alabama	2 201	32,941
Alaska	2,20 <del>1</del>	77
Arizona	261	2,623
Arkansas	555	8,839
California	802	11,380
California Canada	312	3,338
Colorado	36	533
Connecticut		100
Delaware	124	1,336
Florida	2.871	32,863
Foreign	385	4,579
Georgia	5.200	58,966
Idaho	187	1.900
Illinois	1,710	20,701 11,738 2,266
Indiana		11,738
Iowa	185	2,266
Kansas	460	6,053
Kentucky Louisiana	2,105	25,373
Louisiana	478	5,434
Maine	277	3,816
Massachusetts		534
Maryland	1,417	14,281
Michigan	843	11,051
Minnesota	94	911
Minnesota Mississippi	857	11,256
M1880ur1	1,390	16,319
Montana	84	1,734
Nebraska	47	419
Nevada	4	76
New Hampshire New Jersey New Mexico New York	3	38
New Jersey	151	1,613
New Mexico	245	2,571
New York	48	1,176
North Carolina	5,299	63,999
North Dakota Ohio	266	2,624
Onio	2,846	34,571
Oklahoma		10,834
Oregon	211	1,733
Pennsylvania Rhode Island	821	9,401
Couth Carolina	0 205	3 96,451
South Delecte	970	2,605
South Carolina South Dakota Tennessee	2 291	54,536
Texas	10 464	29,810
Utah	1	5
Vermont	<u>†</u>	8
Vermont Virginia	1 518	18,197
Washington	277	4,126
Washington Washington, D. C.	74	1,132
West Virginia	1.904	20,445
Wisconsin	89	830
Wisconsin Wyoming		50
,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,		
	65,508	648,195
	•	

July Prize Winner

Gladys Warden, Canton, Ohio, is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5 for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.





Thomas Shoemaker

# Pastors Evangelists Y.P.E. Leaders and Christian Workers



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# APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL

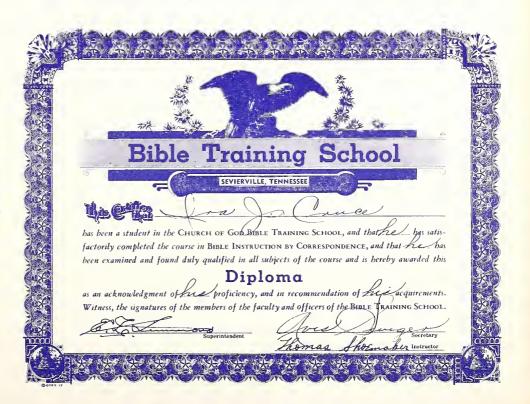
Correspondence Department

SEVIERVILLE, TENNESSEE

### **GENTLEMEN:**

I wish to enroll in your Correspondence Home Study Department, and to take advantage of the Bible training and other benefits described on this application.

Pastor's name and address



# My Talent

CONTROL OF PROPERTY OF THE PRO

By Alice M. Rogers

TO BE BELLEVILLE OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPER

He gave me a beautiful talent
Which I quickly laid away
Within the walls of an iron vault,
Away from the light of day.
For it seemed a thing so fragile,
So exquisite and rare to see,
This priceless and beautiful talent
The Lord had given to me.

And when I had locked it securely,
I took me to lands far away,
Feeling the while as I journeyed,
That I would return some day
And bring forth from its vaulted chamber
My talent, so priceless and fair,
That my friends might look on its splendor
And marvel at its beauty so rare.

But my way was beset with sorrow;
Dark was the path that I trod.
It seemed that my life was a failure:
My soul was without its God.
And I drifted farther and farther
Into the valley fears;
My heart was heavy with anguish,
And my face oft wet with tears.

Then I met a man in my travels
Whose face shone with rapture divine.
In his hand he carried a talent;
The talent was like unto mine;

Only larger, richer and grander, More exquisite in every way. When I asked if he'd just received it, He quietly answered, "Nay,

"It has been my boon companion
For many and many a year;
It has been a solace and comfort
To many oppressed with fear.
It has helped the poor and needy,
And comforted those who were sad;
It has healed the widow's heartache,
And made her little ones glad.

the state of the s

"And through all the years I have used it,
It has brighter and brighter grown,
Until now it shines with a radiance
That I should never have known,
Unless I had done God's bidding
When He gave this talent to me,
And had carried it forth and used it,
That all of the world might see."

And then I thought of the talent bright
Entrusted by God to me;
And how it lay in the darkened vault
Where no eye in the world could see
Its beauty and feel its blessing.
I started for home that day,
To bring forth my precious talent.
But, lo, it had faded away.

—The Young People's Journal.

# Lighted Wathway

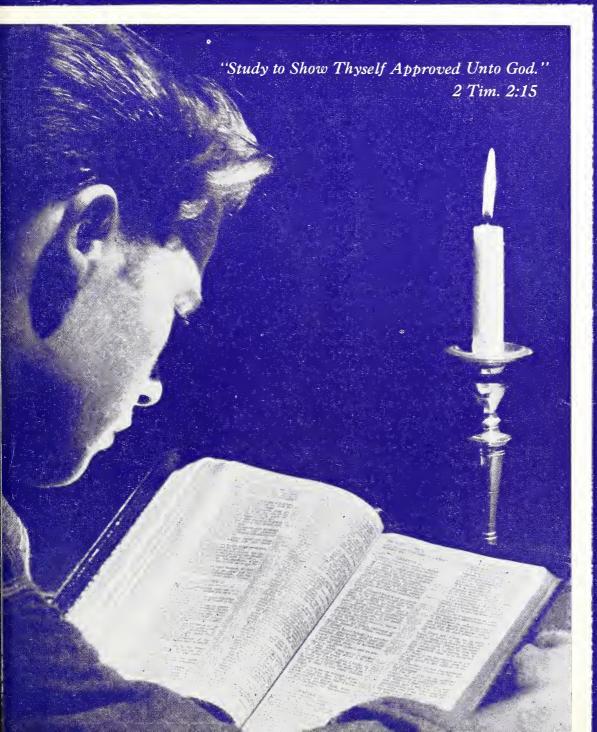
DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR



Vol. 17

OCTOBER, 1946







Psalm 119:105

# THE EDITOR'S MESSAGE

### A PRAYER

Dear Lord and Master, who gavest Thine all for me, help me to know Thee better. I am not content to think of Thee merely as a great personage in history, who lived his life and passed on. I would know Thee as a Friend



and Counselor, but I cannot know Thee well unless we converse together. Help me to sit down in Thy presence and allow Thee to speak to me through Thy Word. Then, as I speak to Thee in prayer, I may become better acquainted and Thou canst lead me on. Open my heart to Thee and fill it with a desire to help others to know Thy Word. As we walk side by side with youth, may we be willing to pour out of our life to them all the good things Thou hast taught us along the way. If we do not move to teach them, they will go on in ignorance and be useless in Thy great harvest field.

Deor anes, will you close your eyes and pray this proyer with me? This will cause my message to be more real to you.

Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

Here we are back in our home churches, ready for another year's work for the Master. Some of us attended the wonderful Assembly in Birmingham and have come home with a determination to do more for Christ. Some have been discouraged and are ready to give up. Some are going back to the church they love and are happy, but some are being sent to new fields, away from loved ones and friends. If our consecration is complete, we should be able to sing:

"Ready to go, ready to stay, Ready my place to fill. Ready for service lowly or great; Ready to do His will."

If we are not right now where we can sing this from our hearts, let us pray through and get ready for His service, lowly or great, and where we delight to do His will. Many of you are wondering what you can do. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few," Matt. 9:37.

On our front-cover page we see a boy with his open

Bible before Him and we find these words, "Study to show thyself approved unto God." The call to the church today is to make our youth realize the need of knowing the Word of God. Every revival should be followed by a training class to establish the new converts.

For a number of years, we have been holding before you the need of studying personal evangelism. There has been some response, but not what there should be. How about taking a fresh start this year to see what we can do about it. We hear so many say, "I'd like to know how to be a personal worker so that I could win more souls for Christ." Brother and Sister, if you know how and do not help the other fellow, you will be held responsible for his ignorance. One person, who does not know how, can go out, and in a few hours tear down what another has done, not wilfully, but because of ignorance of the right methods to use, and for a lack of scriptural knowledge. One must know the how, when and why of the Bible to meet the unbelievers of the world. There was a time when a simple testimony was enough, but that time has passed. It will meet the need at times, but one must be able to prove things these days.

In mathematics, when your teacher asks you to prove a problem, you must be able to do it or fail your examination. The teacher will not take, "I just know it is right," for an answer. So if this be true, and you are interested in souls, why not organize and train for service? Order the Correspondence Course from B. T. S. or send for book on "Personal Evangelism" and start a class at once so that you'll be prepared to help in the evangelistic work in your church this year. There should be a group in the church, ready to go out to visit and invite people to church before every revival and to follow up the new acquaintances made through revival contacts. How about your church's taking this up this year and showing to others what can be done? I am sure, boys and girls, if you ask your pastor about this, he will cooperate with you.

I fear in some places our Y. P. E.'s have become careless and unconcerned about some things. A few years ago we had our committees to do special work, but we find that some of our churches do not do this now. The more young people we can find jobs for, the more interested they will become. A Good Cheer Committee to visit the sick is very essential to any church, and our young people need to be trained for this kind of work. A Friendly

(Continued on page 16)



# (Dedicated to Christian Workers Everywhere)

If you can keep "the faith" when those about you Are losing it and seeking samething new:

If you can stand the firmer, though they flaut you As being simple, and old-fashianed, too;

If you can put your hand in Christ's, and feeling
The marks of Calvary's scars upon your polm,
Can gladly say "Amen" to all His dealing,
Or change the sigh into a jayous psalm;

If you can laugh when human hapes are banished,
When castles fall and cherished prospects die,
And just keep on, thaugh earthly praps have vanished,
Cantent to see the pottern by and by;

If you can meet abuse without complaining,
And greet your unkind critic with a smile;
If, canscious that your human love is waning,
You claim a Calvary love that knows no guile;

If you can bear the unjust imputation
Without a murmur or revengeful thought,
And even forfeit rights and reputation,
Because His glary is the one thing sought;

If you con give an honest commendation
To him whose work loams larger than your own,
Or scarn to speak the word of condemnation
To him who fails or reaps what he has sown;

If you con give consent to Colvary's dying, And live again in resurrection power; If you con claim the victory, not by trying, But resting in His triumph every hour;

If you can be cantent with His provision,
Though athers seem to prosper and succeed;
Nor let repining mar the heavenly vision,
And simply trust in God for every need;

If you can let the mind of Christ possess you,
To think on "things of good report" and true,
And ever let the love of Christ absess you,
Constraining everything you say and do;

If you can find in Him your highest treasure,
Let Him hald sway o'er heart and soul and limb:
Then life is yours, and blessing without measure,
And—what is more—you'll live and reign with Him!
—The Christian (London).

# We Went

WALLEY WALL

By DOROTHY C. HASKIN

From Sunday School Banner

ACCOUNT

SYNOPSIS: At a summer Bible conference, Kathy Carlson, ane af five children of a poor farmer, felt called to be a missionary. Her oldest sister, Ruthie, postpaned her marriage ta Russell while he was in Selective Service, to take care of their ailing mother while Kathy continued high school. When war was declared, Ruthie and Russell were married before he was shipped to the Pacific area. Ruthie continued ta carry the burden at home while Kathy attended Bible School. She decided she wanted to serve among the lepers and started nurse's training.

Russell was wounded and returned ta a hospital on the Pacific coast. Ruthie rushed to see him. When she returned home, Kathy said the Mission Board ta which she had applied expected her to have a percentage of her suppart pledged. This did not seem possible as they belonged to a small rural church. Ruthie said she could no langer help at home, as she had to make a home far Russell and little Russ as saon as Russell received his medical discharge. Mr. Carlson suggested that Kathy had been young when she received her call, and that now she shauld stay home and take care of her sick mother.

### PART THREE

"It does look like I should. It's only fair for Russell and Ruthie to have a home," Kathy agreed, though in her heart she still felt that the Lord had called her.

"Your father's coming home," Ruthie sang for the hundredth time to the two-year-old Russ who had never seen his father.

Kathy's mother raised herself on one arm, "I hate to see Kathy quit after she's tried so hard. I think she ought to finish her nurse's training."

"I would like to see her do that," her father agreed.

"What about asking your sister Clara to come and do the housework for a year, until we see how things work out," Mrs. Carlson suggested. In her heart she felt that by the end of a year, she might be gone, and Kathy would be free to leave home.

"I reckon Clara'd be glad to come," Mr. Carlson conceded. He had wondered how he could help his recently-widowed sister.

That night Mrs. Carlson wrote Clara, explained matters and invited her to come and live with them. Kathy returned to the hospital. Before Russell was discharged Clara had arrived and taken over the household. Even the boys enjoyed her cooking. When the older, lean, Russell returned, he and Ruthie moved to the old Baxter place. They were able to make a down payment with his discharge pay. Russell was thankful to be home to the rich, brown earth. Ruthie felt she could never see enough of him after the long years of waiting.

The family seemed to take it for granted that Kathy wouldn't be able to become a missionary. She didn't belong to a wealthy church who could support a missionary. The faith board, though they had accepted her as a candidate, were firm in their rule that it was an indication of the Lord's will to provide part of her support.

Kathy waited, Kathy prayed. She would graduate in June. All the struggle and the work of the five years to prepare her for the field would be complete. Yet—

On Kathy's day off each week, she went home to be with her mother. She realized that her mother's hold on life was slipping. One day in February she received a telephone call to hurry home. There, she sat beside her mother's bedside while the others hovered around. They watched the beloved spirit slip into the arms of Jesus. Her days of pain were over.

After the funeral, her father admitted, "Kathy, I know your mother would have liked you to serve the Lord. She always loved you the best. That's why I tried to keep you from going as long as she was alive. Now, she's with the Lord, I'd like to see you serving as she wanted. Do you think, as your pa, it would look like I was taking things into my own hands if I promised my tithe to supporting you on the field?"

Kathy reached up and kissed her father's rough face, "No, Pa, because, alone it isn't enough. God will have to raise up others to share my support. I'm glad that my first 'earnest' comes from my pa."

"Then you write the Board you've got that much."

The next morning when her father drove her back to the hospital, Russell was waiting in the road when they came by his place. He waved. Mr. Carlson stopped the truck. Russell walked over to them, and leaned on the car door. After a few words of greeting, he said, "Kathy, I want you to know that Ruthie and I have talked it over. When I was down in the South

Pacific I saw the grand work the missionaries have done. Ruthie and I've decided to pledge most of our tithe to help you go to the field."

"There, do you hear that Kathy? Now the time has come, the Lord is raising up the money!" her father boomed in a loud voice. He had been afraid he had been wrong in trying to discourage Kathy, this second promise of support eased his conscience.

"God is faithful," Kathy murmured. Yet that night when she should have written to the board about her two promises of support, she could not do it. It did not seem right that both promises had come from her own family. It seemed as if she were trying to force her way. She postponed writing.

It was ten days before Kathy had a day off again. It fell on a Sunday. She always enjoyed it when her day off came on Sunday, because she could go with her family to the church where she had learned to love the Lord. She had known most of the members all her life. Everyone was so friendly. She sang the hymns joyfully; then sat back to listen to the announcements.

Reverend Catherwood, a tall, kindly, grey-haired man, rose and announced, "What I am going to say is a surprise to only one person present. We have watched that person grow up and, despite the many obstacles in her path, she has remained true and firm. We, as a church, have not done as much for missions as we might have. Last board meeting we voted to pledge ten dollars a month to the support of a missionary. And (Continued on page 18)

# THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

Devoted to the general welfare and spiritual uplift of aur young people everywhere

Published manthly at the Church of God Publishing House Cleveland, Tennessee

F. W. LEMONS, Editor-in-Chief of Youth Literature

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# Children's Page

Dear M. O. H. Children:

If you are really striving to be a "Make Others Happy" boy or girl, I think it would be good for you to have someone show you how to measure up by the Bible yardstick. Read "Inches on the Yardstick." We hope these stories we give you from time to time will make many good boys and girls. God bless every one of you and help you to grow big and strong and straight and true.—Editor.

# INCHES ON THE YARDSTICK

Ten-year-old Bobby came into the living room, backed himself up against the wall and proceeded to level the yardstick on the top of his head. Then he turned to measure the height that he stood.

"Just one inch over four feet, Grandma," he happily announced.

"Growing up, aren't you?" agreed Grandma, who was busily knitting in her chair near the window.

"How big are you?" she asked.

Astonished, the youngster said. "Why, I just told you, I'm one inch over four feet tall and I weigh fiftysix pounds. That is one pound above average."

"Yes, dear," smiled Grandma, "an elephant is large, too. Did you ever hear of an elephant that put his trunk in at the window of a tailor shop and the tailor pricked him with a needle?"

"No, Grandma, what happened then?"

"Well, it was a story told ma when I was a girl. The elephant went his way until he came to a mud puddle, then he took a drink. He drew his trunk full of muddy water and went back to the tailor shop and sprayed it all over the man who had pricked

him with a needle."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Bobby, "some smart elephant, wasn't he? Ha, ha,

"Yes, just as smart as some folks are," thoughtfully spoke Grandma.
"Yes, he was large but not very

big."
"Why not big, Grandma? Isn't large

"Maybe, sometimes," but I was thinking how the Good Book tells us a little person can be big, so much bigger than some of the largest of human kind."

"What do you mean, Grandma?"

asked Bobby.

"Sonny," gently, tenderly Grandma explained, "in the Bible there is a yardstick to measure your life by, and some large folks are pretty small when they stand up longside of it. They, like the elephant, seek revenge, not satisfied till they get even with anyone who angers them; but I read in my Bible, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.' Small, why, my dear child, there are folks that never grow up. And there are children who

love Jesus and learn to walk in His way and who measure their lives by His yardstick, who are oftentimes many times bigger than some physically large folks who refuse to listen to the teachings of the Good Book.

"Say, Grandma, will you help me learn some of the inches on the Bible yardstick so I can really grow up?" asked Bobby. "I'd like to grow up, BIG."

Smiling, Grandma said, "Amen, I'll be glad to, dear."—Sel.

# A STRAIGHT LINE

Robbie was working away at his drawing lesson. Presently the teacher came around to see what progress he was making.

"Look here, Robbie," she said, "that

line isn't stráight."

"No, it isn't quite straight, I know,"

answered Robbie, "but I can fix that up later."

"A straight line never needs straightening," said the teacher quietly, as she turned away to look at the

work of another scholar.

That simple remark which the teacher made set Robbie to thinking. which the "A straight line never needs straight-ening." How much better, then, to make the straight line, rather than to draw a crooked line which would have to be straightened afterward. Besides, a line that has been partly rubbed out and then made straight never looks quite as well as a line which is drawn perfectly true and straight the first time.

When we speak the truth we do not have to stop and correct what we have said.—Author Unknown.

# GOD NEVER FORGETS

It was midnight and Pearl had been

dreaming. She waked up, afraid. "O-o-oh, Elizabeth!" she cried, shivering all over and holding her sister so close about the neck that she almost choked her. What's that in the corner?"

"It's nothing to be afraid of, Pearl.

Go on back to sleep."

"But I can't—I'm scared!"

"Pearl," said Elizabeth, snuggling close to her, "why are you afraid? Didn't you ask God to watch over you through the night?"

"Y-e-s." "Well, Pearl, you don't think God would forget, do you? God hears prayers, and He never forgets to answer them. I'll turn on the light, though, and show you there's nothing here to hurt you."

Snip! The light went on—and Pearl

laughed aloud.

"Turn out the light, Sister; it's only my white dress thrown across the chair. You were right. I won't be afraid any more. God never forgets."—Sel.

### M. O. H. Club Members

Sandra Faye Hensley, East Bernstadt, Ky.

Mary Lillian Skinner, P. O. Box 354, Lake City, Fla.

Anna Louise Stump, Freeburn, Ky. Fannie Ruth Herbert, Andrews, N.C. Dorothy Gentry, Esom Hill, Georgia. Vivian Skipper, R. 3, Box 231-A, Laurinburg, N. C.

Bobby Seyda, Box 86, Lynnville,

Caroleen Sisk, 309 White St., Cherryville, N. C.

LaVoris Camp, Rt. 1, Box 17a, Gainesville, Fla.

Betty Sue Simpson, Box 127, Rossville, Ga.

# Qualified Members of the M. O. H. Club

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have memorized the poem "Make Other's Happy," and scripture verse, and I hope I will be successful in making others happy. If anyone is saved in my ministry it will make me happy and they will also be happy. I plan to organize an M.O.H. club in my community. Pray for me.—Wil-liam Vance, Box 23, Chickasha, Okla.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have memorized the scripture verse and the M. O. H. poem. I hope to make you a good member and be loyal to my club.—Wanda Melton, Rt. Burnsville, N. C.

# A CHILD'S HYMN

I cannot do great things for Him Who did so much for me; But I should like to show my love, Dear Jesus, unto Thee; Faithful in very little things, O Savior, may I be!

There are small things in daily life In which I may obey,
And thus may show my love to Thee And always, every day, There are some little loving words Which I for Thee may say.

Small burdens I may bear, Small acts of faith and deeds of love, Some sorrows I may share, And little bits of work for Thee I may do everywhere. So I ask Thee to give me grace

There are small crosses I may take,

My little place to fill, That I may ever walk with Thee And ever do Thy will;
That in each duty, great or small,
I may be faithful still.

-UNKNOWN

# HAPPY HOME (IRCLE



### TRAINING CHILDREN Mrs. J. C. MILLER

The wise man says, "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it," Proverbs 22:6.

John Wesley very wisely said, "Be-

gin a hundred years before it is born." But as we are not able to heed that admonition in these last days, let us begin now. Parents are not sure of always having the care of their children, and cannot tell into whose hands they may fall, hence, too much care cannot be taken to train them from the earliest period of life. Almost the first and greatest duty of parents is to give attention to the training of their children. These are the days when they are naturally disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, 2 Tim. 3:2. Usually the parents are at fault in this matter, because from the first, they have not trained them "in the way that they should go." This failure, doubtless can be traced back a long way. They themselves were not trained to obedience. Children, let loose to have their own way, with practically no restrictions, will almost invariably bring sorrow of heart to their parents. If they desire to train them in the way God requires, they cannot begin too soon. God gives us our children to train up for Him. Do we ask, "How should they go?" the answer is, "In perfect obedience to His laws." Before they know what we say to them, they begin to learn. Let us now begin to train the child for God. We should not leave it at home with a nurse while we go to church, but take it with us to the house of worship. We desire the child to grow up and reverence the house of God. It is very easy to instil habits into the little nature. Let us not do as many others; viz., pass the little darling from one to another in church. This will soon incline the child to be uneasy and restless. When a little older, it will not want to sit still or sit with you through the service. Take sit with you through the service. Take notice of this. If you let it on the floor once or twice, thinking, "The child gets tired," it will soon want to "run around." Remember, this annoys the congregation and they wish you would take gove of the shild. would take care of the child.
Suppose the little fellow wants

something he should not have. If at

first you refuse it, and the child begins to tease and you answer back, he will soon learn to argue with you. Right here is a beautiful point for young parents to learn. If you answer back, the child will try to outwit you until you yield and give him what he wants. Right there he learns that if he teases long enough he can get what he wants, or perhaps he will set up a mock crying spell, and you, rather than hear him cry and tease, give in and he has conquered you. Now, please, let me tell you, unless you change this plan, that child will become the "boss of the house"; and when it is almost too late, you will remember what I say. But here is an opportunity to show your authority over them. Something must be done to teach them submission.

I am writing to conscientious Christian parents who are supposed to be training up their children to regard the family worship in their homes. Every member should be found quiet, in his own place, and not allowed playthings for entertainment as I have sometimes seen. Teach the baby worship. Then, when he can utter a word, let him say "Amen" at the close of family worship. As he grows older, teach him to pray, suggesting dif-ferent little desires at different times to avoid teaching a form, and usually asking God to give him a clean heart.

# 

# MY OPPORTUNITY

My opportunity? Dear Lord, I do not ask

That Thou shouldst give me some high work of thine,

Some noble calling, or some wondrous task-

Give me a little hand to hold in mine.

I do not ask that I should ever stand Among the wise, the worthy, or the great;

I only ask that, softly, hand in hand, A child and I may enter at Thy gate. Give me a little child to point the way Over the strange, sweet paths that lead to Thee;

Give me a little voice to teach to pray; , Give me two shining eyes Thy face to see.

The only crown I ask, dear Lord, to to wear,

Is this— that I may teach a little child

How beautiful, oh, how divinely fair Is Thy dear face, so loving, sweet and mild.

I do not need to ask for more than this.

My opportunity? 'Tis standing at my door:

What sorrow if this blessing I should miss!

A little child! Why should I ask for more?

Then, as he can understand it, instil into his heart and mind the importance of believing God's Word and of having a belief in the power of the blood of Christ to cleanse from sin.

Parents cannot demand too strictly quick obedience from the first. Then it will not be difficult for the children to listen to God's call, and obey His voice. Begin early. Tell the child once what you want him to do, then without a word of argument, act as if you expected him to obey. But right here, take careful notice to see that he does obey, and if he fails, gently show him the awfulness of disobedience, and the need of reproof. Parents should be patient and loving if they desire their offspring to be gentle and kind. A preacher once said, "Never give a child the thing you have once refused it, under the same circumstances," and a dear old mother once said, "You should insist on your child obeying you if he is as big as a barn."

Never punish a child when you are out of patience. My step-sister once saw that it was necessary to punish her child and took her away alone prayed with her until she and the child wept. When sister asked the child why she wept, she replied, "Because you have to punish me and I know you don't want to."

Don't threaten your child. Many mothers will say, "If you do that again, I will whip you." The little one may fear and obey for a while, then forget The methor forget. then forget. The mother repeats the threat, but she forgets to carry it out. The trembling little one does not have quite the same fear, and after a season repeats the act. Again the mother makes the threat. By this time the child has lost confidence in the mother's word and even learns, himself, to say things that are not just true. The mother looks at this as a terrible offense and wonders where the child has learned to lie. Oh, mother, did he learn it from you? It is a great pity, but some parents have not the natural gift for training children. I have heard mothers ask a child saying, "John, Mary, don't you want to do so and so?" This leaves them to do as they please, and more often they answer, "No." So mother does it herself. She should have said, "Mary, clear up the table and see how nicely you can wash the dishes."
Then after it is done, commend the child.

Be careful not to tell him, in the presence of another, of any fault you may happen to see. If a child requires a correction, take him aside and quietly show him the right way, and often he will remember the correction and his temper is not raised to blood-heat as it might otherwise have been. It is well to give each child his own certain work to do and require him to do it without having to be reminded of it every day. This is a very important point in education. Teach your child to love and respect you; have him commit the fifth commandment to memory and heed it, as

(Continued on page 18)

# HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED AND TRIED

# CHRISTIAN, BE STRONG!

E. L. Burges

Human nature has its drawbacks. It is weak with a weakness that knows no steadfastness, has no courage, fails to withstand temptation. That is why a Christian needs to be fortified with the power of God. The kind of strength and power that will help us is the kind spoken of in Eph. 6:10, "Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might."

Yes, we are weak, but He is strongstronger than all the powers of darkness of this world. In His strength we

may stand trial and temptation, walk through the darkest night, be beset by Satan, and still be true to God.

Satan knows our weak spots —almost better than we know them ourselves. He watches for an opportunity to strike. Unless we are protected by the whole armor of God (Eph. 6:11), we lay ourselves open for his onslaughts. Then our fellowship with the Lord is marred. However, we can take courage because we have God's Word from which to draw strength. In Prov. 24:16, we read, "For a just man falleth seven times, and riseth up again." So if Satan should trip us, there is no need to lie there. Let us take courageget up and go about our business for the Lord. That is the wonderful advantage of being a Christian—having a Savior to lift us when we fall.

Remember, His loving kindness is great, Jer. 31:3; His power, unlimited, John 17:2; His love passeth knowledge, Eph. 3:17-19; His strength, everlasting, Isa. 26:4. Do you know Him in this capacity?

# MYRRH AND ALOES

Myrrh, in its natural state, is a little crystal berry about the size of a teardrop. It exudes from the leaves and stems of wild oriental shrubs along the streams and on the oases. As a pearl is formed by the living oyster's covering the irritating sand grain with nacre to ease the pain of friction, so myrrh drop is formed by the plant's covering with sap the wounds from piercing insects. It is the bloodmixed saliva of a wounded life. It is a teardrop crystallized. Shepherds gather these crystal tears by a strange and interesting process. The flocks are turned into the bushes to graze in the morning and to rest by the stream at noontide. At twilight, when the fold is reached, the shepherd's family busy coarse, themselves with large,

wooden combs, dragging the myrrh drops from the wool. When the berries are dried and crushed, their fragrance is as the sweetness of the pine. What means the sacred poet when he speaks of a garment's carrying every whither the smell of myrrh? I think he means hot tears of sympathy.

He who would be clothed in garments of power must have them dipped in the tears of a suffering world. He who is not touched with a feeling for the infirmities of the stricken millions

"And herein is a wholesome truth.

has no message. "Every man with a sense of God in

"When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee. For I, the Lord thy God, will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not I will help thee." Isaiah 43:2, 41:13 IN THE GRIP OF GOD

# HEART OF MINE, BE STILL

ETHAN S. AMON

O heart of mine, be still! be still! And yield thyself to God's own will. Dost thou not know, canst thou not see He knoweth what is best for thee?

That which to thee most pleasant seems May prove to be but empty dreams. Dost thou not know, canst thou not learn True love and wisdom to discern?

O heart of mine, trust God for all; He'll hold thee, though the heavens fall. Dost thou not know, hast thou not heard That He can never break His word?

Then cease thy anxious thought and care, And find sweet peace and solace where God's gracious will shall ever be That which is most desired by thee.

his soul must lie down to bed every night with a passionate intercessory cry on his lips."—Frederick B. Farber.

# PRUNING AND FRUITFULNESS

"Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit," John 15:2.

The fruitfulness of the vine depends largely on the care with which it is pruned. There is no tree pruned so mercilessly and incessantly, first with the sharp knife, and then with scis-

sors. The Lord has many such implements. There is the golden pruning knife of His Word, by which He would prune us if we would let Him (John 15:3), so escaping the rougher and more terrible discipline of the iron pruning knife of affliction. Our Lord uses the knife with its sharp, clean strokes which cut deep into our nature and leave scars which it will take years to heal, or even to conceal. And there are the scissors also in His hand—cross events, daily circumstances which appear contrary to one another, but which, nevertheless, work together in the end for good. What a comfort it is that the Vine-dresser leaves the pruning to no apprentice. No hand but the most skilled may handle the knife. "My Father is the husbandman." How many pruned ones may read these words. words! They are inclined to say that the Lord hath dealt very bitterly with them. Husband and sons buried in a dis-

tant land; poverty and want supreme in a deserted and darkened home; only one left of all the merry circle of bygone years: and yet out of this shall come a golden harvest of blessing. "No chastisement for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." -Selected.

The Bible tells us to "wait on the Lord," to "wait patiently for Him," but to wait does not mean to sit down and do nothing. Waiting on the Lord means a devout love, an implicit trust, and a constant effort in doing God's will in God's way. The idler does not wait on the Lord. Waiting on the Lord is keeping busy for the Lord .-Publisher Unknown.

# Margaret's Message

Margaret Burns paced the floor of her room, her forhead wrinkled in thought. "I can't see why it wouldn't be perfectly all right for me to go," she was arguing with herself. "It is a chance I might not get for a long time, if ever again. Of course, I promised the pastor's wife I would help to ised the pastor's wife I would help to sing a special song Sunday night. But I am sure she would excuse me from it if she knew I wanted to go to Brownville to hear the Trenton Gospel Trio."

"No," she decided with a sigh, "it isn't a question of ethics for I'm sure it would be worth-while and no doubt I would get more help from it than

from our own little service.'

"But still," an inner voice persisted, "you felt the message of that song burning in your heart. When you asked the Lord for help in choosing a song, He clearly directed you in your choice. Perhaps God wants to use you in bringing that message to some one who especially needs it.

"That decides the question then," Margaret spoke aloud with finality. "When God saved me I promised I would let Him use me in His service whenever and however He chose. And I don't intend to back up on that promise now. I'll stay and help to sing

for the Lord Sunday night."

About seven-thirty o'clock Sunday evening an elegant limousine, driven a liveried chauffeur, with three richly-dressed society ladies in it was returning from a large estate in the country where the ladies had been visiting. As it turned a corner the car suddenly swerved. When the chauffeur had righted it he stopped the car, then got out and inspected the

"Sorry, Ma'am," he touched his cap and bowed as he opened the door. "Flat tire. I'll see if I can call a garage

man to come and fix it."

"Oh, dear, what a bother," exclaimed Mrs. Warburton impatiently. "Now I suppose we'll have to sit in this dull place until it is fixed. Where are we anyway?" she craned her neck

inquisitively.
"I don't know. Some little hick town between the George's Estate and the city," offered one of her compan-

"Yes, here's a little brick building on the corner. It must be some kind of a church," added the third. "I hear music coming from it."

"We might go to church," suggested Mrs. Warburton flippantly. Would not these small town hicks stare at

our furs and jewels though?"

"Well, at that it might be more entertaining than sitting here twiddling our thumbs while we wait," asserted one of the ladies. "It wouldn't hurt us to try it for awhile, would it? Maybe we could stand it until that tire gets fixed. And besides, who knows, it

might turn out to be a great lark. At least it will be something different,

she laughed.

Accordingly, the three women stepped out of the car and giving the chauffeur orders to notify them when ready to go, made their way into the building. An usher provided them with song books and seated them near the back of the audience. The congregation was singing and the walls fairly rang with the music of Zion. The women looked about them curiously. How plainly dressed the people were. None of them wore jewelry or makeup. They all seemed so interested in the songs and acted as if they experienced what they were singing about.

"H-m-m!" mused Mrs. Warburton silently, "sort of like the church I attended when I was a girl." Then she busied her thoughts with a self-satisfied review of the advancement she had made since that time. Leaving the small town in which she had lived since her birth; living with her wealthy aunt while studying music; trips abroad; cultivating luxury-loving friends, being included in the social whirl; her marriage to the millionaire, Warburton; and her life of ease since that time. True, she had not made much use of her musical education. But there was no need of it, she thought placidly, and no time.

# SEEREE PRODUCTION OF THE SEERE "THE CHOSEN FEW"

There were given to me two roads to choose,

A narrow way, and a wide;

And I paused to wonder what to do, When I saw the white-robed saints pass through

And they took the narrow side.

There were given to me two works to choose-

A service of self below, With the world to cheer me in fickle praise,

Or a walk of faith down the rugged ways

Where I saw the white-robed go.

Then I cried to the Lord, He chose for

The path where the saints went on; So He placed in my hand a cross to bear,

As He whispered to me of garments fair,

And rest when the task is done.

I'm glad to be one of God's white throng

Who will, till the end, go through; For no eyes can behold the joys up there.

The Lord in His love doth now prepare For all of His chosen few.

-D. Henry.

Her days were too full of pleasure and social duties to find time for any sort of work. A faint smile of pity for the unsophisticated girl she had once been curved her lips for a moment.

Then a special number in song was announced. The group arose to sing. At this sight Mrs. Warburton's thoughts again lurched backwards.

"I must have been about their age when I left home to go to the city," was her involuntary thought. "These people act as if they believe the same things I believed then. I wonder if they do. I thought no one did nowa-days."

Then sweet voices began the song. At the first phrase Mrs. Warburton caught her breath with a gasp. At the second she was sitting tensely alert. No wonder the music sounded familiar. That was her song! She had written the words and composed the music back there in the days of her young womanhood in the small town; back there in the days when people believed in such things as this song told about; back there in the days when she herself had believed in it.

She had written the song and her wealthy aunt, who was visiting them, had had it published. Coveting fame for her niece, she had taken her to the city with her to study abroad. But somehow she had not done so well since then. She had written a few popular tunes later on but nothing of any worth.

Looking back she pondered why she had not attained the success she had planned. She had given it scarcely a thought before. Now she could see that her social life and pleasure-seeking had gradually sapped her desire for anything greater and had filled her time until it crowded out all else.

Besides, she couldn't write the same type of song as this one any more. She had tried it a few times after going to the city, but something had been lacking. She couldn't make success somehow. Then as she gradually slipped into the beliefs of the crowd she saw no use in trying to write sacred songs because the things you wrote weren't true anyway.

·Oh, well, perhaps not just that, she hastily corrected her thoughts. Perhaps they were true in a way. She still supposed there was a God, though some people said there wasn't. But then one didn't get saved like people used to think they did. And you didn't have to live such a model life to be a Christian as she used to think. All you had to do was to believe in God. There wasn't enough to it to get worked up about or write songs about, that was all.

But these people here—she looked about her curiously, studying their expressions. They certainly looked as if they believed all this sincerely—about being "saved" and living "free from sin." The pastor announced a for project service and few minutes for praise service, and, one after another, the people rose to their feet and told what the Lord had done for them.

The tiniest ache manifested itself in (Continued on page 18)

# Small Beginnings

We have just returned from the Assembly. We had a great time. The first two days were given over to our first Youth Congress. It is estimated that 8,000 were present at this meeting. Happy young people thronged the place and made it ring with the melody of songs and prayer and praise. It made us very happy as we looked back over all the way the Lord hath led us down through the seventeen years since the young people's work

was organized. I thought of the time when I invited my children to go with me to my church. Some of you know they were brought up in the Presbyterian Church, where young people had their own organization, and were recognized as having their place in the work of the church. My children afterward remarked that they did not like my church because there were no young people there. Well, I looked around and I found it was about true; however, there were some, but they were not in evidence. It was then God spoke to my heart and led me to do something about it. I wrote to the Evangel to find other interested ones and asked them to write me if they were interested. Only one responded and that was Brother R. P. Johnson. He invited me to come to Florida to help with the organization. I could not go, but Brother Johnson and the good people of Florida organized. They named the organization the "Young People's Endeavor" and brought it before the Assembly where it was ratified in 1929.

Then we thought of our traveling over the States to organize and boost the Y.P.E. Many had not caught the vision and we had to press our way into their midst, paying our own expenses much of the time.

Our first organization in the State of Tennessee was in Knoxville. When I mentioned organizing, the leaders informed us there were not enough young people to organize. I said, "Let us try." We did, and on the night of our organization there were twenty fine young people present. We had a fine Y.P.E. Next, was Cleveland, then East and North Chattanooga, and Copperhill, then skipping over to Greenville, S. C., and some in Illinois, West Virginia, and Virginia. We saw then we could not travel so much, so we put out the little booklet on "How To Organize and Conduct Y. P. E., which has been used in every state in the Union. Junior Y.P.E.'s were boosted and began to prosper. Later, we saw the need of more training for our children and began to advocate Daily Vacation Bible School through the Lighted Pathway. We worked and prayed and boosted for three long years through the Lighted Pathway before we saw the first fruits of our labors. This year, the topic for one of our study groups in the Youth Congress was "How To Teach Daily Vacation Bible School." We have been advocating study groups in our churches, sponsored and taught by the pastor or some interested person in the church. We believe this is coming in the near future, for it is the hope of the church.

As we looked upon this great body of young people, we thought of the time in Cleveland, Tenn., when God first led us to get our young people before the Assembly. We asked those in authority if we might have a little They informed us the program was full, but that we could meet a little early and let them sing. So dear Sister Heath of Georgia, and I assembled them, marched them across the platform, and let them sing. This was our first Assembly program for the Y.P.E. My how that encouraged us! That was the year of 1932.

The next year we gained prestige enough to have an hour on the program, which meant so much toward the advancement of the cause. We then moved our Assembly to Chattanooga. We asked for the privilege of getting our young people a place on the program. I found there was no room, but we were given permission to use the small auditorium at seven o'clock in the morning. Our crowds began to grow and even the first morning we had a good-sized group, and God began to bless. As long as we met in Chattanooga, we met in that upper room and many times it was like that first upper-room experience

in Acts 2:4. God did bless.

We finally found our way into the General Assembly and had a whole evening for our program. We shall not soon forget that great army of

MARGARIAN MARKAN 

young people, as they marched into that auditorium. Then came the war and this Assembly is the first since

I thought you would like to look back over the territory that our young people have covered in the past seventeen years. The young men who have been appointed to this work were, I presume, around twelve years of age in the beginning of this work. Some of you were babies in arms. Others of you were not born. Let us praise Him for all the way He has led us.

We have known our chosen leaders for a number of years and believe them to be well chosen, and our prayer is that God may keep them humble, down at the foot of the cross, that they may lead others there. We are thinking, too, of the precious young people who so nobly stood by us in those early days, and wish we could reward them some way, but we must wait for our rewards over on the other side. Then we are thinking of the good friends of today who have encouraged us all along the way up to this time. We thank God for the young people who are fighting battles on the field today. God bless them all as they go forth to do the great work entrusted to them.

"The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee:
... and give thee peace," Num. 6:25,

26b.—The Editor.

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mmmm

# Song of Life

NOTE: This poem was taken from the first Lighted Pathway, and it shaws us haw small beginnings have great endings.

A traveler on a dusty road Strewed acorns on the lea: And one took root and sprouted up, And grew into a tree. Love sought its shade at eventide, To breathe its early vows: And age was pleased in heights of

To bask beneath its boughs. The doormouse loved its dangling twigs,

The birds sweet music bore-It stood a glory in its place, A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way amid the grass and fern; A passing stranger scooped a well, Where weary men might turn.

He walled it in and hung with care A ladle on the brink,

He thought not of the deed he did, But judged that toil might drink. He passed again, and lo! the well By summer never dried, Had cooled ten thousand parched tongues And saved a life besides.

A nameless man amid the crowd That thronged the daily mart, Let fall a word of hope and love Unstudied from the heart. A whisper on the tumult thrown, A transitory breath, It raised a brother from the dust, It saved a soul from death. Oh germ! oh fount! oh word of love! Oh thought at random cast! You were but little at the first But mighty at the last.—Sel.

# The Church of God's First National Youth Congress

By C. M. TRUESDELL



THE GENERAL OVERSEER SPEAKS. Amid great avation first National Yauth Director is announced.

T was the morning of August 27, 1946. The setting was the Municipal Auditorium in Birmingham, the Nation's steel city. Summer's intense heat had waned, and there was a tinge of Autumn in the air. Thousands of delegates were filing up the broad walks and into the great auditorium itself. Some preferred the balconies, others the dress balconies and main floor, but here they came, Christian youth from all sections of the United States, the West Indies, Central America, India, Africa, and many other nations. Such was the great initial convocation of the Church of God's first National Youth Congress.

Promptly at 8:30 a.m. the congress opened with a youth consecration service. Rev. Aylor Padgett gave the invocation, and the meeting opened with Ralph E. Williams, Tennessee state youth director, in charge. An appropriate Scripture text was read by the National Youth Committee Chairman, Rev. E. L. Simmons, and our General Over-seer, Rev. John C. Jernigan, officially sanctioned the meeting with a brief address which let us know that the Church of God is be-hind her youth. A unique feature of the service then came. Each state youth director took his place in a long line, single file, and marched around the huge choir to the speaker's stand. One by one, they introduced themselves and told what state they were from, asking every delegate from that state In the audience and on the rostrum to stand. This wonderful little get-acquainted meeting was known as the "Who's Who Among Us" interlude. Immediately following was the appointment of the various study groups, and the announcement of the chairman of each group, by Ralph Williams. Then came an informal conference, a sort of get-together meeting for all the state youth directors, while the various study groups gathered at the places designated for them. This was at 9:45 a. m. At 10:45 a. m. all groups disbanded for the day and marched back to the rostrum. Vep Ellis had directed some peppy songs with gospel messages prior to this time, and the program was resumed with the seating capacity completely utilized. Paul Stallings, Washington, D. C., was the leader, and a never-to-be-fargotten service followed. Bobby Bost, youthful soloist, Kan-napolis, N. C., gave an inspirational vocal number. Everything grows quiet when Bobby sings. He's just one of the many promises that there's a great future ahead for our young folks. This led up to a brilliant and timely serman by a guest speaker, R. O. Corvin, distinguished young man from the Pentecostal Holiness Church, and at present Secretary of their Board of Education. He held the vast sea of people spellbound from the beginning to the end of his well-constructed message. We realize with him that there is a great need for a united, concerted effart of Pentecostal bodies to offset the anti-God programs being launched in the name of religion in the world today. At the conclusion of this great message, the climax was reached, and the crowd put its approval on the service with a tremendous cheer, and the Tuesday morning Youth Congress became history.

The Afternaan and Evening Services were even better attended. As a safety measure, the aisles were kept cleared, but Tuesday night hundreds stood along the walls of the dress balconies, and countless others contented themselves as best they could at the bookstand and in the vestibule and corridors outside, waiting for an announcement by the ushers that seats had been vacated, and were now available to a few.

First, however, we would like to tell you about the afternoon service. It was a mission rally, the first of its kind to be held in the famous Woodrow Wilson Park, skirting



YOUTH ANSWERS THE CHALLENGE! After tumultuaus applause, the first Church National Yauth Directar, Ralph Williams, assumes new duties with simple but effective acceptance speech.

the courthouse, and facing the Auditorium across the street. Robert Johnson, Winter Haven, Fla., was in charge. A mild statement would be that the meeting was indeed wonderful. Over two thousand young persons were present at this great outdoor rally. Brief but uplifting testimonies were given by natives and delegates from Hawaii, Africa, Puerto Rico, Guatemala, Jamaica, and

(Continued on page 12)



CONGRATULATIONS! General Overseer loaks pleased while retiring National Youth Committee Chairman shakes hand af new ane. "I'll always be a youth spansar, Ralph," E. L. Simmons seems to be saying while R. R. Walker, newly elected Church General Secretary, nads approvingly. Other members of the new Committee are: Left to right, Manuel Campbell, Texas; Paul Stallings, Washir gtan, D. C.; ond Robert Johnson, Florida. One member, E. T. Stacey, Kentucky, wos obs:nt.

# MISSION PAGE

# "A SHORT BIOGRAPHY OF OUR BROTHER COLLAZO"

(Missionary and Assistant Overseer of Puerto Rica)



Dear friends and readers of the Lighted Pathway: A short time ago I had the privilege of meeting Brother Antonio Collazo, our missionary and assistant overseer of Puerto Rico. I was very much impressed with the way God has blessed his work and is using him to win lost souls on the large Island of Puerto Rico. In the course of my conversation with him, I learned that he had surrendered his life to God at a very early age. After asking many questions about his conversion and Christian experience, I felt impressed to write a short biography of his life, with the purpose of encouraging other young people to surrender their lives to God.

Brother Antonio Collazo was born in the small village of Orocovis, located in the heart of the large Island of Puerto Rico. Later his parents moved to a farm in the northern section of the Island, about fifteen miles from the City of Arecibo. It was while living here that Brother Collazo, at the tender age of eight years, accepted Christ as his personal Savior in the

year 1918.

His uncle, Secundino Rodriguez, who was an exhorter in the Methodist Church, heard of the arrival of Rev. Juan Lugo, of New York City, who was the first Pentecostal missionary to the Island of Puerto Rico. After attending several of Rev. Lugo's meetings, he was convinced beyond the shadow of a doubt that the Pentecostal experience was real and for him. He opened his heart to the full gospel truth and with this conviction he felt burdened to go to the country and tell his sister

about salvation and this wonderful Pentecostal experience.

So it was one afternoon in January, 1918, that Secundino Rodriguez, with several brethren from the church, arrived at the large farmhouse where Antonio Collazo lived with his parents. After Mr. Collazo, the father, learned the purpose of this visit, he sent his two sons, Antonio and Ramon, on horseback to invite all of the neighbors to come to his house for service that night.

The meeting began that evening with a lively song service, followed by several testimonies about salvation, divine healing, and the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Then the uncle, Secundino Rodriguez, brought a soul-stirring message, after which the entire Collazo family, including two uncles who were residing with them, fully surrendered their lives to God. Mrs. Collazo was also healed of an incurable disease that she had carried for years.

The next morning Brother Collazo, his mother and father, his older brother and sister, and two uncles were baptized in water. After the baptismal service the congregation followed Brother Collazo, the father, to a large shed where his last crop of tobacco of the season was being dried. In a short time the tobacco was carried out to the road and Brother Collazo's father set fire to the large heap, while the congregation rejoiced and praised God as the flames consumed the poisonous weed. His father never raised or used tobacco from that day until the present time. He is still living and is a member of a large Pentecostal church (Spanish) in New York City.

From the day of their conversion, Mr. and Mrs. Collazo took their responsibility as Christian parents and raised their children in a God-fearing manner. Brother Collazo, in giving his personal testimony, said that he was thankful to God and that he appreciated the teaching and training of his Christian parents more than all the other Christian training that he received from other sources.

Several months after their conversion, the Collazo family moved from the farm to the city of Santurce, Puerto Rico. It was here that Brother Collazo took his first active part in young people's services. Several years later, in 1929, the family moved to New York City.

Here the family became members of the "First Pentecostal Church" (Spanish). The pastor and founder of this church was Rev. Juan Lugo, the missionary who had brought the The Lighted Pothwoy is proving o great blessing here in the Virgin Islands. We hove twenty-eight capies of the paper coming here each month and could use mony mare. The notives can hardly wait until they get their next issue.—Henry C. Stoppe, St. Thomos, Virgin Islands.

NOTE: Would someone like to donote more Lighted Pathwoys to these good people for their work?——Ed.

first Pentecostal message to Puerto Rico.

It was under his able leadership that our Brother Collazo received further Christian training, and was soon taking an active part in the church. For nine years he labored faithfully, holding responsible positions as deacon, young people's leader, superintendent of the Sunday School, and taking the leading part in open-air services.

In 1935, Brother Collazo started a courtship with Miss Persis Lugo, the pastor's daughter, which terminated in marriage in 1936. Two years later, this consecrated couple felt the call of God to go to Puerto Rico and work among the Spanish people. For two years he taught in the "Mizpa Bible School" there. Later he became the pastor of the "First Pentecostal Church" in Santurce. God blessed his ministry at this church in such a way that it has grown to be the largest Pentecostal congregation on the Island of Puerto Rico.

When Brother C. E. French was appointed overseer of our work in the Island, Brother Collazo gave him splendid co-operation and fellowship. After co-operating with Brother French for more than a year, acquainting himself with the government and teachings of the Church of God, he decided to affiliate with us. So last October, 1945, Brother Collazo, his congregation, along with five other congregations and their pastors, over which he had supervision, cast their lot with the Church of God.

Several months later, he was appointed assistant overseer of our work on this island. Since receiving this appointment he has labored faithfully to promote the work of the Church of God in every way possible. The Church on this island has made great progress this past year. We now have twenty churches and several mission stations here.

Two young men from Brother Collazo's church, who feel the call of God and have been working in mission stations, are making plans to attend our Bible School in Sevierville, Ten-

nessee, this fall.

In closing, I will use the words of the Apostle Paul, "Let no man despise thy youth." God is still looking for consecrated young people who will answer the call. Truly the harvest is ripe, but the laborers are few.—Yours in the Master's service, Rev. Henry C. Stoppe, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands.

# Youth Personal Evangelistic Union

# FOLLOWING THE CROWD

Kenneth Anderson

Jack Langley idled leisurely down the street. Life was good. He had a high-salaried job, plenty of good clothes, a fine car, everything he thought he needed for happiness. In one of the shop windows was an expensive necktie. He wouldn't have looked at it twice a year ago, but now there was money in his pocket waiting to be spent, and without a moment of hesitation, he went in and purchased it, saying, "It'll go well with the new suit I bought last week." With the package under his arm, he again sauntered out on the street.

He had gotten off duty an hour before, had eaten at one of the finest restaurants downtown. Now he would go to the theater and then to his room for the night's sleep.

But as he turned the corner that led to his favorite theater, he heard singing:

"Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Are you fully trusting in His grace this hour?

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?"

His first impulse was to turn, for he knew what street meetings were, but he decided to walk on and perhaps amuse himself listening to the testimonies.

"You may have all this world's goods," someone was saying, "and yet be a pauper in the sight of God. 'What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?' 'He who was rich for your sakes became poor, that ye, through his poverty, might be rich.' Sinner friend, do you know how destitute you really are? The only real estate you own is a share in hell? Why don't you take Christ as your Savior, become a child of God and a joint-heir with Christ? Then you will be a part-owner of heaven!'

Jack chuckled behind the smirk on his face. What did a message like that mean to him? Nothing! Nobody believed about hell anymore. Maybe a few believed about heaven, because that seemed more reasonable.

"Would you like a gospel tract?"

someone was asking him.

"Oh . . . uh . . ." he stammered, "no,
I wouldn't read it, anyway." He
laughed, "I want to help save paper,

you know."

"What about your soul? Is it saved?" Jack didn't answer, but the question carried him back over the highway of memory, whose miles know no limitations from tie. He saw a dear woman, his mother, asking, "Jack, aren't you going to give your heart to Christ?" She was gone, now, and he still hadn't.

"You want to get to heaven some-day, don't you?" the personal worker asked.

"Oh, sure," Jack mumbled.
"How do you expect to get to heaven, unless you accept Christ as

your Savior?"

"I'll slip in with the crowd when they march past the pearly gates," Jack chuckled, thinking to chide the one witnessing to him. Then he turned to walk away, saying over his shoulder, "I'll just follow the crowd."

"Oh, but that's where you're mistaken," the other inserted hurriedly. "The crowd isn't going to heaven! Jesus warned, 'Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which

# \*

### WORKERS WANTED

Mrs. Ida Kays

"The cattle on a thousand hills" are His;

Who'll drive them in? The fields are ripe with golden grain; Who'll put it in the bin? The silver and the gold are His,

Who'll dig, and give a share? And if it must be very small,
Increase it much by prayer?
The sea is full of fish uncaught,

Who'll be the first to get Another draught miraculous Where He bids cast the net?

By Christ, a man upon the earth, Salvation's way was paved— His work completed in the plan, By man must man be saved. Salvation free awaits for all; Who'll give it out as free?

How many answer to the call—"Lord, here am I, send me"? Jerusalem, Judea next, Samaria, and then

Parts uttermost. Go tell the news: Salvation for all men!
If Jesus Christ in heaven above

Were asked, what could He say Except: "If my disciple fail, I have no other way"?

-The Sunday School Banner.

leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it. You'll never get to heaven, if you follow the crowd!"

Jack nearly stumbled, the words struck him so forcefully. He walked quickly down the street, trying to outrun the words, "The crowd isn't going to heaven!" which were after him like a swarm of furious bees.

He went to the theater, but the actors and actresses, as well as the large crowd watching the picture, seemed only to remind him that the crowd wasn't going the way that leads to heaven.

After the theater, he walked down the amusement streets, where theaters, taverns and dance halls were filling to capacity. Churches were never filled like this, he was reminded, because the crowd isn't going to

heaven! The night was wasted, for he didn't sleep. He tried to count sheep, but instead he found himself counting people, the great masses who aren't on the way to heaven! And he was one of them, a lost sinner, shifting aimlessly with the swift current of sin, rushing all, who do not grasp the Pilot's hand, to the sea of everlasting separation from God.

The sun seemed to have spun on a tangent from its orbit. The clock ticks were like lazy feet scraping monoto-nously over the sands of time. He thought morning would never come.

He was tossing, all the while remembering the words of the Christian at the street meeting, "The crowd isn't

going to heaven!"

He had been following the crowd. That was the path of least resistance. Anybody could do that. It takes real men to be Christians, but any spineless person can go the way of sin. Following the crowd! He was following the crowd! And the crowd wasn't bound for heaven! It was on the way to-

Frantically, he fell to his knees, "Oh, God!" he cried. "I've been wrong! I haven't seen the way of the world! But I see now! I don't know how to pray, Lord! But Mother has prayed hours for me! Answer Moth prayers! I yield myself to Thee!" Answer Mother's

And, led by the hand that was nail-scarred on Calvary, Jack Langley stepped out of the rank and file of the crowd, onto the straight and nar-row way, where those few wise row way, where those few wise souls, who have taken Christ as their Savior, are marching to that great city, "whose builder and maker is city, "God!"

Which way are you going?—Gospel Herald.

Motto: "EACH ONE WIN ONE"
Scripture: "He That Winneth Souls Is Wise"

THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY O

# The Church of God's First National Youth Congress

(Continued from page 9)

other places. Chief speaker of the afternoon was Carl J. Hughes, a young man, who is overseer of the West Indies and Bermuda. Responding to his call for future missionaries at the close of a powerful message, some twenty-five young men and women made their way through the throng to the speaker's stand, and solemnly dedicated their lives to the mission cause. Over a hundred hands were silently raised in the same pledge by individuals who could not press their way through the multitude to the stand. After this salemn moment, songs were rendered in the native tongue by Samoans who recently came from Hawaii to our School at Sevierville, and Elder Barrett, Head of the Music Department, our Bible School in Jamaica, sang a very pretty number. Beyond doubt, this was the greatest mission service ever conducted by the young people of our church.

Among the talented young ladies who were faithful at the piano and elsewhere



Looking ot vost choir from center oisle, main floor.

during the entire congress were Mrs. Marvin Mortenson, Miss Wanda Carey, Sue Johnson, Dot Williams, Eva Mae LeFevre, Marguerite Phillips, Lucille Rickles, contrato soloist, Mary Elsie Blackwood, and



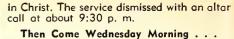
The Holy Spirit took charge mony times.

Estelle Watson. They contributed wonderfully to the success of this greatest gathering in Church of God youth history. Amang the men were Rev. Piper of lowa, skilled pianist, Alph LeFevre, genial Vep Ellis, Harry Kutz, Urias LeFevre, Murvyn McLuhan, whose gifted voice thrilled thousands, little Bobby Bost, Fatie Atkinson, and others.

Probably those unnamed heroes who had the biggest job, and really did it well, were the ushers, headed by Bill Brown, of Benton, Illinois.

The evening service could best be described by saying it was just one good thing running into something better all the time. The zenith was reached when Leonard Carroll, pastor of Greer, S. C., brought a heartwarming, spectacular message on the need for old time Pentecost in our world today. Lewis Willis was the able director of the Tuesday evening service.

By this time, not only was the spacious building filled to capacity with Church of God youth from every section of the United States, but delegates from twenty-one foreign nations were present, and the way they conducted themselves in the meetings proved that they were brothers and sisters



The service began with Murvyn McLuhan, of Canada, at the helm, Rev. Piper was the pianist. The congregation entered into the charuses with zest, and after several praises in hymn and song, a nice trio by Dot and Ruth Williams, and Sue Johnson was heard. Glenn Pettyjohn, dynamic yaung overseer of Central Canada, then led a snappy testimony service which was interspersed with soulstirring choruses. Bobby Bost, youthful soloist, gave a selection that was received with enthusiasm as usual, after which Rabert Johnson read for a Scripture text Psalm 33, and commented briefly upon it. With the old hymn, "Love Lifted Me," the audience was dismissed, as the study groups resumed their deliberations for the second day. Promptly at 11:00 a. m., the house was packed, and Raymond Morse, pastor of Powderly, Ala., directed the service. After some timely remarks by the leader, Miss Mary Elsie Blackwaod and Hal Green sang a beautiful duet entitled "Jesus, Wonderful

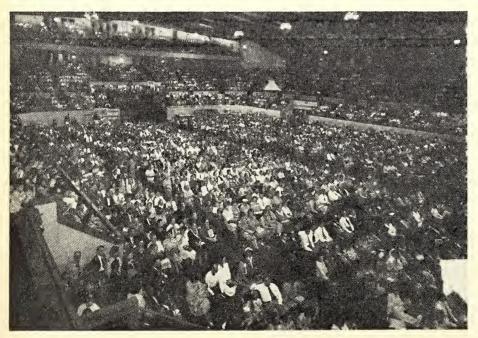


The orchestra, involvable contributor to success of the devotions. Robert Johnson ot mike.

Lord," and Fatie Atkinson sang one of those Atkinson specials. This time it was "No One Ever Cared for Me Like Jesus." The choir came in for a number, and Mrs. Lucille Rickles, gifted contralto, sang "I Wouldn't Trade Places With You." Rev. M. P. Cross made a few remarks, and the speaker of the morning, Joe McCoy, brought a message filled with inspiration and good common sense. He declared that, to keep a Christian worker at his best, there must be a continual stirring of his mind. He stated that, since Pentecost was born in a stir, it must be kept in a stir to survive. Continuing, the speaker said that once Alexander the Great stood before a criminal to judge him for an offence. Upon learning that the culprit was also named Alexander, he sternly told him to either change his name or his ways. If we bear the name of Christ, let us keep ourselves free from guilt and shame. The speaker concluded by telling that a man hopelessly drifting toward the falls downstream was saved by a band of people who gathered on a bridge under which his boat must pass, and let down ropes to him, hauling him to safety. A personal evangelist must have a rope to let down.

# . . . On Wednesday Afternoon

the service opened with instrumental music, "Sweet Hour of Prayer," and "Firing Line." The remainder of the service was given over to an enthusiastic business meeting over



VERY UNUSUAL SIGHT—o few seats still empty in third bolcony. Reason: Fifteen minutes until time to begin services.



Vast cangregation sat spellbound as Babby sang "Haw Can I Help But Lave Him?"

which the National Youth Committee Chairman presided. The leader of each study group read the various recommendations worked out by his group for better youth participation in these departments: Missions, Education, Evangelism, Bible School and Visual Education, Music, Literature, and Youth Recreation. The congregation voted unanimously to accept the recommendations as read, and to refer them to the Bishops' Council.

# The Evening Services . . .

were supervised by Manuel Campbell, youth director of Texas. Vep Ellis led two of our latest gospel songs, with Garland Mann at the piano. The Goodman Trio, of Alabama, then obliged with a selection. Robert Johnin a New World," with Alph LeFevre at the piano, and Bobby Bost came back with "God Is Still on the Throne." The number that climaxed the singing service was "The Meeting in the Air," with Vep Ellis on the vestal and Alph LeFevre and Harry Kutz vocal, and Alph LeFevre and Harry Kutz joining in. Those boys made the guitar and accordions talk. Services were halted while the vast throng gave vent to its feelings. After the shouting subsided, Brother Campbell promised the older folk that if they would furnish the fuel, our youth would keep the torch burning. A formal introduction of the LeFevre Trio, our church members and one of the country's most popular radio units, was made at this time by Rev. A. M. Phillips. Alphus and Urias, who have re-cently returned from active oversea duty with our armed forces, expressed their appreciation for our prayers in their behalf, and to God for His protection. Clad in civilian clothes once more, they were glad to be back on the battlefield for God. Their accomplished singing brought down the house, while Alph wrought miracles on the keyboard. Their two selections were "Going UP When I DIE" and "The Land of Eternal Spring." The spatlight of the entire two days' meeting was now turned on the General Overseer, Rev. John C. Jernigan, who strode to the microphone to make an announcement of importance. After complimenting the youth of the Church of God, he proceeded to explain that, for the first time in its history, the movement was to have a National Youth Director. He announced that the State Overseer Appointing Board had made the appointment of a young man with proven qualifications. After a few other remarks, Brother Jernigan called to the pulpit a member of the National Committee, and introduced him as the new National Youth Director. He was Ralph E. Williams, who very aptly spoke a few words of acceptance, although somewhat bewildered by the sudden announcement. crowd cheered, after which each member of the new National Committee was announced. They were: Manuel Campbell, Texas; Robert Johnson, Florida; Paul Stallings, Washington, D. C.; and E. T. Stacey, Kentucky, with of course the National Director as Chairman. Each of the new members made a brief speech of acceptance, pledging his best efforts to the prosecution of the interests of this infant organization. The service was concluded with a prayer for the young people by the General Overseer.

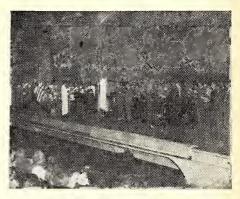
A musical interlude: Duet by Brother and Sister Spain, and a solo by Murvyn McLu-

L. B. Thomas spoke on the "Causes of Modernism," and stated that compromising on the doctrines of the Bible has paved the way for modernism.

The chief speaker of the evening now came forward. L. C. Heaston spoke on the topic, "Thou Art the Christ." This outstanding young Florida minister held the audience spellbound with a twelve-minute message filled with practical illustrations and Scripture quotations. Explaining that the only salvation for the world was through Christ, the speaker exhorted young people who were unsaved to seek Him, and the meeting closed with great numbers in the altar who had responded to his message. Words cannot express the success of this great initial Congress; wonderful beyond

measure were its achievements, and we look forward to a new year filled with outstanding attainments for our Church youth.

In conclusion, let us say that this great congress was one of inspiration to youth and the older people as well One church mem-



Hundreds af youth vaices made the charal numbers reverberate.

ber from Electra, Texas, a businessman who made arrangements and flew his private plane through to Birmingham, said with his wife, three small words which pretty well express the opinion of everyone, "It was wonderful." There was only one question that many of the delegates asked regarding the success of the meeting. That question was: "How could it have been any better?"

To those who are interested in the Youth and Sunday School departments of the Church. In the past, each of you have had problems. Perhaps they came to your mind as you studied these subjects, and sometimes they probably arose during meetings connected with the Y.P.E. or S. S. Now you have someone to help you solve those problems, however knotty. He is your new National Youth Director, Ralph E. Williams, Box 11, Cleveland, Tenn. If the solution of your problem will promote the work in these departments, write him. If you contemplate bringing selfish problems to him, please omit them, for he will be very busy.



"THAT MEETING IN THE AIR" will have to be good if it has anything on the one that followed this number by Vep, Harry, and Alph.

# Y D E Lessons

# WHAT DOES "SALVATION" MEAN?

Scripture: John 3:16, 17 Thoughts for the Leader

Salvation means pardon for sin and deliverance from the power of sin. When the Philippian jailer asked Paul and Silas, on the night of the earthquake, what he should do to be saved, he wished to be set free from the distressing sense of shame and failure that his evil deeds had brought. He felt guilty, and he wanted to be rid of all that made his life unhappy and futile. Let us see what the answer was that Paul and Silas gave the jailer: Acts 16:31, "And they said Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house."

IT MEANS LIFE ETERNAL When Jesus began to preach He called men to repentance and de-clared that the Kingdom of God was at hand. John, in his Gospel, used the phrase "eternal life" instead of the Kingdom because he was writing to Gentiles; the Jewish people understood perfectly what "Kingdom" meant. Eternal life is present and future; it is a new kind of life, and begins as soon as a person accepts Christ as his Savior. A young man once came to Jesus to ask how he could get eternal life, but he was not willing to give up his possessions, which stood first in his affections. He wanted eternal life without making the necessary change of heart to enter upon it. What kind of heart must we have to obtain eternal life? See Matt.

IT MEANS NEW VICTORY

In a book by Harold Begbie, entitled "Twice Born Men," there are stories of men and women in London who came under the influence of the Salvation Army and were saved. Before their transformation they were un-attractive and repulsive. But when they accepted Christ as their Savior, He came into their lives and made new creatures of them. They were different people because the Savior had taken possession of them. Evil desires had been driven out and love for the highest and best had come in. They were eager then to bring others to Christ that He might come into their lives and do the same for them. What does it mean to have the risen, living Christ dwelling in us? Read Rom. 8:11.

IT MEANS POWER

When a man is saved through believing in God's "only begotten Son," he has ready access to the Source of power for daily living. He does not go his way alone, but in time of temptation he can turn to Christ, who "in all points" was "tempted like as we are, yet without sin." Temptations keep coming to the person who has accepted Christ as Savior, and there

is constant need of help. The Christian has the assurance of his Lord's presence. See Matt. 28:20. David Livingstone in Africa was sustained by the consciousness that the One who had forgiven his sin was still with him to strengthen him amid trials. How are you making use of the daily help that Christ makes available? QUESTIONS

How may we know when we are saved? Do you think that everyone who is saved should be able to point to the day and hour when the great change in his life took place? Why? Since each personality is different from every other, each has its own way of experiencing salvation. Some persons experience forgiveness suddenly with deep emotion; others develop gradually in a Christian home. All receive Jesus Christ, and are transformed by Him. How have you found your way into the Christian life? What difference has salvation made in your life?

SCRIPTURE FOR YOUR TALKS Salvation from Sin . . . , Matt. 1:18-

Salvation Includes Eternal Life. Rom. 6:23.

Salvation Means Christ in Us . . . , Rom. 8:1-11.

Salvation Means Christ's Help Today, Heb. 7:25.

Salvation Means a Changed Life ..., Titus 3:1-8.

Salvation Means Eternal Bliss . . . . I Peter 1:3-9.

Let each Y.P.E. member study these scriptures and be ready to join in an old-fashioned testimony meeting. You will surely want to tell what salvation means to you.

# COURAGE

By MILDRED AUSTIN Scripture: Psalms 27:14 Thoughts for the Leader

Courage is a word which applies to all persons who are real Christians and who are *real* men and women. "Courage" is a great word within itself, and in it lies strongness, boldness, and being able to stand firmly, regardless of all opposition. When we become discouraged, we are as useless as an overcoat in the hottest day of July. Discouragement is the devil's best tool, and if he can only get us to looking for the gloomy side of every-thing, we're sure to lose all that zeal and courage we had when we were first saved. Young people and old, let us say, "Give us more courage, Lord!"

### THE CHURCH NEEDS MEN OF BACKBONE 1 Sam. 17:48

There are so many great, courageous men mentioned in the Bible. Let's see: There's one in particular whom I'm sure we've all heard about. We all remember the story of young David who took the challenge of combat with the great giant Goliath. He not only took the challenge but "hasted, and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine." My, what courage and bravery! He had enough courage from God to not fear in the least. In fact, the Bible plainly says that he told the

great warrior, as he met him on the battlefield, "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield, but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied!" He only had a little sling and a small stone to use for his shield. —But God can take even the smallest thing and do something great with it, can't He? Of course, David killed the great warrior with only the small stone, and my, couldn't we kill many things of the devil's also if we only had the courage of David! COURAGE TO TAKE A STAND

1 Cor. 16:13

When Paul was exhorting the Corinthians here, he said, "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong." And, of course, we all want to take a true stand, don't we? If we let every little trial and opposition that comes along knock us off balance, we aren't really taking a true stand for the Lord, are we? The greater stand for Christ we take, the stronger we are in Christ. Of course, when we "pray without ceasing" as the Bible says, we're going to have that courage and zeal for Christ that every Christian should have. Let us all take a greater stand in this evil day, instead of playing around with the world, looking like the world, and acting like the world.

THE IMPORTANT MAN

Who is the important man? The courageous man, of course! The courageous man cheers others; the courageous man cheers others; rageous man has a vision, as did Elisha when he said, "Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song." Let us be courageous as was Elisha, and say, "He is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid." If the Christians of this day would pray and get the vision Elisha had, we'd see multiplied thousands with that great peace of God in their souls. We are important when we have God on our side.

After all, He's the only Savior and the only one who promises us eternal happiness and a mansion with Him!

# THE BURDEN BEARERS

Gal. 6:5; 6:2; Psa. 55:2 Thoughts for the Leader

There are three passages of Scripture that at first thought appear to be contradictory. As we study them they lose that aspect entirely and become very instructive. To require us to bear our own burden, and then to require others to do that for us would seem to present an anomalous situation, but properly understood, such is not the case.

Do not read but study and bring out the spiritual thoughts. Be original.
1. EVERY MAN SHALL BEAR HIS

OWN BURDEN (Gal. 6:5).

There are burdens we must personally bear that cannot be laid off on others. There are responsibilities we must meet, duties we must discharge, that cannot be delegated to others who may be both willing and able to take care of them far more easily than can we.

What falls within the range of our ability is a personal responsibility, and the latter is never greater than the former. It ceases to be a responsibility when it exceeds ability to per-form it. It becomes a demand, and we may attempt to meet it. It is then a real burden.

There are those things no one can do for us, and there are those things others should not do for us. They fall within the scope of obligation, are a part of the life we must live, and contribute to our self-development and

self-realization.

2. BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS (Gal. 6:2).

As noted, demands may be laid upon us that are not responsibilities. They become a heavy burden and by their weight we may be crushed. The responsibility of carrying it belongs to him to whom Paul's injunction applies to the one who is able to bear the burden, and by the law of humanity and Christian love is required to do so.

The burden bearer is placed in favorable relations to render such a service. Here is a man whose tempta-tions are very burdensome. He has missed "the way of escape" so often that temptation is each time having an easier victory. He needs your help to resist the temptation. He may be a profane man, and it will be easier to indulge in profanity if he knows you do not care. A check will be placed upon him if he knows it is offensive to you.

People under heavy burdens, that do not fall within the scope of re-sponsibility, are all about us. What we can do to ease that burden is our responsibility, but Paul places it on a higher plane, "and so fulfil the law of Christ."

It is not a kindness or a service rendered to relieve one of a responsibility he should meet. It will make him indifferent to rightful claims upon him. It will deprive him of his self-respect and manhood. But to help him to bear burdens that are crushing, to relieve the weight in such a manner that he loses nothing that should be retained, and gains much by the helping hand under the load, is Christian and constructive.

3. CAST THY BURDEN ON THE LORD (Psa. 55:22)

There are situations in which only the Divine Burden Bearer can carry what we and others are helpless to

God will not relieve us of our responsibilities, but He will carry our burdens. He will enrich us with His gifts, but He will not deprive us of our strength by making us weaklings. thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness" (Isa. 41:10).

When the Israelites stood on the shore of the Red Sea with the Egyptians pursuing them, unable to go forward or backward, Moses called out to that great host of over half a million

people, "Stand still, and see the salvation of Jehovah." There are times when we cannot move and the only one who can act in our behalf is God. To have such an experience of the wonder-working power of Jehovah, it is well to be placed in just such a crisis, to be compelled to rest absolutely upon the almighty arm of God.
Thus we see what are the burdens

we must bear, what are the burdens we should bear for others, and others should bear for us, and the burdens only God can bear for His children.

# WHAT DO WE MEAN BY ABUNDANT LIFE?

Scripture lesson: John 10:1-10; 15:1-10

Thoughts for the Leader
Try several approaches to this
week's problem. Have some of the Y.P.E. members think about and give their answers to this question: "What do I want most in life?" Consider these suggestions:

PEACE

Many Christians are easily upset, quickly discouraged, and frequently unable to work well because they have lost control as the result of some criticism or disagreement. Jesus promised His peace to His disciples when He was facing Gethsemane. Paul spoke of the "peace, which passeth all understanding." It is an anchor for every storm. Do you have peace? If not, why not? How can we obtain peace?

POWER You need strength to meet hard tasks and courage to stick to the end. Many people fail when an opportunity comes, because they have not built up sufficient stamina to enable them to do hard work well. You need power to play the man in every situation which you face. Paul may have thought of the key to this when he said, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Do you have power? If not, why not? How can we obtain power?

INFLUENCE

Every sincere Christian wants to make his life count for the greatest good to the largest number of people. It is a stimulating experience to be able to weild a strong influence for good in an individual life or a community, to help God in the making of men, to have a part in making Him known to the world. Build your own talk on influence.

ADVENTURE

Each young person who is really alive wants to be an explorer. Life for the Christian may hold the great adventure into fields and opportunities which are always new and un-expected. There are rich possibilities for great friendships, undreamed-of experiences, dangerous and discouraging hardships. Are you willing and able to step out into these untried ways and do things for God?

GROWTH

No one wants to stand still. Abundant life brings growth in ability to meet problems, in power to carry our work gallantly, in capacity to think deeply and clearly, in the acceptance of great challenges, in increasing appreciation and understanding, in the strength to stretch to the far horizons. When growth stops, life ends.

Christ gives all of these. His life was itself abundantly lived. He offers that same abundance to His followers. Perhaps there are still other things to add to your definition of the abundant life. How may abundant life be obtained? Christ has promised it to every follower. Is there anything that the Christian must do for himself in order to live abundantly? See if you can work out a code or a guide for the living of an abundant life. A few years ago, Dr. Thomas, the former president of Rutgers University, worked out the "Students' Ten Commandments." These may help you:

1. Thou shalt set the service of God and man before thine heart as the

end of all thy work.

2. Thou shalt inquire of each study what it has for thee as a worker for a better world, not relinquishing thy pursuit of it until thou hast gained its profit unto this end.

3. Thou shalt love the truth and only the truth, and welcome all truth

gladly.

4. Thou shalt meet each task at the moment assigned for it with a willing heart.

5. Thou shalt work each day to the limit of thy strength, consistently with the yet harder work which shall be thy duty on the morrow.

6. Thou shalt respect the rights and pleasures of others, claiming no privilege for thyself but the privilege of

7. Thou shalt rejoice in the excellencies of others.

8. Thou shalt live by the best, holding thyself relentlessly to those ideals thou dost most admire in other men. 9. Thou shalt despise all rewards

saving the gratitude of thy fellows

and the approval of God.

10. Thou shalt make for thyself commandments harder than another can make for thee, and each new day commandments more rigorous than thine own laws of the day before.

# TO WHAT EXTENT IS OUR CHURCH THE RESULT OF MISSIONARY EFFORTS?

1 Cor. 4:6-16

Thoughts for the Leader The Church of God was founded on the day of Pentecost, just fifty days after the resurrection of Jesus Christ. and ten days after the ascension. The beginning of this early Church of Christ is recorded in Acts, the first and second chapters. The power of the early Church has been the cause of wonder in all ages. But it had a divine beginning, as it was a divine institution, had a divine Savior, a divine message, and a divine spirit. The early Church, moreover, was united—they were all one. And they "went everywhere preaching the

word." Is it any wonder that the Church became powerful, and that its power has lasted throughout the ages? The divine message of the church of Christ is still a saving power. May we preach it today.

FIRST GOSPEL SERMON

In the study of the establishment of the early church—the Church of Christ—we surely find that the missionary spirit prevailed. The Apostle Peter, acting as a missionary and preacher, preached the first gospel (good news) sermon on "Jesus Is Lord and Christ." Following this, he and the other apostles continued to preach and teach. Shortly after this, Paul began his life of missionary work, while the Church continued to grow.

FIRST NEW TESTAMENT MISSIONARIES

Paul and Barnabas were the first missionaries sent out by the Church. Paul speaks of the hunger, thirst, poverty, persecution, toil, sufferings and the reproach which he and the other apostles endured. He says: "We are made as the filth of the world, the offscourings of all things." Yet, they were willing to endure all things in order to preach Jesus Christ. Paul, especially, gives us a splendid example of a beautiful Christian life. He proves to us that our church is the result, in part, of missionary efforts, and points out the necessity of continued missionary efforts, if the Church is to be established in all nations.

### OUR DUTY

Paul clearly shows that it is the duty of the Church to support its missionaries. Read 1 Cor. 9. He accepted help from churches. See Phil. 4:10, 15, A soldier, fighting for his country, must be freed from the need of working for a living. 2 Tim. 2:3, 4.

### ALL CHRISTIANS RESPONSIBLE

It has been well said that the mission of the Church is missions. Every member of the Church, according to the commands of Jesus Christ, is to be a missionary. When the Christians in Jerusalem were driven out through persecution, they were scattered everywhere, "preaching the word." (Acts 8:4.)

"So many idle, folded hands! And the harvest fields are white. The Master calls; do not delay, But haste some fruit to win today, For soon our only joy shall be In bringing home the sheaves."

1. What chances have you to do missionary work at home? (Give to several.)

2. What is the debt we owe to the missionaries of the past?

3. What is the mission message and

purpose of the Church?

Have talks on the following: "The Unity of the Early Church," "The Fellowship of the Early Church," "The Missionary Zeal of the Early Church," "The Program of the Early Church," "The Success of the Early Church."

# THE EDITOR'S MESSAGE

(Continued from page 2)

Committee will meet a great need in the church and train our young people to be sociable. Many have been kept from attending church because of the unfriendly attitude of its members. Some are friendly by nature, some must be trained. Our teenage boys and girls need plenty of attention to keep them from getting discouraged. I am sure that we look too much at numbers these days. We are not interested in training just a few, but if we can get a large number together and make a big show, we like it. Remember, if you can get two or three trained workers in your church, it will do great things for you. Try it.

We have written along this line to help you to see great possibilities in your field of service, however small or large it may be. Perhaps in your small church or community there may be a Wesley, or a Livingstone, or a John Knox whom God may be expecting you to train for His service. May God bless you and make you a blessing through this year is my

prayer.

Dear ones, we have watered this message with our tears; we hope you, too, will feel the weight of this great need upon your soul until it will stir you to action.

# Preacher Seeks Empty Bottles

Rev. Jewel Pierce, of Piedmont, Ala., would like to receive your empty bot-tles. Send just any kind of bottles that you will have no further use for. He says, "I promise to put into each bottle I receive, a gospel tract, and place it upon the water. We can all be preachers. The bottles will float and in their travel may reach many people who now sit in darkness. Your eternity. Thanks for all the bottles you may send, and God bless you every one."

Please send all bottles to Rev. Jewel Pierce, Piedmont, Ala.—Editor.

### Notice

Since our space is very limited this month, we are unable to publish the Lighted Pathway Rating, or the amount sent to the army fund. Next month we will give you this information, also the Lighted Pathway Rating for the entire year as it now stands. The Youth Committee is using four pages this time, which accounts for our limited space.

# MISSIONS Gerald Boatwright

For the past six weeks, as a student of the Northeastern Bible School, I have enjoyed greatly the Missions Class under the able instruction of Sister Lucille Settle, and as a result of her competent teaching, I am writing concerning the most honorable and greatest field of service on earth that of missions.

Missions, according to definitions given by the dictionary, is considered the church abroad. But those who feel the desire and need to render service to the heathen of foreign nations, consider it, as Sister Settle stated, "their entire life." As one of the students defined it, "If you were to spell M I S -SIONS, you would have to place me right in the middle of the world." In Acts 16:9, we have recorded a

great missionary challenge, "Come over and help us." What a challenge! "Come How are we going to answer this call? With unconcern? With carelessness? Or are we going to reply with those other few who have answered with a determined, "Yes, Lord, I'll go"? Regardless of opposition or hardships, they go in an effort to promote and raise the spiritual, temporal, and moral conditions.

We, at home, have eaten this "Bread of Life" to such an extent that many of our own ranks have actually grown depreciative and ungrateful for while those on the second and third rows have not as much as tasted it.

It is high time that we awake from our slumber and work with all that lies within us to bring in a bountiful harvest, for the hour is late and the harvest is indeed ripe.

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone And all the world go free? No! there's a cross for everyone And there's a cross for me.

"Hear the Lord of harvest sweetly calling.

Who will go and work for Me today? Who will bring me to the lost and dying?

Who will point them to the narrow way?"

(The following verse expresses the intent of my heart.)

"Some like to build their home Near church and chapel bell, But I would like to build a rescue shop Within a yard of hell."

# August Prize Winner

W. G. Hodges, Canton, Ohio, is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5 for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.

# August Honor Roll

J. L. Barfield, Greenwood, S. C. Pauline Albro, Louisville, Ky. Margaret Varner, Baltimore, Md. Edwin M. Mortenson, Columbia,

Mabel Garrett, Ninety Six, S. C. W. E. Williamson, Shannon, Ga.

# NATIONAL Y. P. E. AND SUNDAY SCHOOL NEWS

C. M. TRUESDELL, Associate Editor

# Here Are the Winners of Each Group of National Y.P.E. and S. S. Banners

# Sunday School Banners

Group	State
Α	Tennessee
В	Texas Ohio
С	Arkansas
D	Oklahoma
E	Kansas

Oregon

Youth Director Ralph E. Williams Manuel F. Campbell James A. Stephens

Brooks Youngblood Andrew H. Vance W. R. Collins LaVerne Selman

Minnesota Ruth Howkinson

Y.P.E. Banners Group State Youth Director Tennessee Ralph E. Williams Manuel F. Campbell Texas Virainia D. C. Boatwright Arkonsas Brooks Youngblood Indiano John Richardson California lo Garlit W. E. Collins Kansos W. Canodo Arnold E. Erickson W. E. Dowdy G Nebrosko

You'll notice that there were some ties in this great contest. The judges say the race was too hot to be comfortable, and many of the states won by a short nose. It took some hard work to figure the group winners in this contest, and we think it was done fairly and impartially. Meet the boys who did the job! They are Monuel Campbell, Texas; Joe R. Little, Georgia; Ralph E. Willioms, Tennessee.

### DELAYED CREDIT

THE JACKSONVILLE CHURCH in Florida was the highest runner-up among the churches for a berth on the honor roll, and almost made the **BIG TEN** last April with the grand average attendance of 301. This was not printed on the National Page because we had no record of it, but since finding that they deserved a place on the honor roll in the July issue, which carried the April report, we cling to the theory that it's better late than never, and hereby salute the good pastor and members of the church at Jacksonville. Watch them! They'll make the **BIG TEN** this Assembly year! The pastor there is Rev. L. R. Alderman.

NOTE: Below is a picture and article submitted by Rev. Brady Dennis, who is a youth enthusiast in our movement. We appreciate his splendid work. Perhaps you noticed the fine article and architect's drawing of the new church building now being erected in fulfillment of this young minister's labors. More power to you, Brady! May you prosper in your new charge at Cambridge, Md.

# Pontiac Youth for Christ Has Parade

One of the most outstanding features that we have ever seen in this section, performed for the cause of Christ, was a city-wide parade which took place

July 5, 1946, in Pontiac, Michigan.
The Pontiac Youth for Christ was having a rally at the Wisner Stadium, July 6, 1946, and the parade was the means of advertising the Wisner rally.

The town was practically turned over to the Christian people during the time of parading. This was backed by the chief of police, Mr. Rhoades, and his entire police force. The parade was possibly two miles long, featuring many outstanding floats, decorated cars, etc.

You will notice here a picture of the float which was built by our Young People's Endeavor. The real beauty of the float is not visible in the picture. It was twenty-eight feet long, fourteen feet wide, and a height of over fourteen feet. It was covered with green grass; the letters were in white. On each side the lettering was as you see it in the picture. On the front was the name "The Church of God Y.P.E." and on the back "No Cross, No Crown." The amplifying system was installed under the float, and constantly played

the "Old Rugged Cross." There were three prizes given and our float came up fourth, thus the only one receiving honorable mention among the many other floats.

We would encourage that, where it is at all possible, our young people cooperate in the Youth for Christ movement. This is the greatest advertisement that our church has ever received, in the nature of city-wide pub-

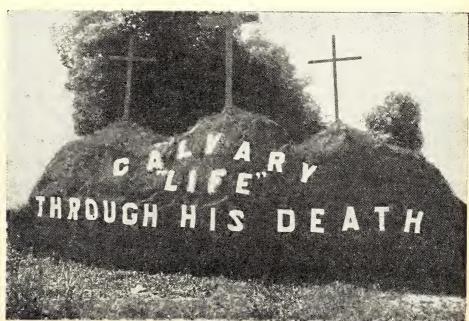
licity, here in the city of Pontiac. We appreciate our faithful Y.P.E. president, Hasson Joseph, and our vice-president, Edwin Masters.—Rev. Brady Dennis, pastor.

With the new forms going out to the state supervisors, we expect a systematized report from state Y.P.E.'s and Sunday Schools soon. These will be a godsend to the Editor of the National Page, and we hope to make it a section which will be more informative and inspirational than was possible heretofore.

Below we have listed the two highest states in each group throughout the nation in the number of func-tioning Sunday Schao's. It is our wish that athers in each group will estab-lish new schools and Y.P.E.'s in excess of ony past record, in the effort to beat these leaders, and of course we want the leaders to try and hold their exalted positions, also, which meons they'll have to get their noses

to the grindstone. GROUP A Georgio 116 N. Carolino 106 GROUP B Kentucky 92 Texas 73 GROUP C Illinais 40	Oklahomo 28
Pennsylvonia 36 GROUP D Californio 30	GROUP G Nebroska 5 Colorado 3

Our last reports reveal that the Church of God has a total of 1,729 Sunday Schools, and 1,297 Young People's Endeavors functioning in the U.S.A.



# HAPPY HOME CIRCLE Training Children

(Continued from page 5)

also many other like Scriptures. Thus will your child grow up to love and serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear.

In Psalm 78 we are admonished to teach our children of the wonderful works of God and to hand these things down from generation to generation, that the world may know how graciously God has dealt with our fathers and that He is just the same today.

It is God's purpose that we train our children to grow up in the fear of God, to strictly believe His Word, to trust Him in time of need, and ever to prove Him true so that they may

be safe from false theories.

Here, again, is a little everyday thought, viz.: Never get in such a hurry at the table that you cannot wait on the little folks. Do not allow them to reach and wait on themselves. This mortifies you when you have company or when you are away from home, and it is a pretty way if they ask with a please. They don't need to be waited on till others are served

One more thought is of lasting importance. Never allow a child to interrupt when you are talking or listening to others. This will they do to the disgust of your company, if you stop and listen and answer them while in conversation. If you never stop to listen, they will not get in the habit of interrupting you. If they are taught to be quiet and listen, they may often learn profitable lessons.

# **WE WENT**

(Continued from page 3)

the money is to go toward the support of Kathy Carlson."

Kathy's throat was so dry she could not talk when they clamored for her to say something. She only repeated, "God is faithful. He is."

There were busy months that followed as she graduated from her nurse's training and prepared for her departure to the field. Gifts came in for her needed outfit. Pledges were added to the three she already had. The Board arranged for her to spend the summer speaking at churches that were interested in the work among the lepers. She was to sail in September, to help in the rebuilding of a new world, a world devastated by the war, crying for missionary help.

The Lord's Day before she sailed, the church that had been the birthplace of Kathy's call held a special service for her. Kathy stood up in front to speak. She was a young woman, fair-haired, dressed in her new dark suit, with a soft pink blouse.

On the front bench was her family; Mr. Carlson and his sister Clara,

who would continue indefinitely as housekeeper; Ruthie, Russell, little Russ, and a baby, named Katherine, asleep in Ruthie's arms; the two boys. Herman and Jacob. Elvin had been reported "missing in action."

It tore Kathy's heartstrings to realize it would be over five years before she would see them again. She was momentarily thankful Africa was so hot that the Board granted missionaries their first furlough after five years on the field, instead of the customary seven. Tears dampened her blue eyes as she spoke in her clear, deep-toned voice.

"My being able to go to the field is truly a modern miracle, a modern miracle of seeing the Lord work here and there in hearts. Many years ago I realized that 'the love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead and that he died for all that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves but unto him who died for them and rose again!'

"I wanted to tell others of Christ. It seemed impossible. I lacked education. I lacked money. I lacked support. But lack has a vulnerable spot. That spot is faith. With the persistency of my faith I have won, knowing 'My God shall supply all your needs according to his riches in glory in Christ Jesus.'

"But I do not go to the field alone, but all who have helped go with me. One after another of you have helped me. The church paid my way to the conference. Ruthie postponed marrying Russell so I could finish high school. Though my mother was ill, she was happy to have me leave home to go to school. My father, here and there, when the going was too hard for me, helped. Aunt Clara has come to keep house for father and the boys so I'm no longer needed at home. And all of you, as a church, have pledged toward my support.

"As I go, I go with a better understanding of the verse ... 'But as his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff...they shall part alike.'\* It is not I, alone, that am going, but rather, WE went."

\*1 Samuel 30:24.

He that embarks on the voyage of life will always wish to advance rather by the simple impulse of the wind than the strokes of the oar; and many founder in their passage while they lie waiting for the gale.—Samuel Johnson.

# MARGARET'S MESSAGE

(Continued from page 7)

Mrs. Warburton's heart and a puzzled frown appeared on her brow. Were these just ignorant, misinformed, outof-date people who still clung to their old beliefs, or was she the one who had been misinformed?

She thought of the time she had written that song—the joy that had flooded her soul as she wrote, the utter confidence that what she had written was true. And people still sang her song with the same assurance that it was true today! Was it true? Had it been true in her own experi-

As if in answer to her heart-cry, some one began singing,

"'Tis true, oh, yes, 'tis true, God's wonderful promise is true, For I've trusted, and tested, and tried it.

And I know God's promise is true." The minister began his sermon but Mrs. Warburton's thoughts were still busy with her girlhood life. The night she had gone forward to be saved; the hunger in her heart that had prompted her to go; the joy that had filled her being when she felt that her sins had been forgiven; the happiness of those years following when she had been content to "follow Christ."

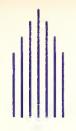
"Oh, it was real," she thought, "I had real joy and happiness and con-tentment then. There was a real change in my life after I had asked God to forgive me. I had a peace then that I haven't had since. I had a peace then that I'd like to have now."

Carefully she weighed the matter, all unmindful of the amused glances of her two companions at her sudden serious expression. If she were to accept Christ as her Savior again, it would mean giving up her social life her dances, her theater boxes, her bridge. It would mean the ridicule of all her friends, perhaps her husband. But to balance it all, she would have Christ as her constant Companion and helper as she had once known

The minister closed his message with an invitation to any who wanted to find Christ to bow for prayer. "For an invitation hymn I am going to ask the group of young people to sing that song they sang for us at the begin-ning of the service," he said.

As the sweet voices of the singers again filled the room Mrs. Warburton made her final decision. "Yes, Lord, it will be worth it all," she whispered; and made her way to the front to the strains of her own song which God had used to bring her back into His fold.

When the story of the song and the part it had played in her conversion was told to Margaret by Mrs. Warburton after the latter had become a "new creature in Christ Jesus," Margaret lifted her heart in a silent prayer of thankfulness that God had given her the message and had kept her faithful in delivering it.—S. S. Banner.





Thomas Shoemaker

Pastors
Evangelists
Y.P.E. Leaders
and
Christian Workers



—You can't afford to do without this wonderful, comprehensive, systematic, soul-stirring course of Bible study. Send in your application and receive all information needed. Those who are deprived of the privilege of attending school should take advantage of this opportunity. Begin this course with the new church year.



# Interest in the Loan Fund

We have just received a nice check from the pastor of the Greenville, S. C., church; also one from the Church of God in Bozeman, Mont., of which Brother Snyder is pastor. The Eldorado, III., district also sent in a nice check. We certainly appreciate all the efforts they have put forth to help our young people to train for service. Smaller donations have been sent in from individuals, and we are sure all will receive their reward. We had hoped to give a full account in this issue of all contributions, but failed to obtain the information from B. T. S. and College.—**Editor.** 



Dear Sister Harrison:

I would like to report that Mississippi is going forward in our campaign to raise money for our Student Loan Fund for B. T. S. and College. The Church of God at Stonefield, Miss., takes the lead in this campaign, with a donation of \$200 from the Y.P.E. of the Stonefield church, under the sponsorship of Mrs. Jaylee B. Brannon. We appreciate Sister Brannon and her interest in this campaign for Bible School, and we hope that many will join her in this great and needy cause.—Cecil Knight, 1910 Hardy St., Kattiesburg, Miss.

# APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL

**Correspondence Department** 

SEVIERVILLE, TENNESSEE

# **GENTLEMEN:**

I wish to enroll in your Correspondence Home Study Department, and to take advantage of the Bible training and other benefits described on this application.  $\dot{}$ 

I understand that the tuition is \$15.00 on terms, which I agree to pay by mail to your order as follows: \$3.00 herewith and \$1.50 a month on or about the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ of each succeeding month until the total is paid, or \$12.00 cash. I further understand that my foilure to study or send in lessons will not offect my obligation to you.

Name \_\_\_\_\_\_\_, Age \_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_\_

Do you feel called to minister? (yes or no) \_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Education \_\_\_\_\_\_\_

# God's Autumn Leaves

By Ellen H. Bergren



# DEDICATED TO THE SHUT-INS

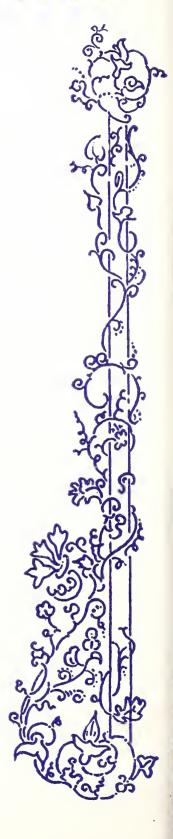
Dear autumn leaf, so yellow, brown and red, So perfect every way, and yet you're dead! Your work's now done, as down from yonder tree In gorgeous shroud you fluttered down to me. While thus I hold you, I would fain inquire What lesson do you teach by your attire? Have you accomplished all assigned to you? Is your brief mission ended? Are you through? Or have you yet a mission to fulfill, As you lie here so beautiful and still? I ask because I, too, am laid aside From my dear work where I would fain abide. Shall I, like you, soon crumble and decay? For both is life's work ended? Answer, pray!

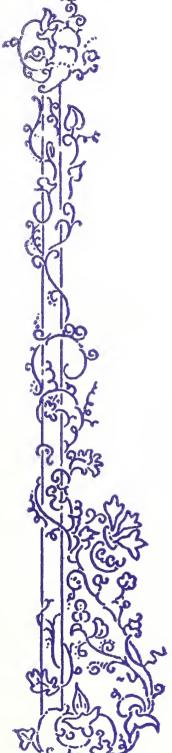
O bit of beauty! fashioned by His hand, Whisper anew and help me understand Why God, the Artist, painted you so fair, Only to fall, perchance be trampled there.

Oh, yes, I hear your leafy message say
That you are serving yet by teaching me.
You preach, I listen; I wonder and admire;
You prove to me that it is God's desire
To hold me close, as close as I hold you,
Should future acts of service be but few,
And see in me some beauty; can there be
Some autumn colors for His eyes to see
Who paints your shroud, so colorful and gay?
Robed for a feast, His leaf is laid away.

Praise God! I know He will indeed fulfill
His Word, and make for ashes, beauty still;
As I look up in my Creator's face,
I know He'll grant my longing by His grace;
That I, like you, my mission shall fulfill,
And be each day within His blessed will.
So when, like you, I soar, unfettered, free,
He will be near, so near to welcome me.
Yes, He will hold me close, dear leaf, and say,
"Thou art fair, My love, arise and come away."

These lines were written during a prolonged illness.





# Linted Latinuau TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR Vol. 17 OCTOBER, 1946 No. 10





"Thy Word

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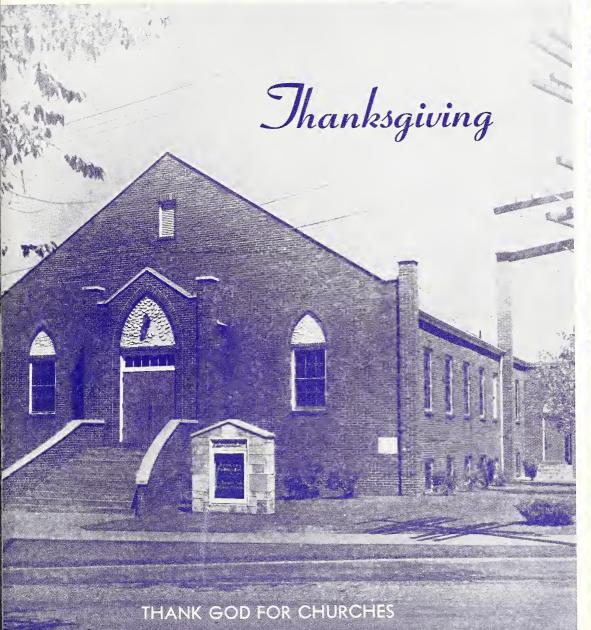
Light

Unto

My

Path'

Psalm 119:105



I love thy Church, O God; Her walls before Thee stand, Dear as the apple of Thine eye And graven on Thy hand.

For her my tears shall fall For her my prayers ascend, To her my cares and toils be given Till toils and cares shall end

# THE EDITOR'S MESSAGE

Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

Will you close your eyes and pray this little prayer with me?

Dear Father, I thank Thee for the shining presence of



Jesus, who, though He has ascended on high, abides with every heart which trusts Him. He is the light of my life and daily renews it. My soul has found Him in the secret place of prayer, in workshop and in field, in homes where love and friendship dwell.

I will lift mine eyes to Him for His guidance down life's pathway. I need His whisper of love that will cause me to love and be kind to those about me. The question comes to us, Who is my neighbor? My neighbor is the one who needs me, wherever or whoever he may be. Give me a fresh vision of lost souls. We thank Thee again and again for all the many blessings at this Thanksgiving time.—Amen.

Thanksgiving will soon be here. We are sure that we all have many things to be thankful for if we would stop long enough to think. How seldom do we ever think of the beautiful sunlight until it stops its shining and turns into

shadow and storm. All the wonderful things of life, earth and sky, the air we breathe, health, rest and sleep, good comfortable homes, automobiles and the thousand other blessings may be enjoyed without our even stopping to think from where they come.

The word thank is only a slightly different spelling of the word think. To be thankful is to be thoughtful, for thinking on any idea or subject deepens and enriches its contents by multiplying its associations and feeding it with all related ideas. Any thought starts as a vague concept or dim idea in the mind, but thinking on it and meditating on it causes it to stir up the mind, and its attractive affinities bring other things flocking around. These add their contents or pour

their oil upon it and thus kindle the idea or spark into a fire that sets the whole mind ablaze and energizes it with emotional power. Our message this month is written for the purpose of stirring up your thoughtless life to a realization of the needs around you. When once you get *others* on your heart and see their needs, it will make you thankful for your own blessings and also for the fact that you have caught the vision.

The scripture, "Where there is no vision the people perish," Prov. 29:18, has been coming to me very forcibly and I feel impressed to think along this line with you. A vision of the whitened harvest field is what we all need to make us useful in this world of sin and sorrow. A vision of the Christ of Calvary as He climbed up Calvary's mountain, bearing the cross for you and me, will make us desire to rush to His side and help Him bear the heavy load. Oh, how very self-satisfied people who bear His name seem to be; satisfied to sit in cozy, comfortable homes enjoying the wonderful things God has permitted them to have, and unmindful of the sorrow and sufferings of those around them. If I could somehow stir the hearts of just a few of our boys and girls to open their eyes and catch a vision of the unsaved, the sad and discouraged ones in their reach, and send them forth, to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens and to let the oppressed go free, what a happy Thanksgiving this would make for me.

It is a long way around to win a soul for Christ. I fear sometimes we think too much about mass evangelism. We sit down on the stool of do-nothing and wait for an evangelist to bring in the souls. A farmer is much wiser in his work than we who are in the soul-saving business. He sows his seed and tends the crop till the harvest time comes, and then gathers in the grain. A little touch of kindness to your neighbor, or to the man or woman who works beside you in the mill or store, represents the tending of the crop. That little visit you made to the sick room or to see someone in trouble will grow and flourish till when the great harvest time comes, there will be a beautiful crop. A kind word in due season, or only a smile, will do wonders. Souls are starving for a little bit of love, and God is depending on His children to supply this need and this desire in those about us.

It is more than a "twice-told tale" that Eugene Field one day wandered into a basement restaurant, sat down at the table, put his chin in his hands, and gazed moodily into space. A waiter came to him and, according to his regular custom, enumerated the long list of dishes that

"No, no," said Field, dejectedly, after listening indifferently, "I require none of these things. All I want is some sliced oranges and a few kind words."

A young man who had squandered three fortunes in a dissipated life, without work, without money, without character, poor and alone, was one day aimlessly walking down Broadway. He thought there was nothing left but to go to the river and jump in and thus end his life. In his despair, the man turned his face upward to God, and said, "O God, if there be a God, have pity on me!"

He had walked only a few steps farther when a hand was laid on his shoulder. A friendly voice asked him if he was in trouble. God had answered his prayer quickly. The hand and voice were those of a Christian gentleman, a physician, who had started out that day asking the Lord to lead him to someone who needed his help. He had walked through Madison Square Park, and had looked along the line of faces of the loungers on the

benches there without finding his man. He had taken a Broadway car and was riding downtown when he saw this forlorn, tired-looking creature. Stepping from his car, the doctor put his hand on the man's shoulder and gave him the kindly word just when the poor fellow was looking to the heavenly Father for pity and help. The doctor brought the man to a mission shelter where he gladly gave himself to Christ.

As the man was completely broken down physically, he (Continued on page 16)

# THANK GOD FOR YOUTH

Grace Noll Crowell

Thank God far youth with the strength to lift, And the will to serve, and the heart to pray; Thank Gad far the marvelous wander-gift Of youth taday.

There are paths to be straightened within our land; There are darkened ways that have need af light, Thank Gad far the youth of the earth who stand Faursquare for right.

There is need for the vision of undimmed eyes; There is need for hands that are clean and strang; Far backs that are straight, and hearts that are wise; Far lips with a sang.

Thank Gad far youth with its latent powers; Thank God far the youth that yet may bring Out of these failures that have been aurs Some better thing.

# **OUR COVER PAGE**

The church pictured an the caver is the North Cleveland Church of God. Brather James L. Slay is the pastar of our splendid Headquarters church, and we are happy to state that your Editor is also a member. The membership is aver faur hundred and the average Sunday School attendance is nearly five hundred.

The "Jayful Saund," a daily radia program, cames fram the church each day except Saturday. The influence of this church is very great in Cleveland and this year bids fair to be one of its very best.—Ed.

# N K B E

# Be Ye Thankful-

By Susie Potter Hesse

That awful day in late October! Never can it be forgotten. All the horrible detail—how it continues to haunt me! The sink was piled high with dishes from the noonday meal. That hateful dishwashing! Twenty-one times a week. More than a thousand times in a year. And I'd had twenty years of it!

The family had gone. I was glad to be rid of them. I had been impatient and ill-natured. Without a doubt, they were glad to be rid of me. There was plenty of excuse for me, I thought. All the morning I had been in the thick of

house-cleaning — that exhausting, detestable job. This time it was the china closet. Why on earth did I keep so many dishes, anyway? To be sure, they were ornamental, now that they were clean and shining. But when could a busy house-keeper find time to enjoy them?

I was simply fed up with it all—the drudgery, the monotony. I chafed at the demands on me; at the possession of so many things to take care of. My nerves were raw. I almost wished I had no family-no husband, no children to do for. I longed for the easy time, the freedom some of my friends enjoyed. I was engulfed in a slough of self-pity and rebellion and bitterness.

Then-without anything to warn me of its ominous coming, nothing to restore me to greater sanity of vision—the scene shifted. I was brought suddenly face to face with the conditions I had been crying for. No more stacks of dishes to wash, no more sweep-ing and dusting, no more entanglement in too many things. Leisure, freedom-but for what? Too bitterly I had to learn that blessedness of work—of the common, daily tasks.

How terribly I came to hunger for those tasks!

It was in the afternoon of that October day. Husband came home unexpectedly from work at an early hour. Would I go for a drive? We went—and when we returned, the thing was accomplished. The hand of fate had struck hard. Fire had demolished the house and its contents.

How ashamed I am today of my immediate reaction, involuntary though it was! Release from the deadly routine! Yes, that was my first thought. It stayed

with me for those first harrowing hourshours that meant distraction and despair to my husband. I hurried around capably, efficiently helping to bring about a temporary adjustment of affairs. The children were turned over to an aunt in town. A day's shopping provided them with necessities. Soon, my husband and I managed a shelter for ourselves within the unconsumed portion of the house. There we set up a sort of camp life while we planned the rebuilding, interviewed workmen, and put all necessary wheels in motion.

Then slowly, gradually, my eyes began to open—open wider and wider. At last I had privileged been to spend my days with a minimum of the old, despised tasks. Yes, to be sure-but! And that but made all the difference in the world. How I missed, all at once, some of those things that had been meaning to me nothing but distasteful work! Every day the memory of something new that was lost in the ashes swept over me with sickening despair. How gladly would I now work over them could I have back again those treasures with their (Cont. on page 18.)



I've been countin' up my blessin's, I've been summin' up my woes, But I oin't got the conclusion Some would noturally suppose; Why, I quit o-countin' troubles 'Fore I had a holf a score, While the more I count my blessin's, I keep findin' more ond more. There's been things that wan't exoctly As I thought they'd ought to be, An' I've often growled at Providence For not o'pettin' me! But I hodn't stopped to reckon What the other side had been-How much o' good on' blessin' Had been thickly crowded in. Fer there's been o rift of sunshine After every shower o' teors. An' I found o lood o' loughter Scattered oll olong the years. If the thorns have pricked me sometimes. I've good reoson to suppose

l've good reoson to suppose
Love has hid 'em often from me
'Neoth the ropture of th' rose!
So l'm goin' to still be thonkful
Fer the sunshine an' the rain;
Fer the joy thot's mode me hoppy;
Fer the purgin' done by poin;
Fer the love o' little children,
Fer the friends thot hove been true;
Fer the guidin' hand thot's led me
Every threotenin' danger through!

-L. A. Tubbs, in "The Free Methodist."

H

# Children's Page

Dear Children:

I am very thankful at this Thanksgiving season for my M. O. H. boys and girls. I believe, because of our club, you have been more able to help mother and daddy to have a happy home this year. I believe you have been a greater blessing at school, at play with your neighbor's children-in fact, everywhere. So it makes my heart glad at this thanksgiving time.

After you read this, will you sit down and write me what our M.O.H. club has done for you, and I will use your letters in the New Year's issue on this page. Listen, do not write just to get a letter in the paper, but because you want us to know if our club has

been a blessing to you.

I am giving you a story of a real testimony service. If you were there, what would you say?

# CAUSES FOR THANKSGIVING By Selma Hedblam

"I am thankful to God that I have a father and a mother," was Hildegarde's testimony, the first one of the evening.

"And Mother and I are thankful that we have Hildegarde," was the father's quick response. Hildegarde was the daughter of the minister in charge of the meeting, and who had recently witnessed the burial of the mother of one of her little friends.

"I am thankful that I live in the United States where we are free to worship God according to the dictates of our own conscience," was the expressed gratitude of Leslie Brown, a young neighbor of Hildegarde's.

"I am so grateful to God that He has kept me all the way," said Grandmother Eaton. "I gave my heart to God as a little girl, and it has been a great joy to walk and to talk daily with King Jesus these seventy-five years that I have known Him."
"Amen!" said almost every one in

the room. Then the congregation sang

the well-known song:

"Count your blessings, name them one

by one; Count your blessings, see what God hath done."

"I am so thankful for health, food, friends, a good home and dear ones there, and for the schools where I may go every day, free of charge, and fit myself for life," said a youth who could not have been more than twelve years of age; "and for the kind teachers!"
"And I am so thankful for such a

loving God, and for churches where we may learn of the only true God," added another. "And for all the Christian ministers and other workers who

do God's work among men."
"And I thank God that I live in a Christian land, and for a government founded on God's law," added another.
"We have so much to be thankful for

that the heathen know nothing about!"

"I thank God for good Christian doctors and nurses, and for fine hospitals all over the land where we may go when we are ill," added the doctor's son, Leonard Smith,

"And I am thankful for good orphanages for little children, where they are cared for so kindly," added Susan King, a little girl with the prettiest blue eyes and golden curls, who had recently left such a home; "but I am also thankful for the good people taking these little children and putting them into real Christian homes. And I thank God for my new kind father and mother, and for my dear home."

"Amen!" again came the response, and, "God bless you, Susan!" Then, "Praise God from Whom All Blessings

Flow" was sung.

"Now, who wants to praise God?" asked the pastor. "I am thankful for the beautiful



Baking Thanksgiving pies

flowers and trees, and for the birds that sing so sweetly," added Bessie Small, a tiny little girl coming with Grandmother Brown.

"And I am so thankful that we have plenty of food to eat! There are so many people in the world who are starving," added Stephen Cole, the

banker's son.

"I am so grateful to belong to God's army, and that service with the King of glory is so happy and grand. God gives abundant peace and joy in His service," came from Grandfather Hastings whose hair was white as snow.

"And I am so thankful that God loved the world so much that He sent His Son, Jesus, to be our Savior and Guide," was another's glad testimony.

The testimonies came so thick and fast, and were so full of joy, that not half of them could be accurately reported. But all people attending this Thanksgiving Day prayer meeting went home happy and blest, more than ever grateful for God's goodness to the children of men.

# GOOD SOLDIERS

Bu Olivia C. Campbell

"I want to be a soldier," Said little Ned today, "And fight in Jesus' army, That's why I kneel to pray! I want to hear His arders, Sa I keep clase to Him, That I may hear Him telling Where I am to begin!

"The duties hard, I'm trying To do the best I can; Far being a good soldier Is hard far boy ar man! I want to hear Him calling At school ar home taday; For He will give me wisdam, And that is why I pray!"

"I want to be His saldier, toa," Said little Annie May, "Far I can do as well as Ned, If I but kneel and pray!" And so they knelt together These little soldiers, true; And I am sure God helped them With all they had to da!

# M. O. H. Members

Eunice Coggins, Wynne, Ark. Arnold Thornton, Box 68, Hebert, La. Viva Thornton, Box 68, Hebert, La. Mahlon Thornton, Box 68, Hebert,

Rosie Lee Barnett, Rt. 2, Batesville,

Ark.

Caregon Smith, Rt. 1, Dacula, Ga. Ira Hand, Jr., Box 203, Glennville,

Joyce Marlene Rice, Freeburn, Ky. Qualified Member of the M. O. H. Club Martha Dell Sexton, Rt. 1, Box 230, Blountstown, Fla.

To be a qualified member you must memorize the poem, "Make Others Happy," and the scripture verse given in August, 1946, issue.

# THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

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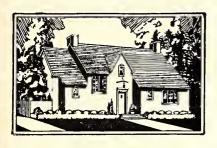
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# HAPPY HOME (IRCLE



# THE EAST WINDOW OF MY HOUSE OF FAITH

By Mobel Brown

When I was a child, my parents built me a house to live in when I grew up. It is a large house and a beautiful house, and though I've been living here for years, I'm still dis-covering hitherto unseen treasures in it. Once I found a large and comfortable room luxuriously furnished; a room I very much wanted just then, but before that day I had scarcely known it was there. Do you wonder that I'm grateful to those dear ones who built me this house years ago? And do you wonder that I am constantly urging you to build a similiar house for your children, now, while

the opportunity is yours?

No, it is not a house of wood, or brick, or stone. My father sold that one when the family grew too small for it, and in the course of time it will be torn down and forgotten; but this is a house which need nevér be sold nor torn down, for it is "an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Eternal in the heavens, yes, but that doesn't mean I have to wait until I get to heaven before I begin living in it. I'm living in it now, and enjoying it now. Of course, I'll enjoy it more when I get to heaven, because I can see it better in that clearer light; but I am enjoying it even now, and enjoying it more and more

This house, which my parents built for me years ago, is my house of faith. Slowly, bit by bit, working time and again as they had opportunity all during my childhood, they built the house of faith for me, and now it stands and will stand forever, because before they began to build it they looked well to the foundation, knowing that "other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is

as time goes on and I develop greater

powers of appreciation.

Jesus Christ.

# RELIGION BEGINS IN THE HOME

(A Tract)

Shoddy cloth—shoddy suit. Shoddy character—shoddy citizenship. Tailoring counts for little, if the fabric is rotten.

It isn't politics, lack of money, machinery or personnel that furnishes the church with its supreme challenge today. It is the moral and spiritual collapse which has engulfed the Nation like a tidal wave.

During an ordinary year, 1,500,000 penitentiary offenses are committed in the United States, including 12,000 murders, 100,000 assults, 50,000 robberies and 40,000 burglaries. The crime bill is \$15,000,000,000 a year, or \$10 per month for every man, woman and child in the United States (Govern-

ment figures).

The prison population increases 25,-000 a year. Illinois has 11,000 convicts, and at Joliet Penitentiary as high as 75 men a week are received—mostly youths under 22. The Government at Washington has the fingerprints of 5,000,000 criminally inclined persons.

A veteran juvenile officer said to the writer recently: "The swarm of young thieves and gangsters today is the most ominous condition I have

ever faced."

During the last year in a high school of 7,000 pupils in a certain large American city, more than 1,200 were expelled for stealing.

Chicago has 9,000 saloons, many of them more vicious than anything known in the open days before the World War. Drunken women are a jest instead of a tragedy.

Marriage is flaunted, fidelity is ridiculed and the moral laws that centuries have accepted as the condition of progress are scorned. The only crime

is in getting caught.

### REVERIE

By Lelia Collison

The tiny hands on mother's knee Are clasped in prayer, and earnestly She prays to God to "Please do bless" Her mama, dad, and all the rest. A lovely picture she makes there, With shining eyes and tousled hair, And clean-scrubbed form in sleepers clad-

That picture warms the heart of Dad, And as he muses in his chair He sees her as a maiden fair.

God-fearing, strong in faith and love: Sweet, meek, and tender as a dove, And treading paths laid by her Lord; Giving honor to His Word-It is well that her dad may muse these things,

Because each day to her he brings The Word of God, and teaches her To walk aright, and then so sure, By precept and example true, Her mother guides her each day through.

Ah! yes, a child reared in this way, God's promised ne'er will go astray!

Mothers teach their fourteen-yearold daughters birth-control and vice is made glamorous. Some children are taught that the wages of sin is no longer death.

Meanwhile, the church contents itself, to a large degree, with bazaars and social events, institutionalism and membership gains. It bandages the cancer and thinks all is well.

Sturdy health is the one preventive of disease. Strong moral character is the one preventive of corruption and

Sturdy health is never maintained on one meal a week. No real moral character is built in one casual hour a week. Each is a constant process.

Moral character is the product of idealism, a strong sense of duty, the desire to serve, the willingness to sacrifice—in other words, religion. It is the fruit of faith, certainly not that of expediency, opportunism of egotism.

When a man finds God he finds his own lost soul. And to bring the Nation to that finding of God is the supreme task of all branches of the church today. It must be done in the church and in the home. To the church are committed the teaching and the power. In the home it must be applied.

In what way could America not be infinitely improved if we were swept by a rebirth of spiritual fervor and loyalty to the church? It can be done! The church has the machinery, the manpower, the commission. What it needs is the vision and the united

Religion truly begins at home. The light shines farthest which burns brightest nearer home. If the home is spiritualized, the church is vitalized.

NOTE: With these facts before us, is there not something we can do about it? Every Willing Worker Band should hold at least one meeting each month for special study and prayer for the parents of their church. Or individuals should organize neighborhood groups for special training. The cattle on a thousand hills belong to God; why not depend more on Him? Leave the financial obligations to the brethren, and let us do something for our homes, mothers. Please read Titus 2:1-5. This Happy Home Circle is Bibical and it is just as binding on us as any command in the Word of God. Are you interested?—Ed.

"And thou sholt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt tolk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. And thou sholt bind them for a sign upon thine hond, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes," Deut. 6:7, 8.

Start a Bible Training School in your church. Write B.T.S. correspondence department, Sevierville, Tenn., for information.

# HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED AND TRIED

### KEEP ON

We once read a very funny parable of two frogs, which, however, certainly taught a good lesson. Here it is: "Just for mere sport, two frogs in search of richer feeding ground, jumped into a bucket of cream they found standing in a brook.

"'May as well give up,' exclaimed one, after floundering about vainly trying to get out. 'We're goners!'
"'Keep on paddling,' answered the

other, 'and we'll get there.'

"'No use,' came from number/one; too thick to swim, too thin to jump, too slippery to crawl; bound

to die anyway; may as well die tonight.' He sank to the bottom and died.

"His companion doggedly kept on paddling, paddling, paddling. The next morning found him perched on a mass of butter, eagerly disposing of the flies that came swarming from all directions. He got there."

Amusing, you say! Yes, true enough! But is it not exactly the way it goes with some Christian people in the world? They start out in their Christian race. For a time, all goes well. God abundantly blesses them, as He does "newborn babes." They laugh and crow. Everybody enjoys looking at them and listening to them. But soon, like the frogs, they start out in search of "richer feeding ground," which is per-fectly proper in its place, but instead of everybody fondling them and dandling them, they meet with tests and trials by the way. God allows these

Oh, cheer thee, Christian, just a little while,

Despair not at the thought of miles before.

Though dark the vales, though full of thorns

Though steep the hills, hear Jesus softly

Oh, cheer thee, Christian, just a little while,

Unspotted from the world, the cross endure.

God's grace can keep the heart and con-

Saved, reconciled, washed white in Calv'ry's

Continue thou in paths the saints have trod,

Oh, cheer thee, Christian, just a little while,

Let not the tempter thee with sin defile,

And sorrow, pain, and trials will be o'er.

Look not behind to weary mile on mile.

the way,

say:

"A little while."

flood.

A little while.

science pure.

All manner of experiences are encountered by the way. God allows this, too, in order that they may become strong in Him. Like the discouraged frog, there may be temptations aged Tog, there may be temperations to "give up," to sink under the stress and strain. The devil may come and say, "We're goners! No use! Too thick to swim, too thin to jump, too slippery

to crawl, bound to die anyway."
What! A Christian who has been redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, be lost to his identity in Christ as a result of unfavorable, discouraging circumstances? Never!

long as there is a God who hears and answers prayer. He hears the faintest cry of those who call upon Him and will by no means allow them to perish by the way. Do not stop to measure the height or depth or length or breadth of your unfavorable position. Do as frog number two didkeep on paddling, paddling, paddling and God will surely honor your faith and eventually so arrange your circumstances that you may be made to sit on top of them and cry, "I got there," or in the language of Scrip-ture, "Thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord." He is the "Rock' in a weary land upon which

you can perch yourself and eagerly dispose of the "flies' (see Num. 14:8,9) that have been so rudely swarming about you and hindering you.

The Word says, "... All that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution" (2 Tim. 3:12). By all means, keep on paddling! God will bless every effort put forth by faith in His name. So long as you are faithful, enemies may rise and wane, but God, your God will never, never fail you.-Gospel Herald.



### Two Discontents

There are two kinds of discontent in this world: the discontent that works and the discontent that wrings its hands. The first gets what it wants, and the second loses what it had. There is no cure for the first but success, and there is no cure at all for the second.

# ce A little While?

Anne Hoppe

Let not the tempter thee with arts beguile, But trust in Christ, the noblest, truest Friend. Eternal verdure crowns Immanuel's land. What though thy way leads over desert sand A little while?

Oh, cheer thee, Christian, just a little while, His grace sufficient covers all thy need. Though godless foes His Word and name revile.

To jeering scorn and mockings pay no heed. They tounted Him, and they will taunt thee,

Be brave! Be strong! Fear not what men may do A little while.

Oh, cheer thee, Christian, just a little while, Armed with God's Word, still fight the fight of faith.

What though the world on thee contempt should pile,

Be faithful still, yea, foithful unto death!

A crown awaits the soldiers of the cross. What though thy bark in stormy seas must toss

A little while.

Oh, cheer thee, Christian, just a little while, And endless glory will thy portion be. Soon will thy weary feet have climbed the stile,

Soon will thine eyes the Father's mansions

Kept by His Spirit in His love's embrace, In strength divine thy pilgrim pathway trace A little while.

Oh, cheer thee, Christian, just a little while, And thy ascended Lord will come again. Just to behold His love-filled, radiant smile Will be a rich reward for all thy pain. And should He tarry till the hour is late, Then place faith's hand in His, and learn to wait

A little while!

And hunger, thirst, and wretchedness shall end.

[Page 6]



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### LIVINGSTONE WON THROUGH READING

Bertram Williams

Richard Baxter was won through reading a tract; Bunyan, by reading a book; and the adventurous missionary Livingstone was brought to Jesus through reading a heavy tome on philosophy. The book which he sought was "Dick's Philosophy of the Future State." Heavy was the sledding at places, but the young student went on through it until he saw "the duty and the inestimable privilege immediately to accept salvation by Christ."

The more he read, the heavier be-

came his sense of need. With promptness and decision, he accepted salvation. He had never, up until this time, been led to any interest in missions, but at once he determined to give all he was able above his own subsistence

to this great cause.

Then, through some strange providence, there came to his hands a German missionary's appeal for China (again he was reading), and he consecrated his life through this appeal to (as he supposed) the cause of carrying the gospel to China. He began his studies, which were mainly medical, and it was not long until the London Missionary Society accepted him for service.

Into Livingstone's life came the influence of Robert Moffatt, laboring in Africa. When the Board's decision was made to send Livingstone as a missionary, the destination was Africa and

not China.

Three influences—somebody lent a book, through which he was converted, another unknown missionary wrote an appeal for China which some one showed to him, and finally, Moffatt opened his eyes to the needs of Africa.

Three personal workers, but the greatest of modern missionaries was won for the work of the Lord. A book, a tract, and a written appeal, and Livingstone, the weaver lad, set his face toward the heart of the Dark Con-

tinent.

His story is too well known to need to be retold. His spirit was given to Africa in devotion to the cause of Christ, as his physical heart was given to the African soil, which he so dearly loved, in burial. He broke the power of the slave trade, blazed a trail for future missionary labor. For nine months his body, from which the heart had been cut and tenderly placed in African soil, was carried by faithful black men to the coast.

At last, his weary body found a place to rest—yes, rest amid the mighty of England in Westminster Abbey.

His monument which he erected in

the hearts of Christians is far greater than that which the empire erected to his memory in the Abbey. When yonder around the "rainbow circled throne" we gaze upon the engravement, I think we shall see, above the name of Livingstone, the outlines of a book, a printed page of missionary appeal, and the curling smoke from a thousand African villages. Unknown heroes will then receive their rewards.

This is the life of a personal worker. Dick wrote the book, a German made the appeal, Moffatt spoke the word, and someone was used by the Lord in scattering the printed page and preparing for the message. It is said that the sermons of Spurgeon have had a greater sale than of any preacher—but one layman decided to devote all his time and money to the printing and distribution of those sermons.

Spurgeon preached them—and the

layman printed them.

Barbara Heck, pioneer Methodist woman, said to her cousin, "We should do something about it." Soon a sail .....

The ONE SPECIAL BOOK that I am recommending this month is "My Young Man," by Albert Banks. The chapter titles are as follows:

1. My Young Man as a Son.

2. My Young Man as a Brother.

- My Young Man in Society.
   My Young Man as a Lover.
   My Young Man as a Husband.

6. My Young Man as a Church Member. 7. My Young Man as a Neighbor.

8. My Young Man and His Money.

9. My Young Man as a Citizen. 10. My Young Man as Himself.

This book will make any young man better who reads it. Price, 75c.

Other Books for You To Read "How To Live the Victorious Life," loft was secured, and Embury began preaching. Later, the Old St. Johns Methodist Church in New York was built, and Methodism was launched in America. Just a woman and a word of urging, and America heard the tidings of salvation.

Fill your tiny spot, friend, and the crown will be prepared by the Lord.

### Literature Youth Will Read

Church papers for youth should have stories in them that carefully offer lessons of probity and morals without seeming to do so. Youth is ever skeptical of stories that are given to them for the sole purpose of preaching to them. Literature prepared for the youth must have special appeal to his imagination. It must arouse his interest, and it must be timely, dealing with events of the day. If not, he will discard it as useless to him, and will turn more avidly to the very literature from which you are trying to wean him away. The literature pre-pared by the Church for its youth should be the most suitable of any for this purpose. Not only should it fulfill all psychological demands, but it should strike the happy medium in the presentation of doctrinal truths that are so essential to life and hap-

by an unknown Christian.

This book has been read by many thousands of readers whose lives have been greatly blessed. It proclaims the glorious fact that victory may and ought to mark the daily life and witness of God's children. It shows how "abiding triumph" may be a part of the experience of every Christian. Price, \$1.25.

"Quit Worrying," by Charles F. Weigle. Price, 15c.
"In Heavenly Places," by A. B. Simp-

son. Price, 35c.

Wholly Sanctified," by A. B. Simpson. Price, \$1.00.

"From Passover to Pentecost," by

Rev. Joseph H. King. Price, \$1.25.
Fiction: "Cup of Cold Water," by Paul Hutchens. Price, \$1.25.

### **Question and Answer**

Dear Sister Harrison:

I would like for you to answer a question for me. I would like to write Christian fiction, but my conscience bothers me. I can't find any text to sanction it, even though the gospel is presented in it. In the book of Revelation. it speaks of "He that maketh and loveth a lie." Can you explain this with scripture? Thank you so much.—Lelia Collison, Wallace, Idaho.

ANSWER: We are very glad to have the privilege of answering this question for others have written in regard to the same question. In answering this question, may I ask one? Is it right for an artist to paint a picture from imagination? If it is not, then we must take all the pictures of Christ from our walls, for there has never been a real picture of Christ. We must remove every picture of Him from our Sunday School cards and papers, for they are all made from imagination. So Christ's pictures are fiction. Then,

is it right to make a word picture of some beautiful imaginary thought that comes to you? The two kinds of paintings come from the same source —the mind—and we use the same hand to draw the painted picture of Christ that we do the word picture. The artist can paint a good or bad picture. It can be of a beautiful woman kneeling in prayer or of some obscene woman to disgrace womankind.

The poem you sent is a beautiful word picture of a child reared accord-

ing to Proverbs 22:6.

### HARVEST AND THANKSGIVING



What thanks I feel
As prone I kneel
Down at Thy blessed feet,
The corn is in,
Safe in the bin,
Near by aur store af wheat.

Here in my home, Cosy and warm, All safe from winter's snow My Gad 1 praise, My anthem raise For blessings which a'erflaw. Yet, far oway,
Where wor holds sway,
Where farms are stripped and bare,
Where famine reigns,
With hunger pains,
We must our bounties share.

Lard, Thou didst give, That we might live, Thine oll, with rayol hand; So, dare we keep Our corn, and sleep Contented in this land? Nay, Lard, we'll share
Our bounties where
The millions watch and proy
For doily bread,
They MUST be fed,
On our Thanksgiving Day.

Then, Thou wilt bless
Our farms, and press
Our granaries next year,
As 'neath Thy smile,
We help, the while,
To wipe our brathers' tear.

—R. E. Neighbour Gospel Herald.

# Thanksgiving Day One Hundred Years Ago

The world has changed more in the last one hundred years than in any thousand years that have gone before.

To get some idea of the wonderful changes that have taken place, let us go back to Thanksgiving Day in 1813 and note how many, many great things our great-grandparents did not have which we have today. It will not only astonish us, but it will also make us realize how much we have to be thankful for.

In the first place, there was no Thanksgiving Day in 1813 except in New England. It was only about eighty-two years ago that the people all over the United States began to celebrate that day. Before that, if one did not live in Boston, or very close to it, he probably would never have eaten a Thanksgiving dinner. But even those who were fortunate enough to live in New England did not have anything like the variety of good things for dinner that we have today. Of course, they had turkey and pumpkin pie and onions and cranberry sauce and potatoes; but they did not have tomatoes or corn or peas or string beans or beets or asparagus or any of

the other canned vegetables that we are accustomed to eating during the winter months. There were no canned goods of any kind. There were no tin cans. Neither were there any cars to bring fresh fruits and vegetables—like strawberries and tomatoes and lettuce—from the South and from California. In fact, there were then no such places in the United States as Florida and Texas and California. They were all of them waste places or foreign lands. They belonged to England and Spain and France and Mexico.

Oranges, bananas, pineapples, grape fruit, olives, Malaga grapes, and other tropical fruits, which are so familiar to all of us, were never seen in the markets of 1813. Boys and girls of that day only heard about them from travelers or read of them in books.

Dinners were cooked in fireplaces. There were no ranges. There were no gas stoves, no oil stoves, no coal stoves, no cook stoves of any kind. Housewives had no baking powder, no yeast-cakes, no self-rising flour, no granulated sugar, no flavoring extracts, no ground spices, no cocoa, no potted meats, no catsup, no prepared break-

fast foods, no soda crackers, no ma roni. All the coffee had to be roas and ground at home. Housekeep then had very few of the convenien that they have today. They had running water in the house or s tionary wash tubs or clothes wring or washing machines or wire clot lines. Neither had they refrigerat or ice cream freezers or egg beat or waffle irons or meat grinders carpet sweepers or ammonia or bo or gasoline or moth balls or fly pa or fly screens. And they had matches, and they had no electric li or gas light, and kerosene.

But we must remember that in I our great-grandparents were perfelly satisfied and contented with any of these things. They thou themselves very well off with withey had, and those who obset Thanksgiving Day made it a spenoint to offer earnest thanks to Pridence for their many blessings.

dence for their many blessings. Surely, therefore, if they could cause for thanksgiving, how m more thankful ought we to be in midst of all the blessings of the in which we live.—Abridged from ford Howard, in Saint Nicholas.



# LETTER PAGE...

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have been reading some in the Lighted Pathway tonight, and what food it is to my soul! When I begin reading it, I can hardly lay it aside until I have read from cover to cover.

If you publish your Editor's Message in book form, I surely want one of those books. I desire your prayers.—Mary Lee Smith, Salem, S. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Greetings in Jesus' dear name. This is my first time to write to you, but I have been watching the fine work you are doing and wish to commend you for the interest you have in lost souls, especially the young people.

I am a young minister in the Church of God, pastoring a small church here in the mountains of West Virginia. I am doing my best to win lost souls, and desire to be a blessing to the people about me. I covet your

prayers.

The young people's work is very near to my heart, and we have a fine Sunday School and Y.P.E. We appreciate the Lighted Pathway. I think it is, without exception, the finest young people's paper in existence. I wouldn't want to see any part of the paper changed as it is all needed so much.—Earl J. Gilbert, Mabscott, W. Va.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I sincerely and gratefully thank you for sending your paper to me while I was in the armed forces. I certainly enjoyed it, as did some of my friends. It was very thoughtful of you folk to send the Lighted Pathway to the Servicemen, and I trust that in eternity you will meet many Servicemen who were saved through reading your paper, but who later made the supreme sacrifice on the field of battle in order that Americans could pray without being thrown into a den of lions or suffer other horrible things.—Melvin H. Barns, Rt. 1, Paden, Miss.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I read the Lighted Pathway and think it wonderful. It is passed on to other patients here in the sanitorium and it is loved and enjoyed by one and all. I have been a patient here for fifteen months and am trusting the Lord for my complete healing. Please pray for me to be healed and able to get out of bed soon. Please pray for my children to have a home soon so that they will be taken care of. May the Lord bless your work always.—Henrietta Barker, Beckly, W. Va.

Dear Sister Harrison:

It has been my desire for sometime to write and tell you how much we appreciate the work you are doing and the Lighted Pathway. I believe the paper fully lives up to its name, as it has many times helped me along the way. It is a paper which anyone can read and fully enjoy. Many a time I have been down in spirit and would pick up the Pathway and read some story or article and the Lord would send His Spirit upon me and give comfort.

I consider stories very good when I can get so interested in them that I can seem to be living the story with the character, and laugh and cry. I find everything so real in this paper and I certainly praise God for it.—Chas. Alumbaugh, Robinson, Ill.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Greetings to you from the Island of Jamaica. I trust you have had a good year and are now ready to begin an-

other year's work

I certainly have enjoyed the Lighted Pathway this past year and am eager to get the paper coming to the Island. Not only am I desirous for this, but all who have ever read the paper have said the same. They did appreciate the Lighted Pathway so much and it was a great help in the young people's meeting. The issues that I have received this year I have

passed on to the leaders of the Y.P.E. and they are so thankful for them. I deeply appreciate your great interest in the work. May God richly bless you and your work for Him. I trust you are well in your body and enjoying the blessings of life.—Alva Mae McClure, P.O. Box 390, Kingston, Jamaica.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Praise the Lord! His love is really unmeasurable and eternal. I am thankful to have Jesus as our best Friend, who can guide, protect, and strengthen us during our weakness.

The Lighted Pathway was introduced to me by Sister Madayag. She asked me to pen you a short letter concerning this magazine but as I was not influenced after reading the magazine she gave me, I felt it would be wrong if I wrote against my feelings. Later, when the June and July issues came, I read them thoroughly and was greatly influenced and uplifted physically and spiritually. It is full of life and truth—unlike the worldly magazines. I liked every page of it. As it is worth reading, I showed it to my schoolmates and they have decided they want to subscribe for the paper, too, so I am sending you their names.

too, so I am sending you their names.

Please pray for China, that there
will be more Christians (doers)
brought up to spread the gospel of

(Continued on page 16)



The Church of God of Williamsport, Maryland, held their daily vacation Bible School at the church for two weeks this summer. There were 156 students enrolled. This is a new work that has just come into the Church of God, and it was the first time for a Bible School; but there was such interest until we are away up the road toward a greater Bible School next summer. We selected a fine faculty from our local church, along with the aid of our state Y.P.E. and Sunday School superintendent, Brother H. Seville. Our school closed with a fine program.

This has brought to a close eight

years of Bible Schools under my ministry. Every one seems to be getting better. As I sat there in the Assembly and saw the youth program of the Church of God being promoted, a prayer unto God went forth from my lips that God will help the ministry of the Church of God to catch this needy vision.—Wm. F. Morris.

NOTE: This is a fine record for a church to make. We trust that you will try the Personal Evangelistic Class with your adult young people this year, or at least some kind of training. Perhaps a correspondence course from B.T.S. would help you.-Ed.

# DOORS - -Closed and Open

By Nellie L. Harrington

"Well, Philip, you've done right well," said his pastor, the Reverend Herbert Layton, as he shook hands with Philip Proctor. "I congratulate you. It isn't every young fellow that rises to the position of foreman in the short time that you have."

Philip flushed at the praise. "I am not sure that I deserve it," he answered modestly. "I do seem to have the knack of getting along with the men. Of course, that is something."

"That is a large part of it," agreed the minister. It is not enough to understand the work in hand, although that is essential. Ability to win the cooperation of the workmen who are responsible for carrying it forward is fully as important. And your superiors evidently think you have this qualification."

As time passed, however, Philip became more and more conscious of his lack of the specific knowledge required. He was in a construction company, and while he had no trouble in getting the crew to do their part, he himself, was a bit hazy over some of the specifications.

His own schooling had been limited. He had not even finished high school. He had liked mathematics—what he had had. But he knew that many of these construction plans dealt with engineering problems that were utterly beyond his comprehension.

All such reflections ended in a sigh. "There's nothing I can do about it now," he told himself. "It is too late. If only school boys would realize the advantage that an education will be to them later!"

And then came an accident. No one, apparently, was to blame. It was simply "one of those things," but Philip Proctor was carried out unconscious.

Through tortuous weeks, he hovered on the brink of two worlds, and then came slowly back to this one.

His brain cleared. He was able to use the upper part of his body but the lower limbs remained strangely inert.

Bitterness welled up in his heart. Why had he not passed on when the border was so near? Why come back to be a helpless invalid? Death was far preferable. But, however, he soon learned the lesson that life and death are not in human hands.

The Bible lay on the stand by his bedside, and when the first bitter questioning was over he spent long hours in reading the Blessed Volume.
One day he came upon this verse, "I

One day he came upon this verse, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content."

Philip started. Of course, he had

read the verse many times, but now he realized that it was a lesson he still had to learn. This state of help-lessness was to be endured, he had thought. Not yet could he find content. Why not? He was a child of God. He believed that "all things work together for good to them that love the Lord." At least he had said he believed it. Where now was the something to work with this condition that the result to him might be good?

He closed the Book and began to

He closed the Book and began to mull over his problem. There must be a factor that he had not yet found. He prayed that the Lord would open his eyes that he might see.

That very evening, his high school brother, Thad, was looking with despair at his mathematics lesson. Presently he rose and tiptoed softly into the sick-chamber.

"Phil," he asked in a low tone, "are you well enough to start me off on this? I missed the explanations in



### WITH MY WHOLE BEING

MABEL GLENN HALDEMAN

"I will sing praise to my God while I have my being," Psa. 104:33.

My tangue shall speak the praise of Him Whase beauty makes the earth's graw dim; My hands shall praise Him day by day By serving Him in praiseful way.

My feet shall praise Him as they bear His blessed tidings everywhere; My knees shall praise Him as they bend Ta intercede far fae and friend.

My eyes shall praise Him when they see Approaching wrang, and fram it flee; My ears shall praise Him when they hear The cry af sauls ta Him sa dear.

My thaughts shall praise Him when they dwell

On this: "He daeth all things well."
My songs shall praise Him in the night,
When naught but faith can see the light.

And naw, cambining everything, I want my life His praise to sing; Adaring at His feet I fall, And, praising, crawn Him Lord of all! class and the teacher didn't have time to show me. I don't know a thing about it."

"Sure. Let's see your book. See if it is anything that I ever had," was the prompt answer.

It was proved to be a section that Philip understood and the clarity of his explanations sent Thad away happy in the understanding of his task.

Philip's own spirits received a definite uplift. The effort of solving the problems had been a stimulus. Why not review his mathematics? It would be something to do to break the monotony.

So the next morning he called for his schoolbooks. The hours passed more rapidly than at any time since the injury.

Of course, there were days when study was impossible. Days when the treatments of the doctors were torture. But each time he came back to his text books.

his text books.

"Thad," Philip said one day, "I wish you would ask your math teacher if he will come over and see me. There is something here that I can't quite figure out."

The teacher, Donald Marsden, had heard of the invalid and had noticed the improvement in Thad's grades since Phil had been coaching the boy, so he readily agreed to come.

so he readily agreed to come.

Secretely he wondered how he would get through a call on a stranger—in bed. But he found it unbelievably easy.

Division took it for provide the boy,

Philip took it for granted that the other had come simply to help on his problem and he went at once to the bothersome points.

The teacher found unexpected comprehension and when the difficulty was cleared up, he said, "Mr. Proctor, why don't you go on to a study of the higher mathematics? You are a natural. You can figure out the most of it by yourself. And I'd be glad to drop in once a week and check up on your work and explain anything you are not sure of."

"Do you think I could make it?" asked Philip eagerly. "I'd like it more than anything. But I didn't see any way to get past this hurdle. Wouldn't it be too much bother for you? From now on I can't be sure of getting it alone."

"Oh, you'll have to have some help," said Marsden, "and I'll be only too glad to give it. In fact, it will be a real satisfaction to me. The state requires the teachers of high school to have college degrees, but we cannot begin to use our mathematics knowledge with these youngsters. I'm getting rusty already. If I can tutor you, I can see now, that before very long you will have me on my toes!"

"Mr. Marsden, you don't know what this means to me," was Philip's grateful answer. "My head seems to be all right, and the doctors say that "in

"Mr. Marsden, you don't know what this means to me," was Philip's grateful answer. "My head seems to be all right and the doctors say that in time' I can get back the use of my limbs. But while I am waiting for them I must have something to keep my thoughts busy. I may never be able

(Continued on page 17)

# Youth Personal Evangelistic Union

### HOW FRANCIS WILLARD WON A SOUL TO CHRIST

Miss Willard always enjoyed telling this true experience of one of the

leaders of the Temperance Crusade: One morning during the crusade a drunkard's wife came to my door. She carried in her arms a baby six weeks old. Her pale, pinched face was sad to see, and she told me this sorrowful story: "My husband is drinking himself to death; he is lost to all human feeling; our rent is unpaid and we are liable to be put out into the street; and more, there is no food in the house for me and the children. He has a good trade, but his earnings all go into the saloon on the corner near us; he is becoming more and more brutal and abusive. We seem to be on the verge of ruin. How can I, feeble as I am, with a babe in my arms, earn bread for myself and children?"

Quick as thought the question came to me, and I asked it: "Why not have that husband of yours converted?"

But she answered hopelessly. "Oh, there's no hope of such a thing. He cares for nothing but strong drink." "I'll come and see him this afternoon," said I.

"He'll insult you," she replied.
"No matter," said I. "My Savior was insulted, and the servant is not above his Lord."

That very afternoon I called at the little tenement house. The husband was at work at his trade in a back room, and his little girl was sent to tell him that a lady wished to see him. The child, however, soon returned with the message: "My father says he won't see anyone."

But I sent him a message proving that I was indeed in earnest. I said, "Go back and tell your father that a lady wishes to see him on very important business, and she must see him if she has to stay till after sup-per."

I knew very well that there was

nothing in the house to eat. A moment afterward, a poor, bloated, be-sotted wreck of a man stood before

"What do you want?" he demanded, as he came shuffling into the

"Please be seated and look at this paper," I answered, pointing to a vacant chair at the end of the table where I was sitting and handed a printed pledge to him.

He read it slowly, and then throwing it down upon the table, broke out violently. "Do you think I'm a fool? I drink when I please and let it alone when I please. I'm not going to sign away my personal liberty."

"On the contrary, I think you're a

slave to the rum shop on the corner."

"No, I ain't any such thing."
"I think, too, that you love the saloon-keeper's daughter better than you do your own little girl!"
"No, I don't either."

"Well, let us see about that. When I passed the saloon-keeper's huose, I saw his little girl coming down the steps, and she had on white shoes, and a white dress, and a blue sash. Your money helped to buy them. I come here, and your little girl, more beautiful than she, has on a faded,

ragged dress, and her feet are bare."
"That's so, madam."
"And you love the saloon-keeper's wife better than you love your own wife."

'Never, no never!"

"When I passed the saloon-keeper's house, I saw his wife come out with a little girl, and she was dressed in silk and laces and a carriage waited for her. Your money helped to buy the silks and laces and the horses and the carriage. I come here and find your wife in a faded calico gown, doing her own work; if she goes anywhere, she must walk."

"You speak the truth, Madam." "You love the saloon-keeper better than you love yourself. You say you

## GET RIICY

You want to see the church move on? Get busy.

There are souls that must be won Get busy.

No one else your work can do; Yes, the Lord has need of you. Let me tell you what to do-Get busy.

Be willing to go where He will send. Get busy.

To God's work there is no end. Get busy.

Are you trying souls to win? There are lost ones out in sin. You want to see them free again? Get busy.

Many are sad, discouraged, blue. Get busy. They would like some cheer from you.

Get busy. Many bear a heavy load As they travel sorrow's road,

No one to cheer their weary road. Get busy.

We say that Christ is coming soon. Get busy.

It may be morning, night or noon. Get busy.

If He should come to earth today To take the faithful ones away; If sheaves before Him you would lay, Get busy.—Margaret (Lewis) Smith.

can keep from drinking if you choose; but you helped the saloon-keeper to build himself a fine brick house, and you live in this poor, tumbled-down, old house yourself."

"I never saw it in that light before."
Then, holding out his hand, that shook like an aspen leaf, he continued, "You speak the truth, Madam -I am a slave. Do you see that hand? I've got a piece of work to finish, and I must have a mug of beer to steady my nerves or I cannot do it; but tomorrow, if you'll call, I'll sign the pledge."
"That's a temptation of the devil;

I do not ask you to sign the pledge; you are a slave and can't help it; but I do want to tell you this. There is One who can break your chains and

set you free." "I want to be free."

"Well, Christ can set you free if you'll submit to Him and let Him break the chains of sin and appetite that bind you."

"It's been many a long year since

I prayed."
"No matter; the sooner you begin
the better for you." He threw himself at once upon his knees, and while I prayed I heard him sobbing out the cry of his soul to God. His wife knelt beside me and followed me in earnest prayer. The words were simple and broken with sobs, but somehow they went straight up from her heart to God, and the poor man began to cry in earnest for mercy.

"O God! break these chains that are burning into my soul! Pity me, and pity my wife and children, and break the chains that are dragging me down to hell! O God! Be merciful to me a sinner." And thus out of the depths he cried to God, and He heard him and had compassion on him, and broke every chain and lifted every burden, and he arose a free, redeemed man.

When he arose from his knees, he said, "Now I will sign that pledge, and

keep it."

And he did. A family altar was established. The comforts of life were soon secured—for he had a good trade —and two weeks after this scene his little girl came into my husband's Sunday School with white shoes, white dress and blue sash on, as a token that her father's money no longer went into the saloon-keeper's till.

But what struck me most of all was that it took less than two hours of my time thus to be an ambassador for Christ in declaring the terms of heaven's great treaty whereby a soul was saved from death, a multitude of sins were covered, and a home restored to purity and peace.—Selected.

mmmmmmmmm Motto: "EACH ONE WIN ONE"
Scripture: "He That Winneth Souls Is Wise"

### NATIONAL Y. P. E. and

RALPH E. WILLIAMS and

### WHAT WAS YOUR REACTION?

We're still cashing in on reverberations from that wonderful Youth Congress recently held in Birmingham. We just want to say, "Three cheers for God for the blessings ob-tained there!" Here are the statements made by some of the folk who attended, and we believe your testimony would be a similar one. Read them all; they're good!

"OUR FIRST YOUTH CONGRESS was an outstanding success: outstanding in its approach to solve the problems facing our

"The thorough, aggressive program outlined by the various study groups, and adopted by the Congress, proves that the baby organization is already set to do a great work. I believe they can do it.

"May God continue to direct, guide, and protect our precious young people in their endeavors."—J. H. Walker, Editor-in-Chief.

"A great step has been made. Surely with such a group of consecrated young people as this we shall be able to meet the challenge."—James L. Slay.

"This meeting surely was a fine beginning of a great work among our young people in the Church of God. We trust it may be used of God in these perilous times as a means of great victorious movement for

Christ and His Church."—T. M. McClendon.
"I was deeply impressed with the first Youth for Christ Congress in Birmingham, Alabama. With the sincerity and determinotion of this great movement of our Church, you will see and hear great things from these young men and women."—A. M. Phillips.

"As the roaring of a mighty tempestuous sea, so is the surge of this great Y. F. C. movement which had its beginning the First

National Congress in Birmingham."—Carl J. Hughes.

"A well planned and successful beginning of a most urgent and worth-while program which is God-ordained and destined to bless our youth throughout the world."-J. Stewart Brinsfield.

"An inspirational, intelligent program that showed efficient and thoughtful planning, as well as cooperation of a Spirit-filled group of young people."—M. P. Cross.
"To me, it was the greatest two days eevr

experienced in worship and planning."-

C. M. Truesdell.

"The two days' Youth Congress which convened prior to the Assembly proved to be the greatest effort that has ever been taken for the educational and spiritual welfare of our young people. Every service was filled with many good things."—E. W. Williams.

"It was a great beginning in which careful and extensive planning was made and put into operation, for greater things in the future."—J. D. Free.

"The first National Youth Convention of the Church of God was on impressive sight. The arrangements of the program and general conduct and spirituality of the meeting was convincing evidence of the consecration and ability of the leaders of this mighty host of young people."—John C. Jernigan.

The Youth Congress is a great step forward in the interest of our young people."-

Mrs. John C. Jernigan.

"The first National Youth Congress of the Church of God was held in Birmingham, Alabama, August 27, 28, 1946. It proved to be a great success. The enthusiosm and interest manifested will always linger in our memory."-E. J. Boehmer.

"' 'Everything has to have a beginning," and that includes the National Youth Congress which did have a good beginning in Birmingham just prior to the General Assembly. Our young people will now feel that they have a goal to which they can work, and I am expecting this year to show a rapid growth in the Young People's Or-

granization."—Mrs. Vianna Daniel.

"According to all reports, the Youth Congress was a glorious success."—E. C. Clark.

"It is my personal opinion that the first

National Youth for Christ Congress, recently convened in Birmingham, Alabama, is the beginning of one of the greatest youth movements that America has ever seen in the history of Pentecostalism."—Paul H.

GREETINGS to the Sunday Schools and Y.P.E.'s throughout the Church of God. We are glad to be back with you this year, and will be working with Brother Ralph E. Williams, who, by virtue of his office as National Youth Director, is Associate Editor of this department. He is a hustler, and we hope to bring you fresh news from the field to let you know how your Y.P.E.'s and Sunday Schools are progressing. We realize as never before the tremendous task ahead of us, and we also realize more than ever the tremendous potentialities and talents within our Youth organization. We intend to go places for God. We believe you are with us! Your one hundred per cent enthusiasm and cooperation is needed. Give it to Christ through your Church organization this year, and rejoice with us in the harvest of souls. Wonderful will be the reward for our united efforts. Let us lend our aid to every challenging request, ond go forth as a mighty conquering army to new territories under the banner of King Immanuel. The time is short! Let's prove that the laborers are not so few. Make this our slogan: Every One Win One!

DON'T FORGET that our Church observonce of National Education Week, November 10 through 16, is a result of the efforts of our Notional Youth Committee. Will you help moke it o success? Reod on the next page the orticle by Rev. E. L. Simmons.

### ARE YOU A GRADUATE OF BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL?

If so, hove you joined the Alumni Association? The Alumni Association was organized at the close of Bible Training School last summer. "What for?" you ask. Its purpose is to promote fellowship omong its members, for the fostering of o greater school spirit, for the creation of interest in prospective students, and for the promotion of the general progress of the school.

You are invited to become an integral part of this organization which is setting itself up as a living endowment to the educational program of the Church of God.

Show your colors! Fill out the opplication blank below and mail it with \$2 to Rolph E. Williams, Executive Secretary, Alumni Association, Box 11, Cleveland, Tennessee. (The \$2 is to help poy clerical and postal expenses.)

	(first)	(:	middle)	(last)
ddress:				
(NOTIO	CE: Please r	otify secretary if	any future change	in address)
Year of graduatio	n:	Departn	nent graduated from	n:
Single?	Married?	To whom?		
Any children?		Number of:		
Occupation:		Do you wish to	receive all literatu	re published?
Applicant do not	write here.	Date received	Replied to	Filed

### Y.P.E. Rules for Awarding National Banner

1. Greatest percentage of increase in total attendance.

new 2. Greatest percentage of

Y.P.E.'s organized.

3. Greatest number saved under 35 years of age. 4. Greatest number sanctified under

35 years of age. 5. Greatest number baptized with

the Holy Ghost under 35 years of age.
6. Greatest number joining Church under 35 years of age.

7. (a) Greatest percentage of in-(Continued on page 17)

### SUNDAY SCHOOL NEWS

C. M. TRUESDELL, Associate Editors



### **American Education Week**

NOVEMBER 10-16, 1946

By E. L. SIMMONS

"There is nothing new under heaven." In the beginning, God creis nothing new under ated everything, and in His foreknowledge He knew just exactly what the development of the various things which He had created would bring about. But this statement, "There is nothing new under heaven," must of necessity be paradoxical, for everything is new to the man who has not learned about it, and he could not know until in some way that knowledge was imparted unto him. But there must be an avenue of approach to those who have a deep desire for

knowledge, and there must be a con-

tinual thirst for knowledge on the part of the inquirer.

Then again, the discovery and development of atomic energy, together with the great interest that our Government has taken in the education of those who served in the Armed Forces has given us a much greater outlook and opportunity in the field of education. To call attention to these opportunities and to stimulate the desire in individuals to take advantage of them, as well as to provide up-to-date information to those who cannot go to school, the Church of God as a whole is requesting that each and every church observe American Education Week, November 10-16, 1946.

SPONSORSHIP—"American Education Week is sponsored by the National Education Association, the American Legion, the United States Office of Education, and the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, with the cooperation of lay and religious groups. The observance was first celebrated in 1921. It grew out of conditions revealed by the draft of World War I, showing that about onefourth of those called to serve their country were physically unfit, and an equal number were illiterate.'

PURPOSE—"The purpose of American Education Week is to call the attention of the public once each year to the vital role of education in the life of our democracy. The national sponsors of American Education Week likewise recognize the fundamental place of religion in human affairs and

consequently stress the observance of American Education Week Sunday. They seek the cooperation of all religious groups in making this observance of great significance."

The Church of God Bible Training School and College is glad to join in as a sponsor of American Education Week, representing the hundreds of students that have come here for greater literary and religious development. This institution wishes to share with the laity everywhere its educational enthusiasm so that we may present a cooperative religious and educational front in matters pertaining to those things which are most vital in the lives of men and women. We fully realize that our educational institutions cannot do this by themselves, but that they must have the backing of every local church and that the individual members of our local churches, Sunday Schools, Missionary associations, and Young People's Endeavors might also become, and remain, educationally minded, in order for such a program to have the dynamic force which belongs to it. In order that there may be a unanimity of purpose in all of the local churches, we are herewith submitting the suggestion of themes for each day of Education Week.

### GENERAL THEME Education, Literary, and Religious for the Atomic Age

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 11:00 a. m., "Practicing Brotherhood"; Scripture Lesson, 1 Corinthians 12:18-

A. The ties of brotherhood are made strong by knowledge. To know each other is to love each other better.

B. There is beauty in the varied characters and dispositions of people. C. Our knowledge of the creative common fatherhood of God promotes the feeling of brotherhood in man.

D. The climax will be one big family in Christ here. One big family in God

eternally

MONDAY, 7:30 p. m., "Preparation for Community Service"; Scripture Reading, 2 Timothy 2:15; 1 Timothy

A. The great opportunity for service is obvious in every local community.

B. The one who serves best must know how to serve.

C. Educational development is necessary to service regardless of the

field of endeavor.

D. The right kind of opportunity (job) is awaiting the man who is pre-

pared for it.
TUESDAY, 7:30 p. m., "Facing New Tasks"; Scripture reading, Hebrews

A. The past is valuable only as it helps us to make the future better.

B. An ever-changing world creates new problems, and new opportunities.
C. The knowledge of yesterday will

not satisfy the demands of tomorrow. D. Each generation must be equipped for the demands of its day.

E. We may know only in part until

the perfect comes.

WEDNESDAY, 7:30 p. m., "Investing in Education"; Scripture Reading, 1 Timothy 4:15; 2 Timothy 2:15, 16.

A. Opportunities for acquiring knowledge are abundant—day school, high school, Bible School and College, books, free libraries, etc.

B. One must invest time and money. Invest in your own knowledge, in knowledge for your children, and for

others who are unable.
C. Knowledge will increase efficiency in service. Will pay dividends

socially, financially, and religiously.
THURSDAY, 7:30 p. m., "Education
in the Home"; Scripture Reading, 1 John 2.

A. Education should begin with life. B. Early years in the home are the formative years.

C. Parents should take part in, and be subject to home development.

D. A well cultured and behaved home life will show up well in public

FRIDAY, 7:30 p. m., "Development of Body, Mind, and Spirit"; Scripture Reading, Romans 12:1, 2.

A. Man is a triune being.

B. The proper education develops the entire man.

C. Education in religion is the most necessary, since it deals with the eternal.

SATURDAY, 7:30 p. m., "Education in the Church"; Scripture Reading, 1 Corinthians, chapters 12, 14.

A. Education is necessary in Sunday School, Y.P.E., and regular services.

B. The aim and purpose of every department should be to impart greater knowledge in its sphere of influence.

C. The final objective, "How I Can Be a Better Christian.'

A varied program in music and devotion may be worked out for each day, to accompany the suggested discourses, but should be such as would harmonize with the purpose of Education Week. The details of such a program should be carefully planned by the local church or young people's committee.

Let us look forward to great results in the observance of American Educa-

tion Week.

# Y D E Lessons

### **HOW TO STUDY A PASSAGE** OF SCRIPTURE

NOTE: So many of our young people find it difficult to take a Bible verse and talk from it. Perhaps we need some training along this line, so we are giving you a lesson this month that will help you to solve this prob-lem. Here is a sample. Perhaps it would be good to have a contest and give out the following verses to different ones and then have a committee appointed to decide who wins. Perhaps you could have two groups, one group of three inexperienced speakers and another group of three experienced speakers. The judges divide them separately, as it would not be fair to put good speakers against the less experienced. Follow the suggestions given below and see how good a talk you can make from a verse of scripture. If you think it impossible at first to talk, write your thoughts on paper and read them. The second time it will be easier for you.

Thoughts for the Leader The way to get the most out of a passage of scripture is to meditate on it and analyze it. The following is a

sample analysis:
"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your father which is in

heaven," Matt. 5:16.
First, ask, "Who said this?" In studying the context, we find that Jesus said it; therefore, it is true. There are some things in the Bible that the devil, who is the "father of lies," said. The Bible gives an accurate record of what was said by God, man, and the devil. Note carefully who makes the statements which you find in the Bible. The Bible tells us that the fool said, "There is no God," Psa. 14:1. This statement is not true, but

it is true that the fool said it.
The next question is, "To whom was
Jesus talking?" The answer is that He was talking to His disciples. If you are a Christian, you are a disciple. What

Jesus says, therefore, is also for you. Then, "What does this verse teach?" Let us analyze it, or take it apart. "Let your light." That states that we have a light. Now John says that Christ is the Light of the world (John 8:12). Is there a contradiction? No. This verse simply means that we have Christ, the Light of the world, in us.
"So shine." Here we see that the

light we have (Christ) is to shine or

be made manifest in our lives.
"Before men." This light is to shine before the world so men will see it. Otherwise there would be no use for us to have a light as far as this dark

world is concerned.

In the last place, we find that this light is to shine before men that they may see our good works and glorify our Father which is in heaven. The end of all a Christian does should be the glorification of God the Father.

Having analyzed this verse and finding what it teaches, meditate upon each of its points to get its full significance. Study other verses in the same way. You will find that the Bible will open itself to you as never before

Here are the scripture references for study. Try this lesson out with some good music and prayers, and we feel sure you will be pleased with your program.

THE ABILITY OF GOD

Able to Save—to the uttermost (Heb. 7:25).

2. Able to keep-from falling (Jude 1:24).

3. Able to bless-The Lord bless and keep thee (Num. 6:24-26).

Able to guide—Thou shalt guide me (Psa. 73:24).

5. Able to make all grace abound— God has all ability (2 Cor. 9:8)

6. Able to bring good out of evil—instance of Joseph (Gen. 50:20). 7. Able to do abundantlly—above

all we ask or think (Eph. 3:20). 8. Able to subdue all things—Every knee shall bow (Phil. 3:21).

Able to reward—His reward is

with Him (Rev. 22:12).

Have we put God to the test? "If we believe not, he abideth faithful." If we have proved His ability in one instance, we may in all.

### WHAT HOME MISSION FIELD WOULD I CHOOSE?

Scripture: Matt. 9:27-38 THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS

Hidden among the knobs of the Southern mountains live some three million of those sturdy but backward people whom some one has called "Our contemporary ancestors." There is scarcely a more beautiful region in the entire country than the Blue Ridge and the Great Smokies. To enter their remoter portions is, in many ways, like stepping backward a century. Anyone with literary or sociological interest would revel in the opportunities this region affords. And anyone with an ounce of sympathy would find immense satisfaction in helping these primitive, lovable folk to move out of their pathetically narrow existence into life more abundant.

Yet, he who throws his life into the betterment of the Southern mountaineers must reckon in advance with personal hardship for himself and with obstinate backwardness and suspicion in those with whom he labors, and with his own awareness that his lot lies in a neglected eddy of our national life, not so immediately critical as the fate of the swarming slums of cities, where the very future of America hangs in the balance.

INDIANS

Nothing which we can do for the Indians, however generous it ever proves to be, will adequately compensate for what our ancestors did to them. Dispossessed of their dominions, shunted to semidesert regions, exploited, often depraved by white vices, and deprived of their pride and their religion, the survivors of this conscienceless treatment must appeal to

any Christian. But those who elect to work among them must know how to be all but infinitely patient with slow-ness and stolidity and lapses into primitive behavior. Picturesque in many ways, and sociologically interesting, such work certainly is, yet here again one would know oneself in an eddy, far from the places in which our national future is being immediately determined.

SPANISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES

Into our Southwest, several millions of Mexicans have poured-migrant laborers, many of them, exploited and neglected. Those who work among them love them well, and they have shown unusually encouraging sponse to missionary effort. This also, however, is an eddy, away from the main stream.

NEGROES

Our church maintains schools for Negroes, nearly all in the South, where the race has for the most part long been denied a chance at education worthy of the name. Among the eager students in these schools are some of the Booker Washingtons and G. W. Carvers and J. E. K. Aggreys and James Weldon Johnsons of the future, leaders who will perhaps set their people free. For anyone who can rise above the ignorance of race prejudice, here is work which is urgent, not only for the saving of individuals but for the saving of America. Here is hard, long-needed work.

RURAL CHURCHES

On many little rural fields, work faithful missionaries, often thinking themselves in some forgotten eddy of our national life. But eddies have a way of returning to the main channel. And from these rural fields there flows to our cities either civic health or sickness. Sometimes one devoted worker has turned a rural community from suspicion and hatred and narrowness and drunkenness and illegitimacy to neighborliness and worthier interests—better farming, improved homes, good education, pride in the locality, and a religion that in the end transforms the whole community.

CITY MISSIONS

Who can read of Jane Adams' work at Hull House without finding that in the end captains of industry are dwarfed and tawdry beside her? Down into that reeking stock yards region she went and stayed and lived, throw-ing herself into one of the ugliest neighborhoods in all America. Here is no eddy. Here is mid-channel. Irish, Germans, Russian Jews, Italians, Greeks, Poles, Bohemians, Negroes, Mexicans, Gypsies—to all of these she has been a good neighbor.

NOTE: Read the life of Jane Adams. Any good library will have it. It should wake some of us up. Some one may give a review of the book in the meeting if they are assigned to this in

time.

Have your young people to talk from their own experience of what they know about different fields of service. Do not forget to appoint your leaders at least two weeks in advance of the program they are to prepare.

### WHAT BARRIERS KEEP PEOPLE **AWAY FROM CHRIST**

Scripture: Mark 10:17-22; Luke 14:16-20

SO THAT CHRIST MAY ENTER

If we are to be successful in winning others to Christ, we must know something about the difficulties that we are sure to face. Jesus Himself knew what was in man. He had insight and could penetrate into the hidden depths of the heart. Before we can have insight, we must study men. We must realize as fully as possible what are the thoughts, feelings, and purposes of the man who is a stranger to the love of God. Like the military expert, who acquaints himself with the enemy's territory, we must know all that we can about the unredeemed nature of man, if we are to make a road through the barriers, so that Christ may enter into that man's life.

STANDING IN THE WAY SELFISHNESS stands like a stone wall around the citadel of the heart of man. When people are asked to give Christ a central place in their lives, the objection often is expressed in the words, "I shall have to give up too much." This objection is based on a "I shall have to give up too misconception of the meaning of the Christian life. To be sure, a Christian cannot do certain things. But if we make Christianity a gigantic don't, we miss the purpose of Christ, Who came that we might have life more abundantly through Him.

Holman-Hunt painted weeds in front of the door of his famous paint-"The Light of the World." One of the barriers that shuts Christ out of life is INDIFFERENCE or NEGLECT. Since the latch is on the inside of the door to the heart, all that men need to do to keep the Master standing without is to disregard His knock when He seeks entrance.

People often refuse to open the door to Christ because they do not know who He is or what He will mean to them. Unlike the ignorant Philippian jailor, they do not have even a con-fused knowledge of the way of sal-vation. They are ignorant of Christ and must be told of His sacrificial love and His power to transform character.

In many instances, prejudice blocks the way. Now and then there may be some one in the Church who rings false. A person who has not let Christ enter and take full possession of him. fixes his attention upon this one disloyal member, and allows himself to think that all the followers of Christ are untrue. How can the barrier of prejudice be broken down?

Sometimes a person follows a moral code and thinks that he is so perfect that he does not need a Savior from sin. When he prays, he thanks God that he is not as other men. But selfrighteousness becomes worthless when compared with the holiness of Christ.

"I AM NOT GOOD ENOUGH," said a young man when the claims of Christ were presented to him. A toolofty conception of what it means to be a Christian forms a barrier to Christ. The Master did not call men to discipleship because they were good, but because they craved to be better.

To join the body of Christian people is not a way of publicly saying, "See how good I am." It is rather a way of saying, "I believe in Christ and in His cause. I am for Him with all that I have and am."

THE ATTITUDE OF DISCOUNT-ING SPIRITUAL VALUES keeps people away from Christ. A superficial study of science leads them to throw the soul into the discard and to accept nothing as valid which they cannot see and handle. They need to be reminded of the fact that material things are eternal and worth-while.

FEAR THAT THEY WILL NOT BE ABLE TO HOLD OUT keeps people from letting Christ in. They have observed how some have made an enthusiastic beginning in the Christian life, but soon slipped back to the place from which they started. This fear of failure may be every the content of the christian and the christian of the christian of the christian and the christian of the failure may be overcome by a realization that when a man accepts Christ as Lord and Master, the power of God upholds him and gives him the strength to succeed.

I AM NOT READY YET

Putting off Christ until another time sends him farther away. If a person delays until he feels that conditions are exactly right, he will wait a lifetime. Only the present is ours, and we can do with it what we will. And we are responsible for what we do or fail to do in the here and now. SCRIPTURES FOR YOUR TALKS

INDIFFERENCE—Matt. 25:1-13. LOVE OF MONEY—Matt. 6:19-21. LOVE OF HOME—Luke 9:57-62. LOVE OF CAROUSING-Luke 15:

11 - 32.IGNORANCE-Mark 5:1-17. PREJUDICE-Rom. 10:1-4.

Put a penny close enough to your eye and it will keep you from seeing the sunset. Money thus becomes a barrier between you and the better things of this life.

### SHARING OUR BLESSINGS

Scripture: Rom. 8:17.

Paul did not hoard blessings for himself, for he realized that he was a debtor to every one who did not know his Savior. In fact, as he thought of all that God had wrought in his own life, the sense of indebtedness was so great that on one occasion he said, "I could wish myself accursed for my brethren." We have been bought with the tremendous price of the precious blood of Christ. Do we feel this sense of indebtedness to Christ that Paul felt with regard to every unsaved soul we meet? every unsaved nation? When we are truly saved, God gives us something to do, some way of expressing our gratitude to Him. We realize with joy that we cannot live our own life, but the love of Christ constrains us to spend and be spent as He wills.

#### HOW SHALL WE SHARE OUR BLESSINGS?

First, by just living a Christlike life. "He that believeth on me, out of him shall flow rivers of living water." If our blessed Savior dwells in our hearts by His Holy Spirit, He will put a word in our mouth to speak for Him; He will be revealed in our every act. Those with whom we come in contact will be blessed because of the peace and serenity that rules in our hearts. When we truly believe like Paul, that the gospel is the power of God, the greatest power in the world and the only power that can cure sin, we shall, like him, be eager to carry it to all people by whatever means available, and not to the unsaved only, for Paul tells the Romans that he wished to visit them to impart some spiritual gift to them to the end they might be established. The marginal reference to Romans 15:29 would lead us to think that Paul was eager to teach these Christians of the deeper experience of holiness.

Second, through prayer. Paul's recorded prayers are seldom about himself, but in every epistle he tells those to whom he writes that he is praying for them always—without ceasing. Do we have a prayer list of folks who have been won to Christ or even helped by us, for whom we pray daily? How God works in answer to prayer is a mystery that logic has failed to solve, but that He does so work is gloriously true. Dr. Newell, in his book on Revelation, says that some day we shall find that every soul saved, every thwarting of Satan, every victory for God and even the final taking over of the kingdom by our Lord has been brought about by the prayers of the saints. How faithful we should be in bringing the unsaved of our homes, our church and our various mission fields before the throne of God and thus give the Holy Spirit a chance to intercede for them!

Third, through service for Jesus' sake. Paul said, "As much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel." We are not all called to preach, but we are called to serve, and, like Paul, we should say, "As much as in me is, I am ready." Your group of young people will think of many many in think of ple will think of many ways in which we can render service for Christ's sake. For example, faithfully taking our place in the choir without being asked; ready to do our bit in the Y.P.E.; calling on the sick with tracts and a message of cheer; giving to missions. Young people do not have a great deal to give as a rule, but if we love enough we will find a way to give.

### THE RESULT OF SHARING OUR BLESSINGS

Verse 12, there is mutual blessing in the fellowship of the saints. Verse 13, sharing our religious experience or our substance (Phil. 4:17) means fruits abounding to our account. As we give ourselves to God in service to humanity, He gives Himself to us in greater measure. One writer expresses it thus, "When the earth lies

bare and brown under the summers parching heat, a line of verdure marks the river's course; and the plain that opened her bosom to bear the mountain's treasure to the sea, is clothed with freshness and beauty—a witness to the recompense that God's grace imparts to all who give themselves as a channel for its outflow to the world.

### THE EDITOR'S MESSAGE

(Continued from page 2)

was sent to a hospital for a few days. As soon as he was able to work, employment was secured for him. He has gone on hopefully and well ever since—a man saved to himself and to God through a Christian physician who, in the midst of a busy life, found time to be kind.

A Brooklyn clergyman had conducted a vesper service in one of the hospitals of his native city on a certain Sunday. He was afterward taken through the wards by the founder, that he might speak a word to some of the sufferers. By each bed he noticed a flower which attracted his attention. His friend said: "Do you see that little flower? Well, it is our custom here to have a flower by each bed when the patient is placed in it. Patients receive flowers from their friends, of course, but we do not want a single patient to wait even one day for a bit of bloom and cheer." Then he added, "And this is what we call the 'one touch more."

What about a trained evangelistic class with a vision, in your church, who could go into hospitals and carry sunshine? When the patients are well, they will find the church to which you belong and you'll have a chance

to win them for Christ.

The spirit of kindness makes a deep and lasting impression. One of the kindest of men was Doctor J. R. Miller -preacher, editor, friend. Strangers in Philadelphia, we are told, would often ask how such a plain, unassuming man could have the influence Dr. Miller had in that great city. Once a visitor heard him preach on a Sunday evening to an audience that filled the building, yet it was with difficulty that he could be heard in the back of the room. "How does he do it? Where is the man's power?" asked a visitor. A person standing near said: "O sir, if you were in trouble, and Dr. Miller called on you or wrote to you, you would never ask that question again.

T. DeWitt Talmage said, "I do not want to leave this world until I have taken vengeance upon every man that ever did me a wrong, by doing him a kindness. In most of such cases, I have already succeeded, but there are a few melignants whom I am yet pursuing, and I shall not be content until I have in some wise helped them or benefited them or blessed them. Let us pray for this spirit of kindness. It will settle a thousand questions. It will change the phase of everything. It will mellow through and through our entire nature. It will transform a lifetime. It is not a feeling worked

up for occasions, but perennial.

That is the reason I like petunias better than morning-glories. They look very much alike, and if I should put in your hand a petunia and a morning-gloria you could hardly tell which is the petunia and which the morning-glory; but the morning-glory blooms only a few hours and then shuts up for the day, while the petunia is in as widespread a glow at twelve o'clock at noon and six o'clock in the evening as at sunrise. And this grace of kindness is not spasmodic, is not intermittent, is not for a little while, but it radiates the whole nature all through and clear on till the sunset of our earthly existence.



Caunt all aur blessings? We can't da it,
Thaugh we've tried it a'er and a'er;
Delving in the halls af memary
Always we ore finding more.
Often tho' we think we've ramsacked
Every noak and corner there;
We can never pause a moment
Till they're crowding everywhere.
Sa we just keep saying, "Hawdy,"
As they shaw their smiling face;
And canclude we ne'er can fathom
Half the wanders of Gad's grace.

### LETTER PAGE

(Continued from page 9)

CONTRACTOR CONTRACTOR

Christ. Jesus is really needed here. It is only Jesus who can help these people. Please pray for me, too, that I may be able to abandon earthly pleasures and build my foundation upon Christ. To receive strength and courage to lead others to Christ is my greatest need.—Manalita Co., 1023 Vergara St., Quiapo, Manila.

NOTE: Dear Friends:

We are so glad to enroll you on our subscription list. May God bless you in your labors for Him. We are praying that God will make the Lighted Pathway a blessing to you.—Ed.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have just finished reading the Lighted Pathway and want to let you know what a great blessing it has been to me. I sit down every month

when it comes and feast upon its precious soul food. Very often when I read it the tears of joy start rolling down my cheeks. It is joy to know that Jesus is my Savior, and then I shed tears of sadness because I haven't done more for Him. I treasure the Lighted Pathway next to my Bible. Thank God for His Word.

I have been in the Army now for fifteen months and I am going home in a few days. I know it is an answer to prayer, that I am getting out of the Army. I need your prayers. I have a wife and daughter at home. My wife needs salvation and I have brothers, sisters, and friends who are unsaved. No doubt they will be watching my life. I want to live each day in such a way that they can see Jesus through me. I want to live so they can see a change in my life. Pray that I will receive the Holy Ghost and that power from on high.

Your work in the Lighted Pathway has been a great blessing to me and my prayer is for your success.—Pfc. Melvin Gary, A.S.N. 44064553, Hq. & Hq. Co. ASF-PRD, Fort Jackson, S. C.

September Prize Winner

Margaret Varner, Baltimore, Md., is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5 for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.

September Honor Roll

L. W. McIntyre, Charleston, S. C. Edwin M. Mortenson, Columbia, S. C. Mabel Garrett, Ninety Six, S. C. J. E. Williamson, Shannon, Ga. Leonard Price, Kannapolis, N. C. W. H. Pendergrass, Lindale, Ga.

### Lighted Pathways for Men in Service, Etc.

Amount sent from each state to the Publicity Fund and to the fund for sending Lighted Pathways to men in Service for July and August.

South Dakota \$90.00 Missouri 11.70 Illinois 5.50 California 3.80 Michigan 2.00 West Virginia 1.25 Delaware 1.00 Georgia 1.00 Texas 1.00

TOTAL \$117.25 NOTE: Papers are still being mailed to hospitals and camps where soldiers are stationed. The above list is for two months, and since that time we have received only \$2. Please help us in getting papers in our army camps and hospitals.

The Morning Prayer

Now, before we work today, We must not forget to pray To God who kept us through the night, And woke us with the morning light.

Help us, Lord, to love Thee more Than we ever loved before.
In our work and in our play,
Be Thou with us through the day.
—Sel.

### **An Inspirational Trip**

Ralph Williams and I accompanied Brother J. H. Walker to the National Sunday School Convention, held at the famed Moody Memorial Church in Chicago, the Nation's "Windy City." It was an inspirational trip; not because af a cruise on Lake Michigan, which bathed the Chicago beach with its inviting blue waters, nor a trip to the Planetarium, or Museum, far we did not make any such trips. We did not have time to "see the sights" of this mighty metropolis of the Midwest, but our three days were packed with a busy routine of lectures and classes, extending each day from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m.

Nevertheless, the stay was the most inspirational and profitable of my entire life, l believe, because we were with inspira-tional people who gave out inspirational ideas to be used in the promation and direction of Sunday Schools with their multiplied problems and responsibilities. These people breathed in and breathed out the inspiration of God, and our fellowship with them

was sweet indeed.

day School Association.

By way of explanation, let us tell you what the National Sunday School Convention was. You know that for some time we have been writing our own lessons, from the ground up. Many other Pentecostal movements, as well as other evangelical groups, have also been doing this because of dissatisfaction with the present International Uniform Lessons. Yet, we who have been doing so, felt the need of a uniform, harmonious study of God's Word, interpreted by the individual movement as it believes it. In response to this need, a call was issued by the National Association of Evangelicals, in May, 1945, for a National Sun-

The response was startling, and soon the National Committee was working on a series of outlines on a five-year cycle of lessons. Then came the meeting which we have just described to you, in which a proposed constitution and by-laws, which were read by Dr. J. P. McCallie, of Chattanoaga, Tennessee, was unanimously adopted by the delegates, and in truth the National Sunday School Association became a reality. next morning, the proposed lesson outlines for the year 1948, which begins the first five-year cycle, was read, discussed, and accepted. Every delegate was given free right to discuss, question, or suggest alteration of any phase of the lesson outlines, texts, or arrangements; and, believe me, the right was accepted. Many things were discussed, and we believe a ground of complete understanding, sympathy, and good will was reached. No one was ignored, and the conferences were ably handled in a democratic way. I believe the Church of God will be more than pleased when we enter these lessons, beginning in January, 1948. Until that time, we shall endeavor to give you, to the best of our ability, carefully selected lessons which are historically and theologically true to the Bible, and as free from criticism as possible.

While not in business conferences or attending lectures, we were constantly in classes. There were classes conducted by the best authorities for all departments, as well as visual education and vacation Bible School topics. Brother Walker attended one class, Ralph another, and I another. We gareed to take notes on everything of impartance, and from the size of our natebooks, I believe this was carried out.

Taken at random from my noteboak are these little thoughts left by the teacher of juniar class teachers, in my study with her.

"The most important thing in the Junior

Department is the junior pupil.'

There are two things that a juniar class teacher must remember: never encourage a junior to wiggle. He needs no encouragement; but, on the other hand, it is surprising how much he can wiggle and still be listening to you."

'The junior is a hero worshiper. He admires the man who excels. It is strange that Christian parents will give him money with which to buy superman cartoons, cultivating his admiration for fabulous characters, and nealect to take a few minutes daily in which to point him to Christ, the Hero of heraes.

"Never address juniors as 'children.' Address them as 'boys and girls.' They like to feel that they are already above the children class, and are rapidly developing

into young men and women."

The other classes we visited were equally as interesting and beneficial. Perhaps, with your cooperation, we shall be able to put some af the helpful things obtained there in mation this year. We will tell you more about some of these good helps obtained at a later date.

In closing, let me say that the Church of God is one of the pioneers of the Nation-Sunday School Association, and we should be proud of the part we have played in presenting to the fundamental Protestant churches of America the new Uniform Lessons of the National Sunday School Association, of which Rev. J. H. Walker is a member of the Baard of Directors.—C. M. T.

### Y.P.E. Rules for Awarding National Banner

(Continued from page 12) crease in distribution of the Lighted Pathway.

(b) Largest total distribution of the Lighted Pathway. NOTE: Back issues not counted in contest.

8. Greatest percentage of increase

in Y.P.E. offerings.

9. Total free-will offerings received during National Education Week, as outlined by the General Assembly for the assistance of worthy ministerial students and administration of our Bible Schools and Colleges. (This offering shall be sent to the General Secretary and Treasurer not later than thirty days after National Educational Week.)

10. Greatest percentage of churches observing Youth Evangelism Week as outlined by the National Youth Pro-

gram Committee.

### Sunday School Rules for Awarding National Banner

1. Greatest percentage of increase in total attendance.

2. Greatest percentage of new Sunday Schools organized.

3. Greatest percentage of churches maintaining a home department.

4. Greatest percentage of increase in

Sunday School offerings.

5. Greatest percentage of teachers attending Sunday School according to number of classes.

6. Greatest percentage of teachers having teachers' meeting at least twice

a month.

7. Greatest percentage of increase in total orphanage offerings raised, including orphanage march and money-value of coupons.

8. Greatest percentage of teachers

using teachers' quarterlies.

9. Greatest percentage of churches having a daily vacation Bible school. 10. Greatest percentage of teachers taking or having taken a teacher-

training course.

### DOORS—CLOSED AND OPEN

(Continued from page 10)

to use this knowledge, but it will not hurt me to get it.'

"And I'll tell you, Mr. Marsden, that Phil has been a much better patient since he began to study," since he began to study," put in his mother, as she came into the room.

"He does very little fretting now."
"Well," said Philip, "I tried to learn
Saint Paul's lesson 'In whatsoever state I am therewith to be content.' I decided I could be much more contented if my brain was occupied. There is no time now for fretting."

"A mighty fine lesson to learn," agreed Marsden. "I'll come again next week, if that will suit you. If you get stuck before that, send word by Thad. I can spare a half hour almost anytime."

"That is what I call splendid," said Mrs. Proctor as the teacher left. "From the way he looked when you quoted Paul, though, I doubt if he is a Christian."

"Perhaps not," said Philip. "A good many men lose sight of the Lord when they are studying books. I guess one needs to look up occasionally, and most students look down. They have to, if they see the printed pages.

In the months that followed, Philip occasionally referred to his religious beliefs. He did not harp on the sub-

ject, neither did he avoid it.
One day Marsden said, "Proctor, I

can't make you out. You're not a mollycoddle. Your brain is plenty keen, but how can you believe in the when you are lying here flat on your back?"

Philip looked up. "That's an easy one. I'm lying here as the result of an accident. Of course, a miracle might have prevented an injury, but the Lord did not choose to perform it. Protection does not always mean saving us from the consequences of blundering—either our own or that of someone else. You know that if a student makes a mistake in solving a problem he gets the wrong answer."
"Yes, that's true, of course," assent-

ed Marsden.

"And no matter how much interest you have in him and in his success, if his problem is wrong, why-it is wrong. The method may be correct, even, but a mistake in a process gives a wrong solution. Are you to blame?"
"Certainly not," declared the teach-

er.
"Then why should I blame my heavenly Father for the violation of His natural laws? On the contrary, I feel only thanksgiving in my heart that my head was not injured. The legs may mend in time. The doctors are hopeful. But you are helping me with a mathematical training that I never could have had otherwise. So long as I could walk, I should never have taken time for study.'

"Do you really mean that you can be thankful?" asked Donald incredul-

"I surely am," said Philip stoutly.
"My Lord does not promise an easy way, nor freedom from danger. But we do have the promise that He will take the diverse things and make them 'work together' for our good, if we love Him. When I was injured He did spare my head. Then He had you here in the high school ready to give me the help I needed in study. I am confident that when I learn enough I can take a better position than I had before. One door was closed when I landed here, but another will open when I am ready to enter it."

Gradually the strength did return to Philip's lower limbs, and a happy day it was when once more he stood upon his feet. But two full years had passed since the accident. So well had he redeemed the time, however, that he had covered the principles of higher mathematics, and now he looked out upon the fields of construction from an entirely different angle. He now saw the reasons that were lying back of much that before had been only vague "orders." In itself, this

was exhilarating. He understood now that truly "knowledge is power."

One day, the president of the firm came to call. "I've heard all about your studying, Philip," he said, "and I want to assure you that as soon as you are well enough we have a place for you in the office. Marsden says you are fully qualified, and he ought

to know."

"Thank the Lord for closing some doors as well as opening others," said Philip.—The Sunday School Banner.

### BE YE THANKFUL

(Continued from page 3)

priceless associations! How I yearned for them! Those closets of dishes accumulating dust—yes, but covered, too, with the love of friends who had given many of them to me. No money from insurance companies could ever replace them. And I understood, at last, that there must be closets of surplus dishes and other surplus things, if home was to be

My schoolbooks, those books which I had threatened many times to consign to the rubbish pile—they were such a care. How hungry I felt for them today! Pictures, boxes of souvenirs, my

children's outgrown playthings. Was there no end to the things my fingers ached to handle and my eyes to feast upon—things gone in an instant and calling back to me, "too late now to

appreciate us, to love us"?
Oh, just to be able to spend the days again running off the old program! Monotonous? Perhaps, but precious, life-saving. I knew that now. Monotonous? Perhaps. But what of it? Housekeepers the only drudges? I had appeared to think so, but now I stood and watched the clerks in stores, the waiters in restaurants, the elevator men; I took note of the truck drivers, the mail carriers, the office forces-workers on all sides, who might easily be consumed with the deadening monotony of incessant toil—if they

But without the toil? Ah, that was worse. I understood now. "I make play out of everything." The words of a friend came back to me. Why not? No more frenzied rushing about, but a quiet enjoyment in tasks, a calm moderation in the doing of them. A real joy in my work. At last I knew how. I was sure of it. I was ready to meet life rightly when the new home should be ready.

Then—I awoke. Reality replaced my dream. The old house and the old things were still mine. But-a changed woman rose from her bed to meet the new days with humble gratitude for another chance.—Zion's

Herald.

### LIGHTED PATHWAY RATING

	PAIRWATKA	
State	Sold for August	Total
Alabama	Sold for August 2,159	35,100
Alaska	7	84
Arizona	165	2,788
Arkansas	506	9,345
California	689	12,069
Canada	282	3,620
Colorado	222	755
Connecticut		100
Delaware	122	1,458
Florida	3,253	36,116
Foreign	488	5,067
Georgia	5,983	64,949
Idaho	117	2,017
Illinois	1,546	22,247
Indiana	674	12,412
Iowa	167	2,433
Kansas	282	6,335
Kentucky	2,113	27,486
Louisiana	464	5,898
Maine	263	4,079
massacnusetts	57	591
Maryland	1,306	15,587
Michigan		11,828
Minnesota	80	991
Mississippi	796	12,052
Missouri	1,359	17,678
Montana	84	1,818
Nebraska	47	466
Nevada	4	80
New Hampshi	re 3	41
New Jersey	151	1,764
New Mexico	259	2,830
New York	62	1,238
New York North Carolina	a5,037	69,036
North Dakota Ohio	251	2,875
Ohio	<b>3,3</b> 52	37,923
Oklahoma	361	11,195
Oregon	195	1,928

Pennsylvania	807	10,20
Rhode Island	1	
South Carolina	7,600	104,05
South Dakota	266	2,87
Tennessee	3,282	57,818
Texas		31,88
Utah		20
Vermont	1	
Virginia	2,597	20,794
Washington	285	4,41
Washington, D. C.	88	1,220
West Virginia	1,906	22,35
Wisconsin	89	919
Wyoming		50
	52,693	700,888

### Lighted Pathway Rating for 1945 and 1946

Papers Not Paid for Are Deducted

			* Decrease)
	Sold for	Sold for	
China	1944-45	1945-4	
State	T1 700	0.0.105	year
Alabama	51,732	36,195	*15,537
Alaska	139	84	*55
Arizona	4,070	2,816	*1,254
Arkansas California	7,510	9,798	2,288
Camornia	17,746	12,541	*5,205
Canada	4,060	3,827	*233
Colorado Connecticut	813	855	42
Connecticut Delaware	251	100	* 151
Delaware	2,608	1,807	*801
Florida	38,259	26,030	*12,229
Foreign Georgia	7,592	4,244	*3,348
Georgia	.66,276	65,991	*285
Idaho	2,024	1,893	*131
Illinois	44,991	24,223	*20,768
Indiana Iowa Kansas	11,405	12,998	1,593
Iowa	2,949	2,401	*548
Kansas	7,599	6,063	*1,536
Kentucky Louisiana Maine	35,100	29,107	*5,993
Louisiana	- 7,290	6,008	*1,282
Maine	5,547	4,785	*762
Massachusetts	3 409	523	114
Maryland	16,173	15,822	*351
Michigan	.26,276	13,248	*13,028
Minnesota	1,043	971	*72
Mississippi	11,216	11,702 $17,230$	486
Minnesota Mississippi Missouri Montana	20,082	17,230	*2,852
Montana	1,021	2,154	1,133 *486
Nebraska Nevada	. 892	406	*486
Nevada	181	100	*81
New Hampsh	1re 42	41	*1
New Jersey	2,605	1,634	*971
New Mexico New York	3,314	2,964	*350
New York	2,216	1,358	*858
N. Carolina North Dakota	59,415	71,180	11,765
North Dakota	2,713	2,631	*32
Ohio	49,628	38,117	*11,511
Oklahoma Oregon	5,472	10,866	5,394
Oregon	2,293	1,748	*545
Pennsylvania	13,575	11,052	*2,523
Rhode Island	16 262	105 072	*15
S. Carolina 1	10,303	105,973	*10,390
South Dakota	3,230	2,901	*334
Tennessee	20,500	55,039	9,734
Texas		32,227	4,147 *12
Utah	. 32	20 9	*12
Vermont Virginia	20 521		*1,472
Weghington	5 744	19,049	*1,412
Washington Wash., D. C. W. Virginia	1 094	4,110	*1,634 *614
wash., D. C	29.066	1,220	*10.500
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Wisconsin Wyoming	712	987	275 *557
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**News From Our Bible Training** School and College

The School had its official opening September 9, 1946. Registration, with students being assigned the various departments, was the order of the day. As we looked into their faces, we saw an ambitious, eager-to-learn group of young people who are desirous of drinking at the fountain of knowledge and preparing themselves for their future career.

Where do they all come from? From Tennessee, Alabama, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Maine, Washington, Virginia, North Dakota, South Dakota, North Carolina, South Carolina, Nebraska, Georgia, Florida, Indiana, Louisiana, Mississippi, West Virginia Pennsylvania, Delaware, Wisconsin, Texas, Illinois, New Mexico, Kansas, New York, Washington, D. C., Cuba, Puerto

#### Alumni Association

Rico, Canada, and Guatemala.

President: E. L. Simmons, Sevierville, Tenn.

Vice President: E. M. Tapley, Sevierville, Tenn.

Secretary: Ralph E. Williams, Box 11, Cleveland, Tenn.

School Board: U. D. Tidwell, Chairman; C. J. Hindman, Houston R. Morehead, A. V. Beaube, J. H. Walker.

We are glad to welcome to our faculty this year the following new members: Rev E. M. Tapley, pastor of Meridian Street Church of God, Nashville, Tenn., for the past five years. He received his A. B. degree from Vanderbilt University and his M. A. de-gree at Peabody College. He now assumes the duties of Vice President and Dean of Bible Training School and College.

Joseph M. Wahlton was born in Sweden, where he studied music at the Royal Academy, graduating with the degree as organist and choirmaster. After coming to America, he served as organist and director of music in churches in New York and Chicago. While in Chicago, he studied voice with David Bispham, the great American bass-baritone. For two years, he held the position as principal of the School of Music, Upsala College, New York, teaching pipe organ, piano, voice. and conducting student choruses.

He is a member of the New York Song Leaders' Association, whose auspices he has made concert tours throughout America, as well as

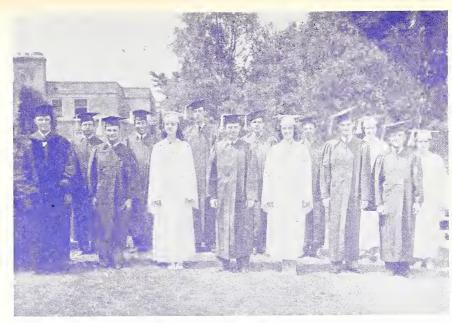
the European countries.

Mr. Wahlton comes to our school as piano and voice teacher, from Oregon, where he was director of music in two of the high schools there.

Cecil Bridges was born in Fannin County, Texas. At the age of twentyone, he entered Bible Training School in Cleveland, Tennessee.

After having served in various capacities in Kentucky and West Vir-ginia, where he was Youth Director for a period of one year, we find him back again in Bible School as manager of the cafeteria, and also as dean of men.

He was appointed pastor of the



Graduation class of Summer School, 1946

Sweetwater, Texas, Church of God in 1945 and on September first, 1946, we see him holding the office of Dean of Men at our school.

Robert H. Prichard was born in Logan, W. Va. He is a graduate from Burch High School, Delbarton, W. Va. He graduated from Booth's Business College with Bachelor's degree in accounting; a postgraduate and advanced Extention Credit from Morris Harvey College, Charleston, W. Va.; Th. B. degree from Berean Bible College, Elk City, Okla.

He was honored by being elevated to the office of bishop at this Assembly.

For twelve years at secular work, he held responsible positions as chief clerk, auditor, and purchasing agent with the largest coal companies in southern West Virginia in the heart of the Billion Dollar Coal Field.

His office is that of comptroller at the Bible Training School and College.

Edith Viola Nelson teaches American History, European History, Beginning Spanish, Education, and First Aid.

She holds a Bachelor of Science in Education degree and a Master of Arts degree from the University of Alabama. She is a member of Kappa Delta Pi, an honor society in Education. Her home is in Alexander City,

Vivian Estelle Becker, teacher of English and Algebra, attended and was graduated from the Northwest Bible and Music Academy. In 1945, '46, she attended and graduated from North Dakota Teachers' College with the B.S. degree in Education, with a major in mathematics.

Willie E. Goins, teacher of voice, theory, and sight singing, is a graduate of the Bible Training School, and after having studied in St. Ambrose College, Davenport, Iowa, as well as in the Hans Schroder School of Music, Knoxville, Tenn., he went to Augustana College, where he studied two years.

Charles E. Nutter, teacher of Spanish guitar and banjo, graduated from Bible Training School with certificate in the Christian Workers Department.

Clarence Heil, Bible teacher, was born in Colo, Iowa, graduated from the department of Religious Education of B.T.S. and College in the spring of 1945, with the total of eighty-five semester hours. He spent three years in pastoral work and one year as teacher of a special Church Bible course in Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. E. M. Tapley studied music at the George Peabody College and was a student of Mrs. Harry Pierce of the Music and Arts Studio in Nashville,

Mrs. W. M. Barrett, Commercial teacher, attended Mississippi Southern College for three years, and has also had three years' experience as teacher.

Willie T. Welch, teacher of Bible Synthesis and Old Testament, graduated from the Simpson County Agricultural High School in 1933. In 1936, he graduated from the department of Religious Education, Bible Training School and College.

He was employed in various types of work, including a position with the General Accounting Office in Washington, D. C. While holding this position, he attended evening classes at George Washington University in preparation for future service to God, the Church, and his fellow man.

Margaret Poulos, Dean of Women, was born in Sumter, S. C. She studied for a season at the Spencerian Business School, located in Charlotte, N. C. She has attended B.T.S. and College for two years.

The total school enrollment is 537.— Bible Training School and College reporter, Joseph M. Wahlton.

Words

### By Lon Woodrum

If I could make one wish and have that wish come true, I'm pretty certain that I know what I would do.
I wouldn't wish for wealth or fame—I'd wish instead For power to call back all the words I've ever said!
I'd sort them out and let the good ones go again;
And fix the bad ones just as if they'd never been!

I'd take each word whose note was cynical or sour
And blast it into nothingness with my new power!
Each word with cutting edge and point so sharp and fine,
That I had used to stab some fellow man of mine;
Each word that made some loved one wince or cringe with pain—
I'd take the whole, big, bitter lot and have them slain!

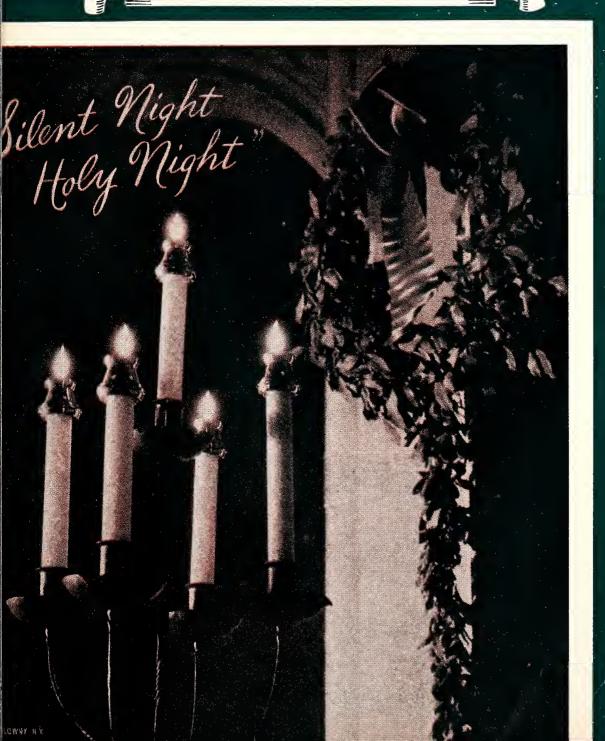
But every word that I had used in all my life—
On father, mother, neighbor, children, friend or wife—
That gave them cheer or hope or lifted them a bit;
Or gave them faith or courage when they needed it;
The word that lessened someone's load, or healed his stings—
I'd loose those words and pray for God to give them wings!

But since I cannot call them back, those words of mine, By any power I know of, earthly or divine, By God's good grace, one thing I still can do, I know: I'll fix unspoken words before I let them go! The bad ones will I crush before they come to birth; And I will send the good ones out to bless the earth!

# Lighted Pathway Dedicated to the church of god young peoples endeavor

Vol. 17 DECEMBER, 1946

No. 12



"Thy Word is d Light Unto My Path"

Psalm 119:105

## THE EDITOR'S CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

Dear Boys and Girls: Merry Christmas and God bless you. Henry Van Dyke has so beautifully expressed my thoughts for you this Christmas season in the following lines:



"I am thinking of you today, because today is Christmas, and I wish you happiness—and tomorrow, because it will be the day after Christmas. I shall still wish you happiness, and so on clear through the year. I may not be able to tell you about it every day—because I may be far away; or because both of us may be very busy; or perhaps because I cannot even afford to pay the postage on so many letters, or find the time to write them—but that makes no difference—the thought and wish will be here just the same. Whatever joy or success comes to you will make me glad. Without pretense and in plain words: Good will to you is what I mean by the spirit of Christmas."

Here we are sending out our Christmas issue of The Lighted Pathway for 1946. We are wishing you the very best Christmas you have ever had. We hope that it may be a time when there will be an exchange of lovely gifts—lovely because of the spirit in which they are given and received. That first Christmas, there was an exchange of gifts, which is the example we have been following all down through the years. Yes, the Golden Text of the Bible tells us about this gift: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life," John 3:16. It was on that first Christmas morning that this great sacrifice was made. The wise men tried in their weak way to bring gifts to show their gratitude for God's great gift to men. But we believe that Paul had caught the vision of what God wanted in exchange for this wonderful gift, when he said, "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service," Rom. 12:1. Recently we read a beautiful story, and we pass it on to you as it will convey to you the thought we want you to get from our message this month. That thought comes in the form of a question, "What does God need most as a gift at this Christmas season?"

A young man and a young woman had plighted their troth and were looking forward to a near wedding day, when the young man was suddenly called to Service. From the field of warfare, letters regularly came and went, and love shone brightly in all of them. Then letters from the young man abruptly ceased. A few weeks passed and then there came a letter in a strange handwriting. In it the young woman read, "There has been another battle. I have lost both my arms. I asked my comrade to write this for me, and to tell you that I release you from our troth, for now I will not be able to work and support you." Other things were in the letter which I have forgotten, likely words of continued affection, but the above words burned deeply into my money.

into my memory.

That letter was never answered. By the next train the

young woman journeyed southward. She left the train and

went directly to the hospital. Inquiring the location of the young man's cot, she quietly approached and suddenly flung herself down by the side of his cot with the passionate words, "I will never give you up. These hands will work for you. We will live our life of love together."

This incident has in it a living, throbbing message for the members of the Church of God, for Jesus went to war for us. One day there was a terrible battle, the battle of Calvary, and Jesus died. From that hour His hands were pierced, He could no longer touch the leper into health nor blind eyes into sight. His comrades, during His public ministry, wrote letters for Him. Those letters are saying to us, "There has been a battle. My hands have been pierced, and my feet. I cannot again walk the earth to do the kindly acts. If you love me just for my manhood, I release you."

What a wonderful sight it would be in these days of woeful need, of distress of souls on every side, to see the friends of Jesus, the lovers of the sacrificial Christ, take up and do the work which He laid down. How thrilling to hear them, as, falling at the foot of the cross, they passionately cry, "These hands shall work in place of your hands; these eyes shall search out the cases of need; this voice shall speak in your stead the words of power and magical healing." This is what Jesus should draw and command—instant response from all who love Him.

At this Christmas time, Jesus is not here in person to see that all the little children in your neighborhood have a happy time—this time, when all the world should be joyful and peace should flow like a river, for that first

(Continued on page 16)



### A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

"O Lord, there sit apart in lonely places
On this, the gladdest night of all the year,
Some stricken ones with sad and weary faces
To whom the thought of Christmas brings no
cheer:

For these, O Father, our petition hear And send the pitying Christ Child very near.

"And there be tempted souls this night still waging Such desperate warfare with all evil powers; Anthems of peace, while the dead strife is raging, Sound but a mockery through their midnight hours; For these, O Father, our petition hear And send thy tempted, sinless Christ Child very near.

"Lord, some sit by lonely hearthstones, sobbing, Who feel this night all earthly love denied, Who hear but dirges in the loud bells' throbbing For loved ones lost who blessed last Christmas tide; For these, O Father, our petition hear And send the loving Christ Child near."—Sel.



# If I Had Not Come

By S. G. ENGLE

In my morning meditations upon the approach of Christmas, and answering my mail, which had become



somewhat confused, by my absence from home, an old friend rang the door bell. After pleasant exchanges, which filled both our hearts, I sug-gested that he be seated, while I read to him the following. which caused us both to weep, in appreciation that we were living in a world, in which Christ had come.

The time of the birth of Christ was drawing near.

and many things reminded me that Christmas was at our door. There were sprigs of holly and mistletoe upon my shelf. There were cards from friends upon my desk; I heard the faint sound of Christmas bells and other music playing, not in the best harmony, that grand old Christmas bymn:

"Oh come all ye faithful."
Everything spoke of Christmas, filling my thoughts of Bethlehem, of the Child, the wonderful love and grace of God.

My New Testament was in my hand. I had opened it at random, and the chapter that met my gaze was the 15th of the beloved apostle. It was Jamitar. I could repeat it. But there is always new truth and light breaking forth. I discovered something new that night, I never noticed before. I read quietly until I came to this little phrase, "If I had not come."

I had never contemplated that before, what a terrible, awful "if." "If I had not come." I could read no farther. That "if" gripped me, it held me, I could not escape from it. Sitting before a blazing fire, I shivered and turned cold, as I thought of that "if."

"If Christ had not come"—what? My New Testament dropped from my lap, and I began to dream of a Christless world—a world in which Bethlehem had no place, a world which never heard the angel's message, a world which never saw the star, a world with no magic, a world into which the Child Jesus had not come.

And this is what I saw in my dream. The first thing I noticed about a Christless world, there was no Christmas. Christmas is always a glad season. Everyone welcomes it. It brings the children together, under the dear old family roof. The sons and daughters out in the cold world, it restores them for a season to father, mother, and home. It is welcome to the little ones, it speaks so much of toys, and good things. It is welcome to the hard-pressed man of business; for him it exchanges grinding toils for family and social joys. It is welcome to the poor and friendless; it brings to their sad hearts, glad proof that they are not entirely forgotten or unloved. Christmas is the gladdest, merriest, and brightest season of the whole year.

But in a Christless world there is no Christmas. The 25th of December is no different from any other dreary

day in a Christless world.

I walked into the street, and noticed that business was carried on as usual. The shops were open, the factory chimneys were pouring out their black smoke. I heard the whirr of machinery, and the usual noise of labor. I saw business men, hurrying, careworn, and troubled; I listened for the usual Christmas greeting, but I heard none. I listened for the chimes, but they were silent. No Christmas peal broke the air's silence. I marveled to see folks so careworn, so busy, so joyless, on this day, then I remembered I was in a world into which "He had not come," and in a Christless world, there is no Christmas. I walked into a home, and I saw no signs of the usual rejoicing and gladness. I peeped into the rooms where the little folks slept. I saw no little stockings hung around, expecting them to be filled with good things. I looked into the sitting room, and saw no presents, I looked into the breakfast room, and all I saw was the father hastily breakfasting in order to be at work on time. No one was waiting for the mail or postman, for he would have no presents, no remembrances. I wondered—no presents, no cards, no family gathering, no greeting, no holly, no cedars, no mistletoe! Then in my sadness, I again remembered that I was in a Christless world, and in a Christless world there is no Christmas.

I wandered into the homes of the poor and unfortunate, into courts and alleys. I expected to see smiling faces, for this is the day when they are made glad by the generosity of those who are more fortunate. But I was smitten with sore disappointment. I saw no presents, only joyless parents and children, no baskets of provision, no orders delivered by the near-by grocer. I saw no signs where the rich were making happy the poor. The fare on the table was scanty, the little stove was poorly filled with coal.

I said, "Where are the little gra-

I said, "Where are the little gracious gifts that gladden the home of the poor, as well as the rich?" Then I again remembered that I was in a world into which He had not come, and a Christless world has no Christ-

mas.

Sick at heart, I dreamed I turned homeward. I came to a sudden stop, for on one side of the street I noticed a gap in a row of buildings. I was bewildered and tried to think. Surely there a church used to stand. But it is there no longer. I went to the church where I used to worship. That too had disappeared. On yonder hilltop was a church, and that is also bare. All church steeples were gone, all bells silent, I held my breath, and could not understand, when, in my stupor, I remembered I was in a world into which Christ had not come.

I saw the prison with its hideous walls, but its dispensary was gone. Hospitals had vanished. The home for the aged had gone from the hill. The

(Continued on page 17)



### SUPPOSE!

Suppose that Christ had not been born That far-away Judean marn. Suppose that Gad, whose mighty hand Created warlds, had never planned A way far man to be redeemed. Suppose the wise men only dreamed That guiding star whose light still glaws Dawn through the centuries. Suppose Christ never walked here in men's sight, Our blessed Way, in Truth, in Light. Suppose He'd counted all the cast, And never cared that we were last, And never died far yau and me, Nor shed His blaad an Calvary Upan a shameful crass. Suppase That having died He never rase, And there was nane with power to save Our sauls fram darkness and the grave! As far as piteaus heathen knaw, The things that I've supposed are so! -Martha Snell Nicholson.



# Children's Page



# ur Best W

We hope you'll have a real good time. We hope good cheer has found you: We hope the things you've wanted soon Will be piled up around you. Somehow we wouldn't like the day, The spirit would seem mocking, If anywhere on earth a child Should find an empty stocking,

### DICKEY'S CHRISTMAS

"Nancy was such a dear little sister," mused Dickey as he poured the milk over her cereal for breakfast. She never murmured nor complained, but always seemed happy and cheerful. Many times he could not give her the things she really needed, but he did the best he could, and she understood. He had promised Mother that he would always care for her, and he meant to keep that promise as long as he lived.

It had been nearly a year now since the angels had taken their mother to heaven. Jesus had called her, and she had to go. She had said to Dickey,

"It will be so nice there. I won't suffer like I do now, and it will be warm there, and there will always be enough to eat—and—and," but her voice had lowered so that Dickey could not understand what she was saving. He put a few more lumps of coal on the fire and took the thin cover from his bed and spread it over her. He'd done without supper, so Mother could have his glass of milk, and then the tears flowed down his cheeks as he wondered what they would do when Mother was gone.

Then one morning not long after that, she called him to her bed and he knelt down while she whispered to him, "I think maybe it will be today that the angels will come for me, "I think maybe it will be today Dickey. It's going to be hard for both of us, but remember, you promised to be brave. Little sister needs you, and some day He is going to make things all right for you, and when you have done your very best, you know how to do-just leave the rest to Jesus, and He'll make it right.'

Not that day, but in the lonely hours of the night, the angels had come, and Dickey sobbed, "Oh, Mother,

Mother, couldn't you have taken little sister and me with you? What will we do, Mother? What will we do?'

Kind neighbors had come and ministered to the little family, and said to one another, "We would do anything for these children, but the drunken beast of a father deserves nothing good. Why should it not have been him to go? This world would be better off with the likes of him out of

And now, for almost a year, Dickey had been doing the best he could, and Jesus was helping him.

"Get your coat and cap on, Nancy, while I finish the dishes. It is almost time to go," and Dickey brushed the last crumb from the table and set their plates in order for the evening meal.

"I wish I didn't have to go to the nursery, Dickey. I'd rather go to school with you."

"Just one more year and you can. So be a good girl now, and when I come after you this evening, we will go and look at the Christmas toys in the store windows.'

"Oh, Dickey," and little Nancy's face fairly beamed, "do you think I'll get a doll for Christmas? I'd love to have the one we saw in the window. I have been asking Jesus every night to give me a doll like that. Do you think He will?"

"Nancy, you're such a good girl I am sure you will get a doll, and it might be that very one." Then to hide the tears, Dickey hugged her close to his heart. A few weeks ago he had gone in and asked the price of the doll Nancy liked, and he had been trying hard to save enough money to get it for her, but he didn't have near enough money, and Christmas was only two weeks away, and he, too, had been praying for Jesus to help him. He wasn't asking for anything for himself. If he could make Nancy happy on Christmas morning—that was all he cared about. He wished he could make Father understand about Christmas, and how much it meant for a little girl to have a doll to love, but he seldom had a chance to talk to him, for he spent so much of his time away from home. But you couldn't fail if you asked Jesus to help you, so Mother had told him. Maybe he could earn something cleaning off sidewalks. He would do his best and leave the rest to Jesus, as Mother had taught him.

Christmas—and Dickey, cold and hungry, stood on the corner selling his papers. It was late and Nancy would be wondering about him, but he just had to sell these last ones, for then with the money he had in his pocket, there would be enough to buy Nancy's doll. He remembered how her eyes had shone that morning as she said, "Tonight, Dickey, I'll get my doll, won't I?"

"Paper! Evening paper—buy a paper right here, mister—only two more left," called Dickey over and over again, while in his heart he was saying, "Thank you, Jesus, thank you!"

Just then around the corner came

a group of boys—not good boys like Dickey, but rough and rowdy boys. Dickey had met them before, and they had not been kind to him. He wished they had not chosen this time to come on his corner, for just in a little while he would have been gone. He kept his back toward them and hoped they would not notice him.

"Paper! Evening paper!" and Dickey's voice trembled, for he heard the boys right behind him. Then quickly, without any warning, the boys ran into him, knocking him down, and out of his pocket went rolling

all his nickels and dimes.

"Finders, keepers," cried the boys, and before Dickey could get up, they grabbed his money and were running down the street. He knew it was no use to run after them or to tell them what the money was for—they would only laugh at him. Poor Dickey boy! But let us wait and see what Jesus has done for him:

Tucking the two papers he had left under his arm, he wiped the tears away, and started home. Nancy would understand when he told her, and he knew that Jesus and his mother would know that he had done his

best.

(Continued on page 17)

#### THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

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# HAPPY HOME (IRCLE



Dear Happy Home Circle Members:

I must tell you the good news. Recently we had a very happy visit at Brother A. M. Phillips' church on Hemphill Avenue, Atlanta, Georgia. On Friday night, we had the privilege of speaking to the Y. P. E. on the study of Personal Evangelism in their Y. P. E. We found that they had already met and outlined a study program and were very enthusiastic about the prospects of this new work among the young people.

On Saturday night, we were to meet the mothers to talk to them about the organization of a "Happy Home Circle." Friday night at Y. P. E., several of the fathers asked if they might come to our meeting. We gave our consent and a goodly number of the fathers came—and did you ask, "Were they interested?" I can really say, "Yes, very much." As we opened the meeting for open discussion, they were very free to help with their suggestions. At the close of the service, Brother Phillips organized a Happy Home Circle study group.

Other churches of Atlanta had representatives at this meeting and they too, expect to organize in the near future. I believe God set His approval on this work by the interest these good people showed at this meeting. Young single women and married couples without children showed their interest as much as those who had children. We are depending on this group to show us what can be done. It will take prayer and cooperation to make a success of this work. It will also take determination. A real vision of the need will bring all of these essentials.

We hope to hear of many other organizations like this during the coming year. I would like to hear from every Happy Home Circle member. Let us start all over this new year.—ED.

Would you like to be wise? The Bible says, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." It also says that, "The fear of the Lord is to hate evil."

### CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS MARY CROSS

Christmas! There was no end to the conflicting e motions and thoughts the single word aroused in the mothers' discussion group assembled in the Sunday School rooms the first Tuesday in December. Darkcircled eyes of store and post office employees. Santa Clauses in every toy department. too much of everything—toys, turkey, plum pudding, candy, parties, excitement... carol singers beneath the window and the glad ringing of bells... a last mad rush for presents for forgotten friends... after-Christmas bills that it took three months to pay... jostling elbows and crowded streets... and, at the very last, someone mentioned the Christ Child.

Then the mothers saw the incongruity of it all. It is His birthday we celebrate, but He has been crowded out of His rightful place by Santa Claus and Christmas presents. The real meaning of the day is forgotten

### 

WHEN MARY SMILED Isabel Chalfant Allam

When I was little, child, like you And did the same things you now do, I used to feel, on Christmas Day, That it was strange, though sweet, the way

My parents shared my shining joy In every precious, prayed-for toy. I thought, "How they must envy me My presents!" and I failed to see Why they should seem to be so glad—I could not guess the wealth they had.

But you, child, make it clear to me: Your treasures on a magic tree, Reflected in the swift surprise Flashed from your wide, delighted eves.

Can never yield the happiness Your parents in this hour possess. We know the rapture and the awe Those shepherds and those wise men saw,

That holy night, when Mary smiled—
The supreme gift, still, is a child!
—Mother's Golden Now

### MATERIAL FOR STUDY

Book, "Opening the Door for God," by Herman Sweet. Price \$1. Order from The Westminister Press, Philadelphia, Pa. This is one of the best books I have found to use in introducing children to God.

Write to Children's Bureau, United States Department of Labor, Washington, D. C., for free literature on child training. Mention especially the booklets on "Are You Training Your Child To Be Happy"—a very excellent study.

in the excitement and confusion that lasts anywhere from a month to six weeks in the majority of homes.

We faced the problem frankly. What can we do to make our Christmas festivities more Christian? "My children will be miserable if they do not have a bigger tree and get more presents than their playmates," one mother wailed. Such was the first reaction of a few of the assembled mothers.

The majority, however, were sure that the practice of gift-giving was carried entirely too far by their friends and themselves. It imposed too heavy a burden on the family pocketbook, and it was illogical to give presents to acquaintances who already had too many things. They also agreed that the emphasis needs to be placed on giving rather than getting.

Someone suggested that we relegate the exchange of presents to the place of minor importance, which it deserves in the celebration of Christ-mas. Another hastened to remark that it has its values as well as its shortcomings, while another suggested that we take advantage of the gift season to remember those who serve us— the postman, the milkman, and the delivery boy. We discovered that most of the mothers were cooperating with the Sunday School in the children's Christmas party, to which gifts were taken for children less fortu-nate. All the mothers agreed that gifts should be simple and useful, and that Christmas was a good time to encourage the children to show love and appreciation for others by little acts of kindness as well as by gifts.

"Is it all right to have a Christmas tree for the children?" one mother inquired. By all means have a Christmas tree. Let the children help to choose the tree, select the trimmings, and aid in the decoration. Even the smallest child gets a thrill out of selecting the bright-colored trinkets and climbing the stepladder to hang them on the highest branches. Make trimming the tree an occasion for fellowship in the home. When it is finished gather around and read Luke's account of the Baby Jesus, or, with Mother at the piano, sing some of the well-loved Christmas hymns such as "Away in a Manger," "Silent Night," or "Christ Was Once a Little Baby."

A number of the mothers expressed a desire to build a creehe this year. It was agreed that things the children see make a stronger impression than things they hear. One of the group described a set of the figures for the manger scene that came from the American colony at Jerusalem. Many were surprised to learn that reproductions of the little figures may be bought at our local five-and-ten store. The store also carries a cutout book in which the figures are accurately drawn.

The representation of the Nativity scene will give the tone to the entire Christmas celebration, and the creche should be set up where the

(Continued on page 16)

### HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED AND TRIED

### OUR DISAPPOINTMENTS ARE GOD'S APPOINTMENTS

In Sherman's campaign it became necessary in his opinion to change commanders. O. O. Howard was pro-moted to lead a division which had been under the command of another general. Howard went through the campaign at the head of the division, and on to Washington to take part in the Review. The night before the veterans were to march down Pennsylvania Avenue, General Sherman sent for General Howard and said to him, "Howard, the politicians and the friends of the man whom you suc-ceeded are bound that he shall ride at the head of his old corps, and I want you to help me out.

"But it is my command," said How-

ard, "and I am entitled to ride at its head."

"Of course you are," said Sherman. "You led them through Georgia and the Carolinas; but, Howard, you are a Christian."

"What do you mean?" re-

plied Howard.

"I mean that you can stand the disappointment. You are a Christian."
"Putting it on that ground

there is but one answer. Let him ride at the head of the

"Yes, let him have the hon-or," added Sherman, "but, Howard, you will report to me at nine o'clock tomorrow morning."

The next morning, Howard reported and was informed that he was to ride by the side of General Sherman at the head of the whole army. He protested, but in vain. Sherman added gently but authoritatively, "You are under my orders.

As a Christian, he had yielded to another that which was

by right his own, only to be given a more honorable place.

"Disappointments, His appointments— Change one letter then I see, That the thwarting of my purpose, Was God's better plan for me."

You are a Christian—that makes all the difference. How unbecoming for a Christian to contend for what they suppose to be their rights. A. B. Simpson said: "Our Lord's descent began at yonder throne, and His ascension takes Him back to a still higher throne. But it is still a throne of self-forgetting love, much more even than di-vine rights, and His own primeval glory. He was in the form of God and equal with God, and yet He counted it not a thing to be grasped or clung to. What a lesson for the spirit of selfseeking, the men and women that are standing for their place and dignity and interest.

"The Master leads the procession of humiliation. See the lowly Galilean walking among the fishermen apostles or riding on the foal of an ass. He made Himself of no reputation. The world values reputation; that is, the estimate which others have of us. It has been said that is one of the dearest forms of self-life and one of the hardest to let go. Christ gave it all up. This does not mean that He gave up that which lies back of reputation, character, purity and truth; but He gave up men's estimate of Him and chose the path which He knew they would misunderstand and misrepresent. He was content to wait for His reputation when the ages would know

His grace and love. He took upon Himself the form of a servant. Jesus was such a perfect Servant that His Father said: 'Behold, my servant \* \* in whom my soul delighteth.' 'The Son of man came \* \* to minister.' 'I am among you as he that serveth.' 'Knowing \* \* that he was once from God that he was once from God and went to God; he \* \* began to wash the disciples' feet."

If we keep in view our high calling and heavenly inheritance, we should think very little of the trifling annoyances of this life. Our Savior never lost sight of His exaltation. It was for the joy set before Him that He endured the cross, despising the shame. His life was not all humiliation and death. There was also a resurrection and an ascension. God hath highly exalted Him and given Him a name that is above every name. He died once; He lives forevermore. Thirty-three years He trod the path of humiliation; eter-

(Continued on page 18)



### WHO IS HE?

It was fram Bethlehem ta Calvary, In all the ways of life, He went for me. There was na sorrow that He did not feel, Nor any sickness that He did not heal. There was na burden that He did nat bear, And nane were left without His tender care. There was na hill taa steep far Him ta climb, That He might find and save the last an time; Na tears too scalding far His eyes to weep, In ceaseless searchings for His lang last sheep. There was na day too long far Him ta fast, Ta bring us bread in quantities ta last. Na trail taa lang ar rocky for His feet, And yet He was far all The Way Camplete; Na starm taa fierce far Him to brave and stand, Ta make an endless calm far all the land. No waters were too deep, ar wide, or cold, For Him to crass to make secure The Fold. His garden was Gethsemane; O night!

What darkness He endured to give us light! There was na gall taa bitter for His lips, Far us, nor was He spared the keenest whips. There was na crass whose weight He did nat beor, That He might lift the fallen fram despair; No death taa tartuaus for Him ta die, That He might give to others light on high. There was no sward taa sharp ta pierce His side— The Prince of Life, and, taa, The Crucified! There was no grave too deep ta lay Him in-The One who came to save the world from sin! The angels sang far jay when He was born; But when He died, the wicked hissed with scorn!

The resurrection glaw was not too bright; It was a gleam of heaven's morning light, Which pierced the lang and death-like night of gloom Ta light the warld through Jaseph's apen tamb!

-Selected.

HEOVER OF THE PRESENCE OF THE

# Did God Fail?

The following incident should encourage God's children to trust Him implicitly, even in the darkest hour. It should have a wide circulation.

I remember a day, one winter, that stands out like a boulder of my life. The weather was unusually cold, our salary had not been regularly paid, and it did not meet our needs when it was.

My husband was away much of the time, traveling from one district to another. Our boys were well, but my little Ruth was ailing, and at best none of us were decently clothed. I patched and repatched, with spirits sinking to the lowest ebb. The water gave out in the well, and the wind blew through cracks in the floor

The people in the parish were kind, and generous, too; but the settlement

was new, and each family was struggling for itself. Little by little, at the time I needed it most, my faith began to waver. Early in life I was taught to

take God at His Word, and I thought my lesson was well learned. I had lived upon the promises in dark times, until I knew, as David did, "who was my Fortress and Deliverer." Now a daily prayer for forgiveness was all that I could offer.

My husband's overcoat was hardly thick enough for October, and he was often obliged to ride miles to attend some meeting or funeral. Many times our break-fast was Indian cake (corn bread), and a cup of tea with-

out sugar.

Christmas was coming; children always expected their presents. I remember the ice was thick and smooth, and the boys each were craving a pair of skates. Ruth, in some unaccountable way, had taken a fancy that the dolls I had made were no longer suitable; she wanted a nice large one, and insisted on

praying for it. I knew it seemed impossible; but, oh, I wanted to give each child its present! It seemed as if God had deserted us, but I did not tell my husband all this. He worked so earnestly and heartily. I supposed him to be as hopeful as ever. I kept the sitting room cheerful with an open fire, and I tried to serve our scanty meals as invitingly as I could.

The morning before Christmas, James was called to see a sick man. I put up a piece of bread for his lunch it was the best I could do—wrapped my plaid shawl around his neck, and then tried to whisper a promise as I often had, but the words died away upon my lips. I let him go without it.

That was a dark, hopeless day. I coaxed the children to bed early, for I could not bear their talk. When Ruth went to bed, I listened to her prayer.

She asked for the last time most explicitly for her doll, and for skates for her brothers. Her bright face looked so lovely when she whispered to me, "You know I think they will be here early tomorrow morning, Mamma," that I thought I could move heaven and earth to save her from disappointment. I sat down alone, and gave way to the most bitter tears.

Before long, James returned, chilled and exhausted. He drew off his boots; the thin stockings slipped off with them, and his feet were red with cold. "I wouldn't treat a dog that way; let alone a faithful servant," I said. Then as I glanced up and saw the hard lines in his face and the look of despair, it flashed across me, James had let go, too.

I brought him a cup of tea, feeling



sick and dizzy at the very thought. He took my hand and we sat for an hour without a word. I wanted to die and meet God, and tell Him His promises weren't true; my soul was so full of rebellious despair.

There came a sound of bells, a quick step, and a loud knock at the door. James sprang up to open it. There stood Deacon White. "A box came by express just before dark. I brought it around as soon as I could get away. Reckon it might be for Christmas. 'At any rate,' I said, 'they shall have it tonight.' Here is a turkey my wife asked me to fetch along, and these other things I believe belong to you."

There was a basket of potatoes and a bag of flour. Talking all the time, he hurried in the box, and then, with a hearty good-night he rode away.

Still, without speaking, James found

a chisel and opened the box. He drew out first a thick red blanket, and we saw that beneath was full of clothing. It seemed at that moment as if Christ fastened upon me a look of reproach. James sat down and covered his face with his hands. "I can't touch them," he exclaimed; "I have not been true, just when God was trying me to see if I could hold out. Do you think I could not see how you were suffering? And I had no word of comfort to offer. I know now how to preach the awfulness of turning away from God.

"James," I said, clinging to him, "don't take it to heart like this; I am to blame, I ought to have helped you. We will ask Him together to forgive us." "Wait a moment, dear, I can't talk now," he said, then he went into another room. I knelt down, and my heart broke; in an instant all the darkness, all the stubbornness rolled away. Jesus came again and stood before me, but with the loving word 'Daughter!''

"Now, my dear wife," he said, "let us thank God together"; and he then poured out words of praise; Bible words, for nothing else could ex-

press our thanksgiving.

It was eleven o'clock, the fire was low, and there was the great box, and nothing touched, but the warm blanket we needed. We piled on some fresh logs, lighted two candles, and began to examine our treasures.

We drew out an overcoat; I made James try it on; just the right size, and I danced around him; for all my lightheartedness had returned. Then there was a cloak, and he insisted on seeing me in it. My spirits always infected him, and we both laughed like foolish children.

There was a warm suit of clothes, also, and three pairs of woolen hose. There was a dress for me, and yards of flannel, a pair of artic overshoes for each

It was a wonderful box, and packed with thoughtful care. There was a suit of clothes for each of the boys, and a little red gown for Ruth. There were mit-tens, scarfs, and hoods, and down in the center a box. We opened

it and there was a great wax doll. I burst into tears again; James wept with me for joy. It was too much; and then we both exclaimed again for close behind it came two pair of skates. There were books for us to read; some of them I had wished to see; stories for the children to read, aprons and underthings, knots of ribbon, a gay little tidy, a lovely photograph, needles, buttons and thread; actually a muff, and an envelope containing a ten-dollar gold piece.

At last we cried over everything we took up. It was past midnight and we were faint and exhausted even with happiness. I made a cup of tea, cut a fresh loaf of bread and James boiled some eggs. We drew up the table before the fire; how we enjoyed our supper! And then we sat talking over our

(Continued on page 18)



# Urrasured Gleanings

### The Wreckage of Wrath

"Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and railing, be put away from you, with all malice," Eph. 4:31, R. V.

People who own cottages or more pretentious houses at the seashore find it advisable to go down early in the spring to inspect their beach property, with a view to ascertaining what and how much damage may have been done to it by the fierce storms of winter. More than likely the own-er finds that extensive repairs are necessitated.

Might it not be an excellent idea for us to look over our moral and spiritual property to see whether it may not have been damaged, at least to some extent, by storms of wrath in

bygone days?

Most of us will find our souls to be in need of some repairs. Have we lost much or little in peace of mind, or strength of soul, or beauty of character through the tempest of anger to which we have given way? Have we suffered injury in our inner nature by permitting others to cause us to lose our temper? Have we al-lowed the hostility of enemies to kindle resentment in our own souls?

His Only Fear

John Chrysostom, the golden-mouthed preacher of Constantinople in the fourth century, was hated by the Emperor Arcadius and his wife Eudoxia because he reproved them for their sins. The story is told that the emperor, in a fit of anger, said, "I would I were avenged of this bishop."

Those who heard the emperor's remark began to suggest ways of punish-

ing Chrysostom:

"Banish him to the desert," said one. "Put him in prison," another proposed.

"Confiscate (or take away) his property," suggested a third. "You all make a great mistake,"

interrupted a man whom the bishop had reproved for his sins. "You cannot punish him in any of these wavs.

If you banish him to the desert, he will feel God as near him there as here. If you put him in prison and load him with chains, he will still pray for the poor and praise God in the prison. If you confiscate his prop-



erty, you merely take away his goods from the poor, not from him. If you condemn him to death, you only open heaven to him. Prince, do you want to be avenged on him? Force him to commit a sin. I know him: this man fears nothing in the world but sin."-Our Youth.

It Pays to Be a Gentleman

A prosperous-looking citizen, on a downtown corner in Boston, bought a newspaper from an alert little newsboy, who made change instantly, with-out speaking a word. But the man lingered: "How many papers do you sell here a night?"

"About fifty," said the newsie.
"What is your name?"

"Tim Manning."

"Listen, Tim," said the man, "when I was your age, I had this very corner for a stand. But I sold two hundred papers a night, and I did it by carefully saying, 'Thank you,' to every-one who bought a paper. I said it

loudly that they would be sure to hear

Three evenings later the man came by again, and bought another paper of the little chap on the corner.
"Thank you!" said Tim, not recog-

nizing him.

"How's business?" asked the man. Then Tim knew him. "I'm selling seventy-five papers every night, sir," he said. "I ain't going to forget that any more, neither," and he grinned all over his honest freckled face.

Tim had learned his first lesson of the value of courtesy to all.—Selected.

### On the Other End of a Sunbeam

"Is the big sun at the other end of this sunbeam, Father?" asked a little child who had been trying to catch a sunbeam. Her father assured her that it was.

"Then I have got hold of all the light and heat there is, haven't I?"

"Yes, my dear," replied her father. For a moment the child was silent and thoughtful, and then asked, "Is God on the other end just the same when I pray?'

"He surely is," replied her father.
"Then, when I pray, I have hold of all the power there is, haven't I?" she

mused.

Would that we might always have the keen insight of that little child! God is on the other end of the sunbeam. God is the source of all spiritual power even as the sun is of physical power. When we come to Him in prayer we have hold of all the power there is.

What a tremendous thought! it would transform our lives if we lived it!—By Alice C. Hoffman, in A

Call to Prayer.

### "As Silver Is Tried"

It is only the pure in heart, says the Union Gospel News, that can endure, unharmed, the tests and trials

that come to it in life.

A lady picked up a ring in the street, and took it to a jeweler to know if it were of any value. He decided that it was gold, but to make sure for her, said, "I will put it in acid, if real, there will be no change; if imitation, the acid will corrode and destroy it." The ring was dropped in, the lady watched anxiously, and received back her treasure, uninjured, only purer and brighter for the testing.

In this way our hearts are sometimes tested in this sinful world. Pure hearts will stand the test and come out bright and clear. We ought often to examine our hearts to see if they are the pure metal that can go through this world without being corrupted. A pure heart is an invaluable

jewel.

What seems to grow fairer to me as life goes by is the love and grace and tenderness of it; not its wit and cleverness and grandeur of knowledge grand as knowledge is—but just the laughter of little children, and the friendship of friends, and the cosy talk of the fireside, and the sight of flowers, and the sound of music.

# **Bible Training School and College**

### ★ Gleanings from "Campus Hi-Lites" . . .

Religious Education

In most of the public schools and institutions of higher learning, little attention is given to religious education. Often, that which is given is designed to impress the students with the idea that religion is synonymous with superstition and ignorance. That, however, is by no means true in Bible Training School and College. Here we have a Department of Religious Education which is pledged and de-voted to the task of training young men and women as soldiers of the cross—as propagators and defenders of the Christian faith.

Jesus spent little time teaching men how to make a living. He taught them how to LIVE. God be praised for an institution, the foundation principles of which are based upon a faith in the Creator and Sustainer of the universe, and in Jesus Christ as the Savior of

the souls of men.

The Department of Religious Education is a beehive of activity in which hundreds of young people are studying Bible, music, and languages, in preparation for Christian service in the homeland, in foreign countries, and in the islands of the seas. The influence of this school will be felt in many lands, and for many years; but, and more important, its influence will nott be limited to time and space; its influence is eternal. We are justly proud of a school that puts first things first.

### Social Committee Entertains Students

The students assembled in the cafeteria Saturday night, September 21, for a Backwards Party, sponsored by the Social Committee of the School.

The program began with Miss Wilma Lucas giving an accordion solo. Miss Mary Ellen Ringo gave a dramatiza-tion, "Mary Had a Little Lamb." A letter from Bobby Cato to Amalfi Simmons, expressing deepest devotion, was discovered and read by Mrs. Esther Holland.

"The Bear Story" was told by Mrs. Avis Swiger. Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis Hill sang, "When You and I Were Young Maggie" and "Love's Old Sweet Song." The program closed with the skit, "The

Mellerdrammer.'

**Faculty Concert is Presented** 

The members of the faculty presented a concert in the main auditorium on September 27. The program was as follows:

Liebstraum, Accordion Duet, Misses Blackwood and Lucas.

The Indian Love Call, vocal solo, Miss

Blackwood. The Bells, a musical reading, Mrs. Avis

Swiger.

Hymn to the Sun and Evening Star, clarinet solos, J. H. Staley.

He Comes to Me, vocal duet, Mr. and

Mrs. Wahlton. Allegro Vivace, piano solo, Mr. Wahl-

The Talking Picture, reading, Mrs. Leon Green.

My Prayer, duet, vocal, Miss Blackwood and Mr. Davis.

That Home in Nazareth, two-act play, Miss Coley.

The Holy City, vocal solo, Mr. Wahlton.

### High School

"Not Somehow-But Triumphantly!" What a fiery breath-taking challenge! These four words, rich in meaning, seemed to take life that dreary morning as they glared from the creamy wall. That was in the year 1944, and yet, they have become a necessary part of me. The simple brown plague flashes again before my eyes, and always I can see those simply carved words repeating, "Not Somehow—But Triumphantly!

Many of us have really forgotten that such life-stirring words exist in the English vocabulary. For instance: Last year our high school fell far below in its grades. Why? I would say it was because some of us were studying just anyway, haphazardly, somehow, but certainly not TRIUM-

PHANTLY.

Listen, fellow classmen, we must have a goal in life, a definite aim, a lofty ambition. Hitch your wagon to the stars. Dream dreams and lay

foundations under them!

Let's rally around B. T. S. this year. Come on, high school, do your part. May this motto engrave itself indelibly on your minds as it has on mine. May it fling its worthy challenge to you today. Will you accept this challenge? Throw all your talents brains and ideas into B. T. S. ents, brains, and ideas into B. T. S. Uphold it with your good ideals, and may I assure you that we shall go over the top—"Not Somehow—But TRIUMPHANTLY."

### My First Impression of B. T. S.

Homer Boatman, college freshman: "I have always wanted to be a student at B. T. S. and what first impressed me was the friendliness of every one.

James Marcum, high school senior, first year: "My first impression of B. T. S. was very favorable; in fact, I liked the place right off and I knew that I would be satisfied."

Amos Holcombe, college freshman: "I was greatly impressed. The teachers seemed so interested in the students.



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### BREWEROUS AND STREET

### An Important Question

Recently, a student came to us to assist him in preparing a debate on the question, "Should a Christian Hold a Political Office?" This became very interesting to me and I thought it would be interesting and beneficial to have some of our young people discuss this question through the Lighted Pathway. You must limit your answers to five hundred words. We will publish the two best answers to this question in a future issue of the paper. Come on, young people; this will be good training for you.—Editor.

### A CORRECTION

We desire to correct a mistake made in our last issue on B. T. S. and College Page. The officers of the Alumni Association are as follows:

Earl M. Tapley President C. M. Jenkerson Vice-President Ralph E. Williams

Executive Secretary Virginia Green Recording Secretary Robert Humbertson Treasurer
ALUMNI EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE Treasurer

E. M. Tapley, C. M. Jenkerson, Ralph E. Williams, Zeno C. Tharp, and Claude Phillips.

Bible Training School and College, second semester, opens January 20. Facilities will be available for thirtyfive boys, one hundred thirty girls, and seven families. Trailers for five G. I.'s will be available. Those interested should enroll at once E. L. Simmons, President, Bible Training School and College, Sevierville, Tenn.

### Correspondence Course

Write to Bible Training School for information about the Correspondence Course. If you cannot go to school because of home obligations, try studying at home. Tuition \$15 on terms-\$3 down and \$1.50 per month until paid, or \$12 cash.—Editor.





Stories

"SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT"
Tune Composed by Franz Gruber, 1818
Poem Written by Joseph Mohr, 1818

Mice in a church organ may appear to be queer circumstances upon which to place the origin of one of our most popular Christmas hymns—a hymn that has been carried all over the world and is now sung in many dif-

ferent languages. The birthplace of "Silent Night, Holy Night" was high up in the Austrian Alps, in the little village of Oberndorf, Austria. Here, on Christmas Eve in 1818, a young Austrian priest. Joseph Mohr, sat in his church study. Outside, the hushed stillness of the night heightened the snow-clad beauty of the mountain scene. Inside, his heart was filled with a vision of the peace and joy of the first Christmas tidings, "For unto you is born this day. a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." The thoughts formed themselves into the poem which we now sing. Of course, he wrote them down in German:

"Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht! Alles schlaft, einsam wacht Nur das traute, heilige Paar, Holder Gnabe im lockigen Haar, Schlaf in himmlischer Ruh!"

The next morning, Christmas Day, Mohr showed the manuscript to his friend, Franz Gruber, the village schoolmaster and church organist. Gruber was intensely interested in his friend's verses, and was immediately enthusiastic about writing a perfect melody for those beautiful words.

But mice had nibbled the bellows of the organ! It would be impossible to repair it much before the evening service. Both men were anxious to use the new composition that evening. So Gruber set about composing the accompaniment on the only other musical instrument available, a guitar. Naturally, the accompaniment was simplicity itself, and the tune was arranged for two voices. Had the organ been available, he, no doubt, would have embellished the melody with all the ornaments that were in vogue at that time. But the very simplicity lent charm, dignity, and serenity to the verses written by the voung priest.

young priest.
That same evening when the villagers gathered, Mohr and Gruber

sang the hymn. Its first audience was deeply touched, and their eyes were filled with tears of joy.

The account of how this hymn spread from its mountain home to all parts of the world is also interesting. It came into fame very slowly. After this first appearance in 1818, it lay in Gruber's desk for nearly a year. It happened that when the man who was repairing the organ had finished, he asked Gruber to play something to test the organ. He played the melody of "Silent Night, Holy Night." The organ-builder liked it and asked to take a copy of the song with him home across the mountain. In that village were four Strasser sisters who sang a great deal. This hymn became the favorite of the Strasser Quartet. Later they carried the hymn to Leipzig, Germany, when the girls sang there.

And so the new song was passed on from one to another, known simply as "The Tyrolese Song." because it had come from the Tyrolean Alps, It was

not printed until twenty-five years after that Christmas Day on which it was composed.

Then it spread rapidly throughout the German nation. It was soon translated into other languages. It is said that only a few years later a missionary heard it at the foot of the Himalayas; he heard the tune in New Zealand; his native boatman sang it on the Zambezi; and he heard it again in Ecuador. Its charm has been unspoiled by the years; its message, "Christ, the Saviour is Born," still brings calm and peace to our hearts.—H. L. S., in *Upward*.

### WHEN SANKEY SANG

It happened that on Christmas Eve of the year 1875, Ira D. Sankey (to whom God had given wonderful power to sing the gospel, and who worked with Dwight L. Moody), was traveling by steamboat up the Delaware River. It was a calm, starlit evening and there were many passengers gathered on the deck. Mr. Sankey was asked to sing, and, as always, he was perfectly willing to do so. He stood there leaning against one of the great funnels of the boat and his eyes were raised to the starry heavens in quiet prayer. It was his intention to sing a Christmas song but somehow he was driven to sing the "Shepherd Song."

Much we need Thy tenderest care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us
For our use Thy folds prepare:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
"We are Thine, do Thou befriend us.
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,

"Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,



# Youth Personal Evangelistic Union

### "Nobody Ever Asked John To Come"

He was a blacksmith, and a most wretchedly wicked man. He knew everything that is blatant and blasphemous in infidelity. He hated everything that was good, and loved everything that was bad. He studied to make himself an irritation to all who believed in God, not even sparing his wife, who did the best she could in the patience and kingdom of Jesus. This man was given up as altogether beyond moral recovery, and so indeed he seemed. Prayer was made as though he had no existence; churches were opened and shut, but never with reference to him; the gospel was preached and mercy offered, but no one connected him with God's message to the world.

A few miles back in the country from the blacksmith's town there lived an old couple, Father and Mother Brown. They were close to ninety years of age. Theirs had been lives of conscious acceptance with God and of patient unremitting devotedness to Him; and they were waiting without sorrow and without fear for the promised home-coming.

Very early one morning the old man awoke, terribly agitated, and began to call his wife: "Get up, wife! Get

"Why, old man," she said, "what is the matter?"

He answered: "I can't tell you now what's the matter; for I must start a fire in the kitchen. I want you to get breakfast ready as soon as you can, for I've got to go to town this morning.'

"You go to town this morning!" she exclaimed. "Why, you are out of your head. You can't go to town. You haven't any way of going, and I know you can't walk."

"Don't tell me what I can't do," the old man persisted. "I tell you, I've got to go to town. I had a dream last night, and—well, I'll go and make the

fire, then tell you about it.

His wife followed him, the breakfast was prepared, and when the meal was over the old man started for town. It was a long and weary way for an old man to walk, but some strange strength was supplied him, and without stopping to rest he kept on. The village was reached. Through the main street he trudged, then into the narrow cross street and made to the shop of "Devil John," the blacksmith.

"Father Brown!" he exclaimed, in great amazement, "what are you doing here, and so early in the morning?"

The old man answered: "That's just what I've come to tell you. Let's go inside, where I can sit down, for I am tired."

Together they went into the shop, and when seated the old man said: "John, I had a dream last night, and I've come to tell you about it. I dreamed that the hour I have thought about so much and tried to keep ready for so long, was come. It was my time to die. And it was just like I thought it was going to be, for it was just as the Lord promised it should be. I wasn't the least bit afraid. How could I be? My room was full of angels, and they all spoke to me, and I loved them, and knew they loved me. Then some of them stooped and slipped their arms under me and away we went. Beyond the hills and beyond the clouds we mounted through the starry skies. Oh, how they sang! I never heard anything like it in my life. On we swept, and on, till one of them said: "Look yonder, now; there's heaven!"

'Oh, John, I can't tell you how I felt when I was in sight of heaven; nor can I tell you what I saw when I looked. I don't believe any one could tell it. It was so peaceful, so beautiful, so pure, and so glorious! As we drew nearer, I saw the gates swinging open, and with even faster wing than we had come, we swept



### YOU NEVER MENTIONED HIM TO ME

JAMES ROWE

When in the better lond before the bor we stand.

How deeply grieved our souls may be, If any lost one there should cry in deep despoir,

"You never mentioned Him to me."

Oh, let us spread the word where e'er it moy be heard;

Help groping souls the light to see, That yonder none moy soy, "You showed me not the way;

You never mentioned Him to me."

A few sweet words may guide o lost one to His side,

Or turn sad eyes an Colvary; Sa wark os days go by, that yonder none may cry,

"You never mentioned Him to me.

"You never mentioned Him to me, You helped me not the light to see; You met me day by day and knew I was ostroy,

Yet you never mentioned Him to me."

through them into the city. Such a welcome! Welcome from everybody; all so glad. Every hill seemed robed in gladness; it was in the fragrance of the flowers, in the music of every harp, in the song of every tongue, in the grasp of every hand; gladness everywhere, because I had come. Why, they made over me like I was somebody, when I was only a poor sinner saved by Jesus' blood. I found all my children there—not one of them lost. My boy that you used to be with and play with so much when you went to school together, was there, and your old mother, who was in my classes when I went to school. And after a time—I don't know how long it was—I saw the same angels who brought me, bring another; and it was my dear, sweet wife. I loved her more than ever when they brought her to me there. She was fairer than the day we married. We sat under the tree of life together, and walked by the river that flows from the throne of God. So happy! And I saw angels bringing in others—others that I love and you love. And so the years of eternity rolled.

"Then, John, all at once it came to me that I hadn't seen you anywhere. I set out to look for you. I went into every street, asked everybody, but could get no trace of you. I was distressed more than you can know; and I went to the Lord, my precious Saviour, and asked Him where you were. And, O John, that you could have seen how sorry He was when He told me that you hadn't come. 'Not come!' I said. 'Why didn't John come?' And He wept, as I suppose He often did when He was down here, and told me, 'Nobody ever asked John to come.' Oh, I fell at His feet. I bathed them with my tears. I laid my cheeks upon them and cried: 'Blessed Lord! Just let me out of here half an hour, and I'll go and ask him to come. I'll give him an invitation.' And right then and there I woke up. It was beginning to get light in the east, and I was so glad that I was alive, so I could come and ask you to go to heaven; and now here I am; I have told you my dream, and want you to go."

With other words the old man urged the royal invitation, but the blacksmith stood as one petrified. He could not speak nor move. Father Brown got up, and saying, "Good-bye, John; remember you've got the invitation; remember you are asked to come, took his staff and started home.

The blacksmith seemed to come to himself, and ( as one recovering from a magician's charm, he set out to pur-(Continued on page 16)

Motto: "EACH ONE WIN ONE" Scripture: "He That Winneth Souls Is Wise"

# NATIONAL Y. P. E. and

RALPH E. WILLIAMS and

### NATIONAL YOUTH COMMITTEE MEETS IN CLEVELAND

The National Youth Committee, in council with the General Overseer and Assistant General Overseer of the Church of God, has just concluded a meeting at the Church headquarters in Cleveland, Tennessee.

An extensive program was considered and outlined by the Committee for the purpose of helping to serve the needs of the youth of the Church as they relate to spirituality, education and recreation. It was the concensus of opinion of this committee that the major emphasis of any vouth program should be placed on the spiritual relationship of young people to their God. Therefore, to encourage the adoption into the various state programs of this spiritual emphasis, five of ten rules for winning the National Y. P. E. Banners are based directly on the salvation of young people and getting them into the Church of God.

The educational program for the Church youth was given much study. At the last General Assembly in Birmingham, on recommendation from the National Youth Committee, a resolution was passed that the Church observe "American Education November 10-16. This is a for-Week, ward step. Other advances are in the offing.

The field of Daily Vacation Bible School was thoroughly covered and a program is being launched with the ultimate goal of "one in every church."

A course for teacher-training is being prepared, also manuals on Sunday School and young people's work.

Some attention was given to the field of recreation, and a committee, composed of H. L. Chesser, R. R. Walker, James L. Slay,

G. P. Ledford, and Paul Stallings, was appointed to draft a suggestive youth camp program

Outlined below, in brief, are some of the items considered and are now in the process of administration by the Committee:

- 1. A survey of the field of daily vacation Bible school supplies for the purpose of adopting a standard series to be recommended to our churches.
- 2. Writing a Sunday School guide book.
- 3. Writing a Y. P. E. guide book.
- 4. Writing a series of lessons on teachertraining
- 5. Publishing a monthly Y. P. E. and Sunday School workers' bulletin, which will include helps for:
  - a. Y. P. E. leaders.
  - b. Y. P. E. programs.

  - c. Y. P. E. contests. d. A "New Ideas" column.
  - e. A Sunday School Home Department column.
  - f. A Sunday School Superintendent and Teachers' column.
  - g. A statistical column of leading Sunday Schools and Y. P. E.'s.
  - h. Other things of benefit to the Y. P. E. and Sunday School worker.
- 6. Sponsoring of youth evangelistic teams next summer.
- 7. Working out a suggestive state youth rally program.
- 8. Experimenting in the use of recordings for boosting and organizing youth work.
- 9. Introducing and encouraging the "Adopt a Missionary, or Mission Field" plan by the Y. P. É.
- 10. A standard for Sunday Schools be out-

lined.

Many other items were discussed and will be introduced at a later date.

The Committee adjourned with the firm conviction that God had directed them in their decisions. We wish olso to express to our General Overseer, Rev. John C. Jernigan, and Assistant General Overseer, Rev. H. L. Chesser, our sincere appreciation for instructions and advice throughout the meeting.—Ralph E. Williams, Notional Youth Director.

### STATE YOUTH DIRECTORS SPEAK

Youth Director From Lone Star State Speaks

#### HOSPITALITY

In all my travels, I have never witnessed such friendliness and hospitality as is shown by the people of Texas.

Wherever we go there is that same warmhearted welcome from every individual and it has created a great desire in our heart to work harder for the Sunday Schools and Y. P. E.'s in Texas.

#### **EVANGELISM**

Seems to be spreading throughout the State. Many of the churches are reporting new converts in their regular services.

With several revivals in progress, and knowing also that each church is going to sponsor a young people's revival soon, we are looking forward to great reports from each Y. P. E., of their number saved, sanctified, filled with the Holy Ghost, and added to the Church.

#### YOUNG PEOPLE'S ENDEAVORS

Our wide-awake pastors see the need of more Y. P. E.'s in the State which has resulted in four new ones organized already since the Assembly.

Several have reported prospects for new Y. P. E.'s and we are expecting some of

them to be organized soon.

Some of the local presidents are beginning contests in their Y. P. E's and we are already realizing nice gains in total Y. P. E. attendance.

SUNDAY SCHOOL
Only one Sunday School reported over 100 average attendance for the month of August. Now we have four going over the 100 mark, with several others striving to reach 100. We are expecting fifteen churches to reach 100 in attendance by Christmas.

We have organized two new Sunday Schools since the Assembly, with several prospects for others in the near future.

### GO FORWARD

These are the words God told Moses to tell the children of Israel. Come on, Texas, let's march forward to victory.

With the help of God and the enthusiasm of our youth, we can WIN.

J. L. Summers, State Youth Director.

### ARE YOU A GRADUATE OF BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL?

If so, hove you joined the Alumni Association? The Alumni Association was organized at the close of Bible Training School lost summer. "What for?" Its purpose is to promote fellowship omong its members, for the fostering of a greater school spirit, for the creation of interest in prospective students, and for the promotion of the general progress of the school,

You are invited to become an integral part of this organization which is setting itself up as a living endowment to the educational program of the Church of God.

Show your colors! Fill out the opplication blank below and mail it with \$2 to Rolph E. Williams, Executive Secretory, Alumni Association, Box 11, Cleveland, Tennessee. (The \$2 is to help poy clerical and postal expenses.)

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### SUNDAY SCHOOL NEWS

C. M. TRUESDELL, Associate Editors

### BOY SCOUT TROOPS IN THE CHURCH OF GOD

### YOUR BOY IS THE FUTURE OF AMERICA

By M. D. Crump, Ministerial Student, Bob Jones College

"A rather striking statement," you say, "and you had better be able to back it up." That is just why I'm writing this article—to back that statement up. I want every parent who will come in contact with the Lighted Pathway to grasp a realization of this simple yet profound truth: Your boy is the future of America. And . . . all of this involves my subject material for this write-up—Boy Scouts of America.

I have had occasion during the last four years to come in contact with large numbers of young people. Serving three years in the U. S. Marines, and working for some time among juvenile delinquents, has given me an opportunity to observe the actions of practically every type of boy under varied emotional make-ups. One fact that has always stood out is that the boy who is trained "how to live right" while yet in the formative period of his life, is the one who keeps the wrinkles from the faces of his parents and brings the smile of approval from a proud mother and dad because of his hard-learned, hard-earned successes. Yes sir, training and discipline is the key to character . . . and that, readers, is where Boy Scouts of America come in.

Scouting was designed with the ultimate purpose of moulding Christian character in the paths of good citizenship and duty. Every phase of scouttraining is used as a means to a character-building end. Every scout that enters a troop binds himself to live according to the Scout Oath and Scout Law, which involves advancement in rank, practice of helpfulness to others, and fine fellowship—all of which will increase his fitness for meeting responsibility.

"If a boy isn't doing something, he's doing something else." Action is the theme of most boys' lives. If they don't get it one way, they will another. Scouting is a GAME, a magnificent game, which will direct that action. Do you realize that our crowded prisons, reformatories, and penal institutes are blaring manifestations of misdirected action? And . . . do you realize that less than one per cent of all criminals have ever been Scouts? With that in mind, let me encourage you who are entrusted with the guidance of God-given sons, to think of Boy Scouts of America as a great "insurance policy"—yes, one that pays large dividends.

No doubt there are many pastors and laymen who are even now interested in the scouting program as a medium for reaching the youth in your individual churches—both for the building of character and for Christ—who are pondering over the question HOW CAN I GET A TROOP STARTED? With consideration for that fact, I shall try to give you a brief outline, recommended by the Scoutmaster's Handbook, to be used in building a new Scout troop. The following suggestions will fall under three main divisions: impetus, ground-work, and actual start.

Under the first section, impetus, there must be a great desire, strong and burning, to start this work among your youth—for without this zeal and fervor no troop should ever be attempted. Someone must care-tremendously. This impetus may come from someone vitally interested in boys, a church with a vision of the crying need of youth work, or a group of men in a Sunday School class who see the value of the influence which scouting would have upon their sons—in other words, some person or group who will start the ball rolling.

Now let's lay the groundwork. First, we need a sponsoring institution. In the case where some man or group of men set off the spark to build the Scout troop, there must be a transmitting of this enthusiasm to an institution. Occasionally, where no institution is available, a group of citizens may sponsor the troop. In either case, however, this sponsoring element will obligate itself to provide facilities, supervision, leadership, and opportunities for the boys. The sponsoring institution will then contact the local council of scouting in the community or near-by town to obtain advice and help.

Secondly, comes the appointment of a troop committee by the sponsoring institution . . . preferably made up of fathers of the prospective Scouts. With help from the local council, this committee selects a scoutmaster and his assistants, secures a suitable meeting place, and establishes the Troop's finances on a firm basis.

To select the scoutmaster, a careful investigation should be made to secure a man with the proper qualifications. The scoutmaster should be a man who knows and loves children. He must be a "regular guy" who has never grown up *inside*, but who has kept alive the spark of the wildness of youth—for it is this core of eternal youth that will attract and hold a group of scout-aged boys. You should solicit a man who has Christ Jesus in his heart, has a burden for souls, and has the magic touch to kindle and direct the essential good in every boy, saved or unsaved.

Now we can look into the actual start. There are just a few simple fundamental principles under this division, which, if followed, will give your troop a successful beginning.

To begin with, I shall tell you how not to begin. The way to start is not by getting all the eligible boys in town to join—but by getting a few of the RIGHT ones. Get in with the boys of the neighborhood — not necessarily just those of your own denomination—and talk over the starting of a troop, beginning with a small number of the keenest, most "regular," and most respected boys. Let this little nucleus spread out and round up a few of their buddies. Ten to twelve boys around twelve to fourteen years old is the most appropriate group with which to organize. Remember . . . the best troops start small and then expand by the process of normal growth. The respectability of this nucleus governs the respectability of the entire troop.

As to the quarters, let the boys know that their meeting room is for their undisturbed use. See that they have a suitable place with heat and light, chairs or benches to sit on, and space for their games and ceremonies. Make them feel at home in their quarters. Under such a setup you then are able to promote the BIG IDEA of scouting, by drilling the Scout Motto, Oath and Law into the boys until scouting becomes an integral part of them.

Finally comes the all-important matter of an active program. What your Scouts do at their meetings, will determine the success of the entire troop. The Boy Scout Headquarters in New York City provides a six-week meeting-by-meeting program plan for every beginning troop upon request from the scoutmaster. An interesting program draws good attendance at your regular troop meetings, and is compulsory for a good start.

Well, readers, there it is. It will work. All it takes is for someone to work it. We need men who can reach the youth in this sin-infested age. They can be reached through the Boy Scouts of America. . Let's try to place a Boy Scout troop in every Church of God. God Almighty gave us scouting, and if it has grown cold, it is because real born-again Christian people have neglected it. Let us not turn down such a program to save our youth—and to save America. YOUR BOY is the future of America.

### NOTICE

Due to the rush that always follows each Assembly, many of the September local church reports have not at this time been filed. Therefore we will be unable to give you that month's Big Ten churches leading in the nation's average attendance, and next month this report will be changed from our Lighted Pathway National Page to our Brand New Publication "The S. S. and Y. P. E. Workers Bulletin."

# Y. D. E. Lessons

### WHAT I OWE TO CHRISTIAN MISSIONS

Scripture Lesson: Acts 1:1-8. Thoughts for the Leader

In our lesson subject this week we find that the pronoun "I" is very prominent. We so often put the burden of sending the gospel to the uttermost part of the world on the other fellow. Our scripture lesson tells us that after we receive this power from on high we shall be witnesses unto the uttermost part of the world. It doesn't say a part of them will be, but it plainly shows us that each of us must have a share in this great work. All may not go in person to the foreign field but each one may have a share in some way. None of us need go into the presence of the Lord empty-handed. As we study this lesson, may each one pray that God will cause the young people of the Church of God to make a deeper consecration to the Master's service.

Parts to be given out:

### WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO BE IN DEBT?

To be in debt means:

1. I have received something.

2. I am obliged to render something in return for what I have received.

3. I can never give anything to my creditor until I have fulfilled my

obligations.

The theme suggests a universal debt. All too many have seized upon the suggestion as a loophole through which to shirk personal responsibility; but is it that? A body, no matter how large it may be, is composed of units. As long as I am in the world I am part of it. As long as the world owes a service to God in return for His benefits, I too must shoulder a part of that responsibility. I do not have to answer to God for the world; but I am required to give an account of my own transactions with God. (Matt. 23:14-29.)

### WHAT I HAVE RECEIVED FROM GOD

1. Life, Acts 17:25.

- 2. Knowledge. 1 Kings 3:5-12; Eccl. 2:26.
  - Temporal blessings. Psa. 68:19.
     Jesus Christ as my personal Sav-
- ior. John 3:16.

  The Holy Spirit as my guide John
- 5. The Holy Spirit as my guide. John 14:16, 26.
  - 6. Hope of eternal life. 1 Peter 1:3.7. The ministry of His chosen mis-
- sionaries for two centuries.
  WHAT GOD EXPECTS IN RETURN
- 1. A consuming passion for the lost that surpasses all other interests in life.
- 2. A life of witnessing to the power of God in the life,
- 3. A prayer life that encircles the globe.
- 4. A love for the cause of Christ that claims all my income beyond the necessities of life.

- 5. A vision that sees in every life latent possibilities which Christ can awaken.
- 6. A willingness to serve wherever and as long as He shall see fit.

THEMES FOR DISCUSSION

1 When have I as a Christian f

1. When have I as a Christian fulfilled my obligations to:

(a) My relatives?

(b) My school and business companions?

(c) My friends? (d) My neighbors?

- (e) The stranger for whom Christ died?
- 2. How can I, as one who has no missionary passion, acquire one?

3. How many luxuries can I afford to indulge in as long as there are still millions untouched by the gospel?

4. How much time does God require me to spend in His service?

QUOTATIONS FROM LIVINGSTONE "I have never made a sacrifice. Of this we ought not to talk when we remember the great sacrifice which He made who left His Father's throne on high to give Himself for us."

"Help me to be faithful to everyone,

O Lord Jesus."

"I will place no value on anything I have or may possess, except in relation to the kingdom of Christ. If anything will advance the interests of that kingdom, it shall be given away or kept, only as by giving or keeping it I shall most promote the glory of Him to whom I owe all my hopes in time and eternity. May grace and strength sufficient to enable me to adhere faithfully to this resolution be imparted to me, so that in truth not in name only, all my interests and those of my children may be identified with His cause."

"I am a missionary, heart and soul. God had an only Son, and He was a missionary and a physician. A poor, poor imitation of Him I am or wish to be. In this service I hope to live.

In it I wish to die."

### GIVE ME . . . MAKE ME

Scripture: Matt. 6:5-15

· In Luke 15, we read a very beautiful story about a young man and his father. We will consider only the two requests of this young man. One day he came to his father, and said, "Father, give me the portion of thy substance that falleth to me." Then, you remember, he went away into the far country and wasted his substance in riotous living. Finally, he realized his mistake and, returning home, his request was, "Father, make me as one of thy hired servants."

Which was the truer prayer? Is it right to ask God to supply us with material needs? To help to find the answer reread these passages of scripture: Matt. 6:11; 27. In what order of importance did Jesus place material needs? "But seek ye first his kingdom, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you," Matt. 6:33.

What do you think about the truth of this quotation? "The great gift of

God in prayer is Himself, and whatever else He gives is incidental and secondary." Should we then think of prayer, not as begging God for things we want, but as our chance for fellowship with our heavenly Father? Can we not by prayer become more like He wants us to be? Will God answer prayer in regard to our recreation?

A young man was playing in a tennis match. It was a very warm day, He had played several sets and he was tired. He wanted to win the final game which was to determine the winner of the match. His feet seemed too heavy to lift and he feared he would be defeated. He prayed that God would let him win that game. Point by point he prayed for victory. He won the game and the tennis match. Was it right for him to offer that prayer? Do you think our feelings and motives have anything to do with the answers to our prayers? Would it have made any difference if he had prayed that God would help him to give his best in that game rather than to ask that he defeat his opponent?

It is said that David Livingstone prayed, "O God, help me to paint this dark continent (Africa) white." Suppose Livingstone had prayed, "O God, paint this dark continent white." What would have been the difference? Do we have anything to do with answering our own prayers? "Faith apart from works is dead," James 2:26.

The Bible gives us some suggestions as to what to pray for: The Church, Psa. 122:6; our enemies, Matt. 5:44; healing of the sick, James 5:15,16; the Holy Spirit, Luke 11:13; wisdom,

James 1:5.

A story is told of Edgar W. Garbisch, a West Point cadet, to whom prayer was a reality in daily living. Garbisch was one of the greatest football players in the country. He was captain of the West Point team the year they had but one defeat all season. It was he who kicked four field goals for the only scores of the game which saw Army triumphant over Navy at Baltimore. Above all, he will be remembered as the captain of the West Point team which prayed to God before every game it played and at the close of its greatest victory stood and gave thanks to God before eighty thousand people watching from the grandstands. This young man was troubled at one time in his life because religion seemed apart from daily living. Then he began to read and study about the power of prayer. Through prayer, religion became a real thing to him.

Is God interested in our everyday problems? Do you think Edgar Garbisch was a better football captain because he was a praying Christian?

How can we make prayer a real help in our own life? Consider these suggestions: Daily evidence of God's love and care in His gifts to me calls forth a daily expression of my gratitude. Regular times for prayer will deepen my friendship with Jesus. Study of the prayer-lire of Jesus, reading about the value of prayer in the lives of great men and women, will enrich my own prayer life.

Can we improve the prayer-life of our society? Perhaps these things will help. We might make use of hymns and poems as prayers. Study the great prayers in the Bible. Try a discussion of quotations on prayer such as the following:

"Methods without prayer are like light bulbs without the current turned

"The purpose of prayer is to give God a chance to work His will in, and

for, and through us."
"The best part of prayer is our listening to God. Thoughtful Bible read-

ing is giving God our care."

Prayer is partnership, a man and God working together.

### THE COMING OF THE CHRIST CHILD

Scripture Lesson: Luke 2:8-20.

Thoughts for the Leader

Our thoughts turn once more to the beautiful story of the Christ Child and the whole world, filled as it is with so much sorrow, suffering, strife and evil, it needs to pause long enough to catch a vision of what He means to mankind. The world at the time of the Savior's birth was very much in need of Him, but how much more is His love and grace needed in this evil generation. Christmas, with its joyous music, its general festivities, church services, and family celebrations, furnishes the people of today an occasion for rejoicing, but I believe we need something more than an outward show to really make Christmas worthwhile and realize the value of the Babe of Bethlehem in our lives.

Let us note some things that the coming of Christ brought to mankind.

FULFILLMENT

Isa. 7:14; Deut. 18:15.
The birth of Jesus was foretold many, many years before He was born in the manger in Bethlehem, and at that time the Jews were looking for a Messiah to come, but very few of them went to the lowly manger to worship the new-born King. It was a part of God's redemptive plan for Jesus to come as a little babe and it was known that the Messiah was to be born of a virgin, of the tribe of Judah, of the race of David, in the village of Beth-Yet, when the time came for lehem. the fulfillment of ancient prophecy, the Jews who had been expecting a King failed to acknowledge Christ. As their ideas about the Messiah had changed little by little until their minds and hearts were deprayed, they thought they would have a temporal monarch who would break down the Roman rule and bring the whole world under subjection.

A NEW GOSPEL ERA Mark 1:14, 15.

The modern Jews had drifted into a form of worship, indulging in greater mistakes, and their ideas and thoughts were different from the new gospel era being ushered in by the preaching of the kingdom of God. They could not understand the lowly Man of Galilee and were scandalized at His outward appearance, humility, and meekness. The qualities of His character were manifest in His life just as prophesied, but it only served to arouse the antagonism of the leaders of the Jews. We who are living in the gospel dispensation of grace, which cost the sned blood of the Savior on the cross, can find pleasure and happiness all the time in serving the One who came to earth so long ago as a little babe. Heb. 8:9, 10; Mark 1:27; John 17:1-3; Acts 3:18-21.

SALVATION

Matt. 1:21; Luke 1:77; Acts 4:12. In Christ all the types, prophecies, and promises center. He is the only One for the sinner to look to, trust in, and expect all his hopes, joys, and consolations from, as by Him alone life and salvation are procured. Both the divine and human natures are combined in the person of Christ, that He might be our Prophet, Priest, and King; and the Author of a complete, perfect, all-sufficient, and eternal salvation. He ever lives to intercede for all who come to Him. Heb. 7:25; 5-9; Luke 1:69; Psa. 27:1; Luke 2:30-32.

PEACE AND GOOD WILL Luke 2:14.

The watching shepherds on the Judean hillside were the ones to whom the angel of the Lord proclaimed the first news of the birth of Christ, and of His wonderful peace to man. The Christian grace of peace is that tranquility of conscience, mind, and heart which God confers in assuring the believer of his pardon. Peace and good will or benevolence are sadly needed today as we view the teeming millions on the earth and only a very few even know the meaning of the words spoken so long ago. Jesus as the supreme gift of God can give to the troubled soul a peace that is lasting and eternal, and keep a prevailing spirit of "good will" existing among His people. If every one that used Christmas as a chance to give and be charitable would find the sweet peace which heralded the coming of the Christ Child, there would not be so much exchanging of gifts, but rather a giving for the joy of it, and people would realize there is something else of far more value than the material things of life. Christ brought peace and left it for us to enjoy. Does it reign in your heart? John 16:33; 14:27.

A CALL TO DISCIPLESHIP Matt. 2:2, 11.

Just as the wise men came inquiring for Jesus in order to worship Him and give their gifts to Him, so may we too be happier if we inquire where we can find the Savior. These wise men were not classed as disciples, yet they gave to the waiting world a lesson of adoration that has been preserved in the pages of the Bible for our benefit; so if we bring our best to Christ on the celebration of His birth, is it

not possible that we may become a better follower of Him and be able to take up our cross and be a true disciple in spirit as He wishes us to do? Jesus, when He began His ministry, called for disciples, and those who answered left everything to follow the Master. Matt. 4:19; Luke 14;26, 27; John 8:31; 15:8.

OPPORTUNITY FOR SERVICE Matt. 20:26-28.

The field is wide and the door of opportunity and service is open to all. Surely, no better time is needed than when there is so much sorrow and disappointment all around us. If we can reach those nearest us who are in need, be the work we do ever so humble, it will be worth-while if done in the Master's name. It is a hard proposition to give in the spirit of Christ or hope to be rewarded, but if the spirit of Christmas really dwells in our heart, then our deeds of service will enable us to share not only our blessings, but our Christ, also, with others, by telling them of Him who is able to save. QUESTIONS

What seems to be the greatest need of mankind at this Christmas tide? In choosing personal work, how can

we reach the greatest number of people?

Do you think the singing of Christmas carols is beneficial? Why?

What lesson is given by the act of the shepherds in seeking Jesus in Bethlehem?

Is our own church and Sunday School doing all they can to promote the Christmas spirit and help others?

### A WATCHNIGHT SERVICE Consecration

Scripture lesson: Rom. 12:1, 2. What is our reasonable service is not for us to say, but for Christ to say. Ours, to present our all to Him and turn our lives over to His service.

God asks us to live for Him rather than to die for Him. If we live for Him when we come to die, we will be ready for that also. God wants our lives, our strength, our talents, and our ability.

To be of use to God we must have our minds renewed. The old sinful mind full of selfishness is worthless

Just as we are transformed are we able to understand what God's will is for us. Let us seek transformation.

THOUGHTS FOR MEDITATION Our consecration pledge shows us what God calls us to do. Nothing short of this satisfies Him. Oh yes, He may be patient with us with less than this, but if we are anxious to really please God, we will do our best to measure up to this pledge.

What is reasonable for one will be unreasonable for another. What is reasonable for each depends on gifts and opportunities. We are to present our bodies and let Him decide the rest. You are not your own; you are bought with a price, the blood of Je-

It meant much for Mary, the mother of Jesus, to say "Yes" to God that day when the angel came. It looked

like her good name, her social position, and everything would be lost, but she made the consecration. Her "yes" to God's will brought salvation down to man, and her name has been handed down through all the ages as the greatest of women. Your "yes" God may seem impossible, but God will make it possible, and make you able to accomplish great things for Him.

#### WILL YOU GIVE HIM THE RIGHT OF WAY?

Are you willing to be a highway over which Jesus Christ will come to your town and into the lives of your friends and neighbors? A right of

way costs something

When President Garfield was shot, he was taken to a quiet, isolated house where he could have absolute quiet and rest in his fight for life, and a special railway was constructed to facilitate the bringing of doctors, nurses and loved ones to his bedside.

The engineers laid out the line to cross a farmer's front yard, but he refused to grant the right of way until they explained to him that it was for the President, when he exclaimed, "That is different. Why, if that railroad is for the President, you can run it right through my house.

Are you willing to give Him right of way across your "front yard"? It may run right through some of your plans or social engagements or business appointments, but will you give Him the

right of way?

### QUESTIONS TO BE DISCUSSED IN MEETING

What excuses are common among our people for not serving Christ?

Has the average Christian made this entire consecration? If not, what do you think is the hindrance?

Have you individually made it? If

not, why not?

Note: Let the leader ask these questions and insist on the different ones discussing them. It will bring out thoughts and confessions that will be helpful. Ask each question and give time for them to discuss them freely.

BIBLE READING

Serve with Gladness Psa. 100:1-5 No Limit to Jesus' Service . John 13:1-17 Paul's Service Acts 20:17-35 The Spirit of Service, Mark 10:42-45 Service in Daily Life \_\_\_\_ Eph. 6:6, 7 Principle of Service Gal. 5:13

### THE EDITOR'S MESSAGE

(Continued from page 2) message the angels sang brought to us the assurance that this great gift God had sent us was to bring "peace on earth, good will to men." That peace and joy is to be brought about by you and me as we tell this gospel story by word and deed to those about That dear old man and woman near you who have fought the good fight of faith and have now come down to their last days—they have been laid on the shelf, so far as service is concerned. If Jesus were here, He would go and put His arm of love around them. Yes, I think He would

take a nice Christmas basket to them; or better still, if He had a home, He might invite them to His home on this occasion.

Christ has no hands but our hands,

To do His work today. He has no feet but our feet To lead men in the way,

He has no tongue but our tongue,

To tell men how He died. He has no help but our help To bring men to His side.

Those hands and feet of yours should be busy seeing to the needs of those around you, if you want to en-joy a happy, joyful Christmas your-self. Remember the words of the Lord, "It is more blessed to give than to receive.'

The gospel of giving is a wonderful one;

It started with God in giving His Son.

And Jesus soon gave to a world of strife, The way to His kingdom by giving

His life.

#### Y. P. E. U. PAGE

(Continued from page 11) sue the labors of the day. But everything went wrong—the bellows would not work right, the hammers would not strike right, the nails would not go in right, the horses would not stand right. "O God, be merciful to me, a sinner!" he began to sob at last, and leaving the shop, he went home. He told his wife of Father Brown's visit. "Blessed be God!" she said. "We will send the horse and buggy and have him come back." "Yes," he added, "for I mean to accept the invitation, and I want him to pray to God to keep me true and steadfast to the end."-The Pentecostal Evangel.

### HAPPY HOME CICLE

(Continued from page 5)

children can have ready access to it. As a setting for the scene, a low table will be found much more satisfactory than a mantel or bookcase. The children love to arrange and rearrange the camels and the kings riding over the desert toward Bethlehem, and they will stop frequently before the creche to handle the figures and ask questions. It seems natural, as one mother said, to join them there to say a prayer, tell a story, read a poem, or sing a carol.—Mother's Golden Now.

MAGAZINES

"Mother's Golden Now," David C. Cook, Elgin, Ill. Send for a roll of these for your circle or for your mothers' Sunday School class. Published quarterly like Sunday School literature. Your circle or your Sunday School class will enjoy this good paper. Price, 25 cents per year.

Subscribe for or buy at a newsstand the magazine, "From Two to Six." If you have a group of mothers who desire this magazine, a club of 10 mothers can get a reduction. The regular subscription price is \$2; in to Six Magazine," 420 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

HYMN STORY PAGE

(Continued from page 10) Seek us when we go astray: Blessed Jesus,

Hear, oh, hear us when we pray. "Thou hast promised to receive us.

Poor and sinful though we be; Thou hast mercy to relieve us, Grace to cleanse and power to free. Blessed Jesus,

We will early turn to Thee.

"Early let us seek Thy favor, Early let us do Thy will; Blessed Lord and only Saviour With Thy love our bosoms fill; Blessed Jesus, Thou hast loved us, love us still."

There was a deep stillness. Words and melody, welling forth from the singer's soul floated out over the deck and the quiet river. Every heart was touched. After the song was ended a man with a rough, weather-beaten face came up to Mr. Sankey and said,

"Did you ever serve in the Union Army?'

"Yes," answered Mr. Sankey, "in the spring of 1860.

"Can you remember if you were doing picket duty on a bright moonlight night in 1862?"
"Yes," answered Mr. Sankey, very

much surprised.

"So do I," said the stranger, "but I was serving in the Confederate Army. When I saw you standing at your post I thought to myself: 'That fellow will never get away from here alive. I raised my musket and took aim. I was standing in the shadow completely while the full light of the moon was falling on you. At that instant, just as a moment ago, you raised your eyes to heaven and began to sing. Music, especially song, has always had a wonderful power over me, and I took my finger off the trigger.

"Let him sing his song to the end," I said to myself, "I can shoot him afterwards. He's my victim at all events, and my bullet cannot miss him.'

"But the song you sang then was the song you sang just now. I heard the words perfectly:

"We are Thine do Thou befriend us, Be the guardian of our ways.

"These words stirred up many memories in my heart. I began to think of my childhood and my God-fearing mother. She had many, many times sung that song to me. But she died all too soon, otherwise much in my life would no doubt have been different.

"When you had finished your song, it was impossible for me to take aim at you again. I thought: 'The Lord who is able to save that man from certain death must surely be great and mighty'—and my arm of its own accord dropped limp at my side.

"Since that time I have wandered about far and wide; but when I just now saw you standing there praying just as on that other occasion, I recognized you. Then my heart was wounded by your song: now I wish that you may help me find a cure for my sick soul."

Deeply moved, Mr. Sankey threw his arms about the man who in the days of the war had been his enemy. And this Christmas night the two went together to the manger in Bethlehem. There the stranger found Him who was their common Savior, and Good Shepherd, who seeks for the lost sheep until He finds it. And when He has found it He lays it on His shoulders, rejoicing.
"He that dwelleth in the secert place

of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty," Psalm 91:1.

### DICKEY'S CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 4) Stopping at the nursery to get Nancy, he was told by the attendant that his father had taken her home nearly two hours earlier. Dickey was surprised, and wondered what this could mean, for his Father had never done such a thing before. He hurried the rest of the way home, fearful lest some harm should come to Nancy.

Turning into the dark street that led to his home, Dickey was startled to see the lights of a great, big Christmas tree blinking at him right through his own window. Surely, there must be a mistake, or else he was dreaming. "Please, Jesus, let it be true," sobbed Dickey.

Looking into the window before going in, Dickey saw Nancy sitting on Father's lap. Both their faces were shinning, and Nancy was laughing. As Dickey opened the door, both ran

to meet him.

"Look, Dickey, look what Father has done for us—and there's lots of surprises—some for you and some for and little Nancy clapped her me,

hands for joy.

Father gathered his son into his arms and, with a trembling voice, said, "The past is all like a bad dream. I wonder how I could have done the things I did, but Jesus has forgiven me. Can you forgive me, too, Dickey, my boy? Things are going to be different now. Look, Dickey, look! Don't you know it is Christmas Eve? I tried to fix things like Mother always did. Do you like them?"

Dickey's cold little body trembled as he asked, "Is there a doll for Nancy,

Father?'

"Yes, the nicest I could find, and something for you, too. Just you wait

and see.

"Then it's all right, Father; Mother said it would be, and Jesus made it come out right," and with a sob, he gave way to the emotions that shook his little body while his father held him close. Everything was all right for Dickey now. When we do our best, Jesus will always make it come out all right for us.—Publisher Unknown.

### IF I HAD NOT COME

(Continued from page 3) orphanage had disappeared. There was no place for the sick, for the aged, for parentless children, to be helped and taken care of. I could find no

doors of hope for the fallen. I saw no place where pity could be shown. All seemed so cruel, so pitiless. My mind seemed blank util I remembered it was a Christless world into which He had not come.

I noticed the people on the street. I saw signs of weariness and distress upon their faces. I noticed they carried burdens that seemed to crush them to earth, nor could they shake them off. I heard some cry out, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from this dead body." wondered what this dreadful body was. I saw it was the burden of sin. I marveled that these men and women chould continue to bear such a crushing load. I asked myself, "Why did they not do as Bunyan, in his immortal dream, makes Christian do?" I wondered why they did not go to the cross, and then the burden would loosen from their shoulders, fall from their back, and tumble into the sepulchre, that they would see their sins no more. I was at the point of crying out to them about the cross, and the blood shed for the remission of sins, when I remembered that in this world there was no cross and therefore no grave in which sins could be buried. I shuddered when I thought, that in this world there was no hope of pardon or release, but that sin was a burden men were forever doomed to carry, for the world was a Christless one, a world into which He had not come.

With a sigh of relief I escaped from this sight of wretchedness, and went into my own room. But here I met new disappointments. I noticed changes had taken place. My bookshelves contained many gaps. I got up to see what had happened. Every commentary of the New Testament, every life of Christ had disappeared, and my Bible ended at Malachi. All my best poems, Milton, Tennyson, Browning and many others, were either defaced or missing. Milton's Paradise Lost was mangled beyond recognition. My search gave me the clue that all poems, all prose which lauded Christ were missing, all which would inspire and give hope. I again remembered that I was in a world to which He

had not come, a world without Christ.
In anguish I turned to the wall, only to find a picture was missing. I had over my mantelpiece a picture that was valuable to me, not because of its artistic value, but because it spoke to my soul. It was a picture of a man clothed in an eastern garb; His raiment was torn; His feet and hands were bleeding; His face was haggard and worn. In His arms He carried a sheep, His worn face bent over that poor sheep with a smile of tenderness. The picture had written beneath it these words, "I am the Good Shepherd." As I gazed upon it, it always was a joy, a comfort, and inspiration to me. When I grew weary of my work as under-shepherd; when disappointment of work was fretting me, I used to stand before the picture and think how He—the Good Shepherd-would go after one lost sheep, until He found it. I seemed to hear

Him say to me: "I bore it all for thee. What hast thou done for Me?" It always inspired me and gave me strength; but the picture had vanished from its place, the spot was bare. I wondered what happened to it, until I remembered I was in a world into which He had not come, and in a Christless world there was no Good Shepherd, no one to go after the lost

While brooding over my loss, 1 heard the bell ring. The maid entered my room, saying "Please, sir, a little girl is downstairs, she wants to see you." I followed the maid, there in the dim of the hall stood a little child. I could see that the little one was in trouble, her eyes were red and swollen with weeping. "Please, sir," she said with a sob, "Please sir, father's very ill, and we want you to come." "Wait a moment, I'll go back with you at once." In a few minutes I was ready, and taking the child's hand we set out through the night together. She was a wee child, but love gave her wings, and I had to walk fast to keep up with her. "There it is," pointing to a house with the lights in the upper windows. We went straight into the sick room. There lay the patient in agony—sick unto death, his wife and children weeping. He turned to me and whispered, "Can you help?"

I had helped many others, in telling them of Jesus, of His pity and power, His boundless love in helping the dying pilgrims through the dark valley singing, and with everlasting joy upon their foreheads. I said to the dying man's appeal, "Yes, I can help you; let me read a few verses to you." I felt for my New Testament which I always carried, but could not find it, for I was in a Christless world. I tried to speak, but what could I say. The man's eyes were fastened upon me in mute appeal, "Can't you help me?" he cried. I could not. I sat by that bedside dumb with a feeling of despair, for I had no Christ to speak about. I could not speak of help for the weak, of welcome to the sinner, of hope of immortality, because I was in a Christless world—a world into which He had not come. The sufferer died. I dreamed I followed him to the grave—there was wild grief and lamentation. At other sad funerals, through our tears and choking sobs, we could say, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ our victory through Jesus Christ our Lord." But this funeral was a tragedy. As I stood by the open grave, my book of rituals did not read, "I am the resurrection and the life." There was no Christ, therefore I could not read. "Let not your heart be troubled. In my Father's house are many mansions. \* \* I go to prepare a place for you." There was no Christ, I could not say, "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory." I stood in cold silence as I heard the familiar drone of a voice saying, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust."

And with tear-filled eyes, and great

sobs in my throat, I awoke to find that this cruel, pitiless, Christless world was but a dream. There was the holly, the Christmas remembrance, presents, and cards. The Christmas chimes were ringing, the church steeples marked the skylines, my bcoks were intact, the Good Shepherd picture hung upon the wall, my Bible lay upon my knees. I thanked God it was all a dream, that I had interest in that first Christmas night when David's greater Son was born. It was all so hideous, but this turned into joy, at the assurance "That He had come." As the realization that As the realization that the vision of a Christless world a world without Christmas, without a church, without help to the poor, without a Shepherd, without a cross, without a light to help us cross the trackless moor, was but a picture, it filled my heart with renewed thanksgiving "That He had come." I realized then that pity, sympathy, love and hope, the things that make life glad and beautiful, were born with Christ at Bethlehem.

When the Christmas bells cast out their gladsome peal, may they find answered music in our soul, Christmas morning will soon break, bright, maybe frosty and clear. Let us, with the multitude, go to the house of God, and join with other voices in joy and praise, and with the humble shepherd, and the wise men from the East in spirit kneel at the rude manger's side and worship God's unspeakable Gift, the Babe of Bethlehem, for He has Come.—Evangelical Visitor.

### OUR DISAPPOINTMENTS ARE GOD'S APPOINTMENTS

(Continued from page 6)

nal ages will add to the glory of His exaltation. So we, too, share His life. "God \* \* even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ. \* \* And hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus: that in the ages to come he might shew the exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness toward us through Christ Jesus." "And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one.
\* \* Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me: for thou lovest me before the foundation of the world.

When God withholds something from His children, He always has something better in store for them. The natural eye can only see the present. The Apostle Paul said: "When I was a child, I spake as a child \* \* but when I became a man, I put away childish things." When we become men in Christ we remember how childish we were—how we held on to the childish toys so perishable as we saw through a glass darkly. Now we know in part; but then we shall know even as also we are known. "But as it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which

God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God."

F. B. Meyer so truthfully said: "We have all had our dark, sad days. The day when God said "No" to some eager-pressed request—we have put a black mark against those days in our calendar. It is so natural and human. But this will not be our final verdict. Probably in the golden sunset of our life, when we shall see its true meaning and perspective, when its various parts are fitted together like the variously-shaped pieces of our childhood puzzles, we shall see reasons to thank God most of all for not giving us that which in our shortsightedness reached for.

"That day when God said 'No' to our hot desires was the day of our weaning from the babe life into the strength and growth of the life more abundant. That day when a dark cloud settled on all your hopes, was the beginning of your new appreciation of the eternal, that which will grow sweeter and sweeter as time rolls on through the ages of eternity. That day when your Joseph was torn from you was really necessary, where, as you had known Him as the Divine Substitute, you came to know Him in His heavenly glory, seated at the right hand of God; and your discoveries not only comforted your stricken heart, but made for the enrichment of the world. Dare to believe this: dare to anticipate the far-off interest of tears; dare to live in the day which is after tomorrow.'

As Dante said: "In God's will is peace. He loves us infinitely. He must shall upbear our eternal weight of glory."

Anna Steel, whose hymns have helped so many people, encountered much pain and sorrow as she journeyed through life. On the eve of her bridal morn, while she awaited the arrival of her betrothed, a message came with the news that he had been drowned. She retired to her chamber; and when the first violent shock had passed away and her soul had somewhat recovered strength, she wrote a hymn which has brought healing to many a wounded spirit.

"Father, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sovereign will denies; Accepted at The throne of grace let

this petition rise: Give me a calm and thankful heart from every murmur free, The blessing of Thy grace impart and

let me live to Thee.'

-Gospel Herald.

### DID GOD FAIL?

(Continued from page 7)

life, and how sure a help God always proved.

You should have seen the children the next morning; the boys raised a shout at the sight of their skates. Ruth caught up her doll, and hugged it tightly without a word; then she went into her room and knelt by her bed.

My husband and I both tried to re-

turn thanks to the church in the East that sent us the box, and have tried to return thanks unto God every day since. Hard times have come again and again, but we have trusted in Him; dread nothing so much as a doubt of His protecting care. Over and over again we have proved that "They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."—Publisher Unknown.

### LIGHTED PATHWAY RATING

	Sold for	Sold fo	ar
•	Sept.		Total
Alabama	-	2,251	4,427
Alaska		2,231	4
Arizona		297	708
Arkansas	531	559	1,090
California	684	748	1,432
Canada		300	679
Colorado	22	22	
Connecticut		9	44
Delement	110		18
Delaware		113	226
Florida		2,654	5,350
Foreign	508	510	1,018
Georgia		5,305	11,021
Idaho		89	164
Illinois		1,384	2,957
Indiana		701	1,395
Iowa		151	344
Kansas		266	532
Kentucky		2,216	4,388
Louisiana		559	1,034
Maine		390	738
Massachusetts		58	116
Maryland	1,272	1,168	2,380
Michigan		739	1,411
Minnesota	66	66	132
Mississippi	970	898	1,868
Missouri	, .	994	2,316
Montana	132	132	264
Nebraska	47	47	94
Nevada	2	2	4
New			
Hampshire	5	5	10
New Jersey	150	150	300
New Mexico	253	183	436
New York	. 20	20	40
North Carolina	5,232	4,897	10,129
North Dakota		269	522
Ohio		2,997	6,044
Oklahoma	332	389	721
Oregon	182	158	340
Pennsylvania	748	790	1,538
South Carolina	7,743	8,105	15,848
South Dakota	229	229	458
Tennessee	3,280	3,235	6,515
Texas	2,611	1,511	4,122
Virginia		1,684	3,218
Washington		276	552
Washington,		2,0	002
D. C.	89	61	150
West Virginia		1,820	3,548
Wisconsin	95	81	176
Wyoming	4	4	8
wyoming		-1	
	51,495	49,434	100,929

# The National Youth Congress

Harry Hatcher

The most spectacular beginning in the history of the Church took place Tuesday and Wednesday, August 27, 28, 1946, at the 41st Annual Assembly of the Church of God in Birmingham, Alabama.

If "beginnings" can be judged by number, the Church need have no fear about the future of her infant organization, The National Youth Congress. Even if there had been only a tenth of the number present for the Congress, the most pessimistic could have predicted success. Numbers, however, while impressive, are not the important criteria of success; neither is an initial success a guarantee of continued success. The National Youth Congress was both. It was impressive. Men talked about it; compared it with the Assembly proper; praised its leadership, its program, and its spirituality.

The Congress was a success in organization. I believe the Lord can inspire a plan as well as give the minister a message. There is no doubt in my mind that the Lord inspired the general plan, and He will inspire our youth to carry it out. The Youth Congress is only an infant. It may change; certainly it will grow; yet it will retain the spirit that gave it birth.

It is in the spirit and unity of so many who see a common need in our

Church of organizing the boundless energy of our youth and directing that energy into channels where it will be the most useful for Christ and His kingdom on earth, that I see the seeds of enduring success in the National Youth Congress. As long as so many continue to see this need and determine to do something about it, so long will the Youth Congress function. So long as the democratic spirit of our youth is given the free reign of self-expression to speak from their consciences, and not be crucified for it: so long as men see truth in different lights and concede to each other the right to express that truth without fear of being ostracized; so long as we maintain the right to change our minds when light is staring us in the face and when truth is stronger than creed, and our conscience henceforth is molded by the truth instead of dogma, JUST SO LONG WILL OUR YOUTH GO FOR-WARD. But when dogma holds more sway over our lives than truth, and when we slip into a place that we desire to look backward instead of forward, and when we find more security in the pastures of Egypt than we do in the vineyards of Canaan, and when we fear to face the future full in the face, or have reactionary tendencies in coping with the finding of scientific truths, then it is time to change the name of our YOUTH CONGRESS.

The purpose of our Youth Congress is spiritual and not political. We are aware that this is 1946, and we feel that we do not have to compromise the gospel of A. D. 5 to adjust it to this age. We believe, rather, in trying to adjust the age to the gospel. The most modern truth of all time is the ancient writings of the "holy men of old" who were moved upon by the Spirit of Truth.

The Congress is primarily the result of a sorely needed plan to organize our own talent; to sponsor Christian journalism, missions, evangelism, education, and other things of this nature. Our leaders saw this need and organized study groups under each heading to make recommendations to the Congress. I listened as the Congress adopted these resolutions wholeheartedly. How can such an organization fail? How can it fail to enlist the full support of every Christian saint whose interest is the spreading of the kingdom on earth. Where can the kingdom of God find more ardent support, more energy, and more influence than in the hearts of earth's youth.

THERE ARE MOMENTS IN THE LIFE OF THE CHURCH THAT MARK AN OPPORTUNITY TO SAVE A NATION. DEAR LORD, LET THIS HAVE BEEN OUR MOMENT.

### Lighted Pathways for Men in Service, Etc.

Amount sent from each state to the Publicity Fund and to the fund for sending Lighted Pathways to men in Service for September and October.

Missouri	\$11.10
Illinois	3.10
Delaware	1.00
Georgia	1.00
Michigan	1.00
Tennessee	1.00
Texas	1.00
Virginia	1.00
Ohio	.50

\$20.70

.......

### OCTOBER HONOR ROLL

J. L. Barfield, South Greenwood, S. C. Margaret Varner, Baltimore, Md. Mrs. Mabel Garrett, Ninety Six, S. C. L. W. McIntyre, Charleston, S. C. Edwin M. Mortenson, Columbia, S. C. W. H. Pendergrass, Lindale, Ga.

#### OCTOBER PRIZE WINNERS

G. W. Hodges, Canton, Ohio, and J. Frank Spivey, Greenville, S. C., are the happy winners of the cash prize of \$5 each, for selling the most papers and having the money in on time. These two Gideons sold the same number of papers for the month of October and we are giving them each a prize for their faithful work. This is the first time we have had a tie in the winning of the prize.



Merry Christmas To You

Belo	ow are lis	ted the	group
cham	pions amor	g our S. S	S.'s in
the N	ation for	average at	tend-
ance	during the	month of	Sep-
tembe			_
Group	State	Total Att.	Av.
A	N. C.	43,891	8,778
В	Ohio	15,737	3,147
C	Illinois	10,510	2,102
D	Calif.	7,523	1,505
E	Kansas	3,125	625
F	Saskatcher	wan 3,539	708
G	D. C.	269	54

Below are listed the group of champions among our Y.P.E.'s in the Nation for average attendance during the month of September.

tembe	er.		_
Group	State	Total Att.	Av.
Α	Tennessee	27,017	5,403
В	Kentucky	10,452	2,090
C	Illinois	7,475	1,495
D	California	2,483	497
E	Kansas	2,160	432
F	Delaware	503	101
G	Colorado	386	77





### The Essence of Christmas







Rejoicing, the angels sang their song—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." Today we sing the same song and work for peace and good will among all men.

Red stands for bravery in our country's flag, and I am sure it means courage, too, at Christmas time, when red and green, which stand for hope, take their place as the first holiday colors.

Yellow is the flame of the candle that we light in our window to tell everyone passing that in our home we love the Christ Child who long ago played on this earth as boys and girls do today.

Carols and cards take our good cheer and greetings to people close by and far away, because we are all friends and we want to send our good wishes everywhere.

Holly wreaths in our windows say that our hearts are full of love, thankfulness, and happiness, and we must help those who are in trouble and sorrow.

Reunions of families and friends, with tables filled with good food, are part of our celebration. Ice and snow, the gifts of Mother Nature, see to it that we get to use our new sleds and skates, and that our cheeks glow with health and merriment. Trees are decorated with gay balls, tinsel, and colored lights. And on the very top is a bright star to make us think of that first Christmas.

Men, wise and wealthy, mounted their camels for a long journey following this star that led to the manger where the Baby Jesus lay. They took

> rich gifts to bestow upon Him to show their love and gratitude. Adventures, satisfying and worthwhile, are awaiting boys and girls who follow the teachings of Jesus and read faithfully every day from our greatest Book, the Bible.

> Shepherds were telling stories as they watched their sheep that silent night when the angel appeared to them and told them the good tidings of great joy that "unto you is born this day—a Savior, which is Christ the Lord."—Mother's Golden Now.















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